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JULY 1980
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HOT SWIMSUITS The Latest in Pool Hustling
TANYA TUCKER Small Talk with the "TNT" Lady

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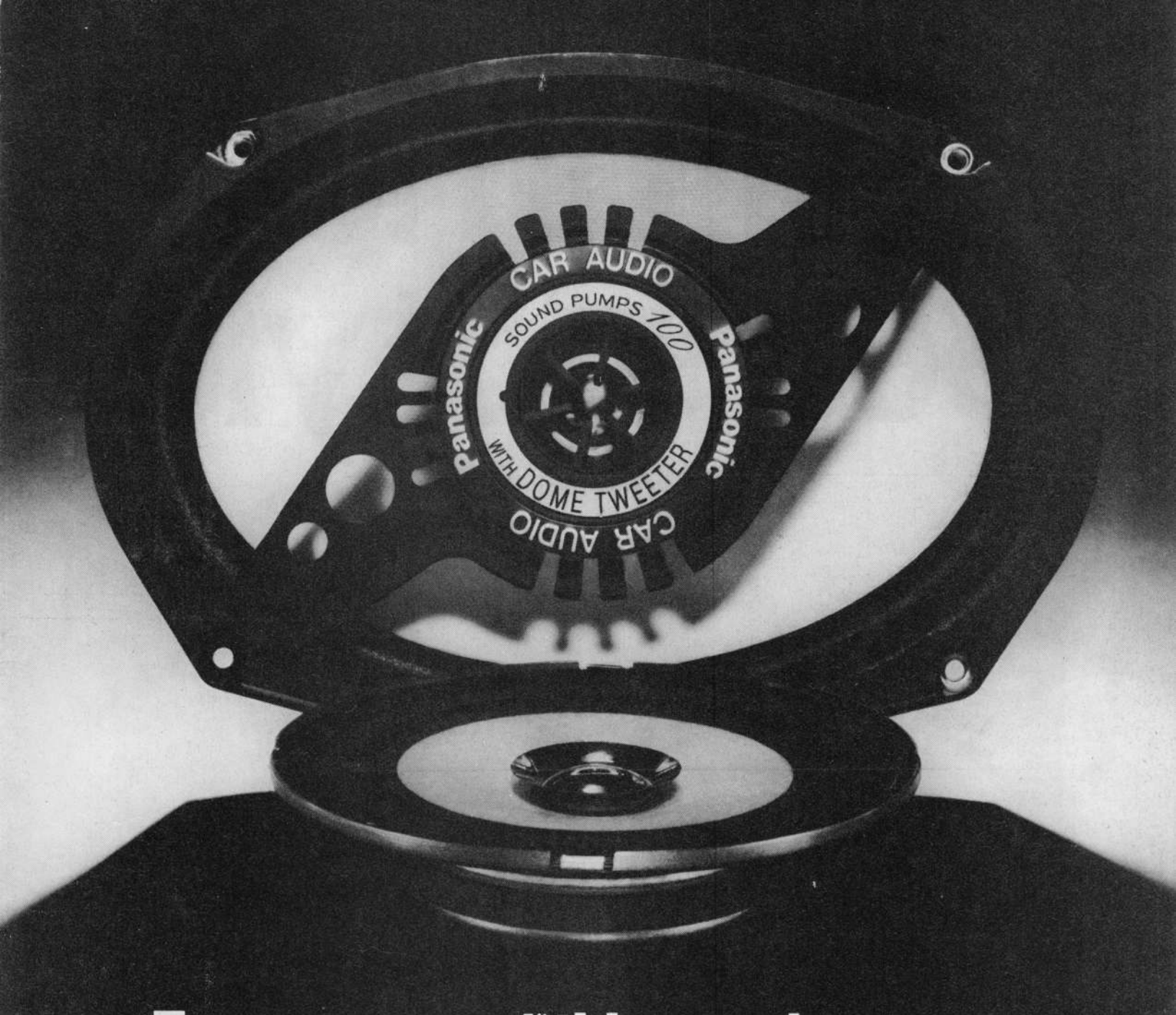

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VOLUME 9 NUMBER 7

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JULY 1980

70 A CONVERSATION WITH MEAT LOAF
His performance as the "brain-locked" hero of *Roadie* promises to turn the 245-pound Mr. Loaf into one of Hollywood's biggest sex symbols. But interviewer Jan Golab found he's still just a Texas boy who's not about to do nude scenes—yet. Plus, an exclusive on-the-set report by Steve Diamond on the making of *Roadie*.

97 BARE FACTS
Every summer, a daring new batch of super sexy swimsuits catches the public's eye. So this year, OUI've taken a closer look at the topless, bottomless, strapless, backless phenomenon. Photography by Phillip Dixon.

88 SMALL TALK: TANYA TUCKER
She's gone from sweet to sexy, and her fans are calling her "the female Elvis." However, the 22-year-old *TNT* tease from Nashville claims she's still something of an innocent. Interview by Robert McGarvey.

108 DICE FEVER
It may not be classy like baccarat, or macho like blackjack, but any Vegas vet will tell you that craps is *the* fast-money game. Interested? Well, don't bet the ranch until you've read our dice advice. Article by Ivan Goldman.

FEATURES

39 PENNY GRAY/Photography by Brian Anderson. When this redhead wants to dance, you'd better listen.

48 THE ART OF AFTERPLAY/Howard Rheingold. The 20 minutes after sex can make or break a relationship.

51 THE BIG WORKOUT/David Barry. Timely tips on turning your own home into a personal gymnasium.

54 BEING THERE/Bill Lawren. How one intrepid male sportswriter got inside the ladies' locker room.

58 TESSA HEWITT/Photography by John Kelly. Last July's centerfold returns in a tempting new pictorial.

78 MONEY: AUTO INSURANCE/Chris Barnett. Getting the protection you need without wrecking your finances.

81 SOUND INVESTMENTS/Ed Bott. Six super stereo systems that'll have you dancing all the way to the bank.

94 VOLLEYBALL JONES/Fiction by David Hyams. Sometimes it's hard to keep both eyes on the game.

106 50 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT SEX/Christopher Fryer. Guess what relieves hay fever?

125 EYE ON SCULPTOONING/Is *Trigger's Revenge* art? Johnny Carson, Elton John and Cher think so.

DEPARTMENTS

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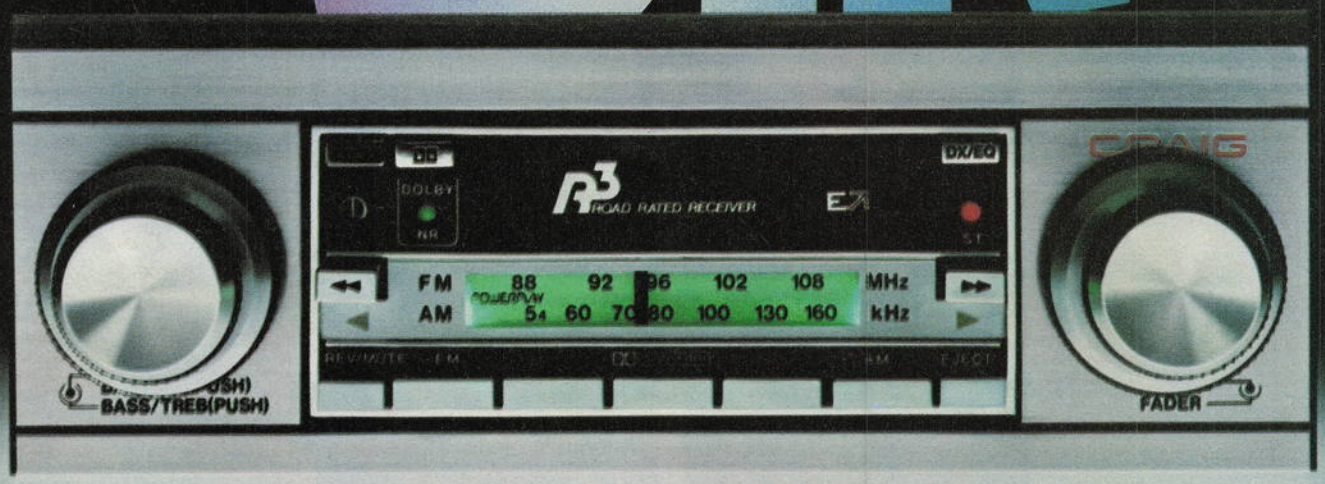
134 WHERE The highest town in the Rockies

COVER
OUI discovered 21-year-old Penny Gray in Atlanta, where she works at a health spa, discos every night, plays mean Frisbee and loves to eat the filling out of Oreo cookies. "But if I told you why I go for the cream first, you'd think I was weird," she adds. Why is that? "Because it has absolutely nothing to do with sex." Not bad, Penny. Photography by Brian Anderson.

FIGHT FADING



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THE WE PAGE

Some of the talented writers, photographers, artists, researchers and behind-the-scenes folk who helped produce this month's OUI

IVAN GOLDMAN
Goldman's writing has appeared in everything from *The Nation* and *The New York Times* to *Rolling Stone* and *The National Review*. His credentials for penning our *Dice Fever* article (p. 108), however, stem more from his childhood days behind the corner of 71st and Jefferey on Chicago's South Side.

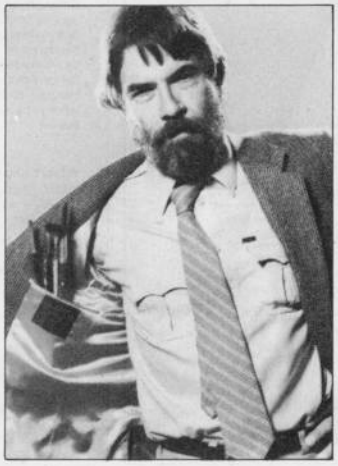
STAN WATTS
The illustrator of *Dice Fever* is from Oklahoma, where, he says, "everyone calls OUI *Ooh-Wee*." A graduate of the University of Oklahoma and a dedicated Oklahoman (read: shitkicker), Watts has been illustrating in and around the stockyards of Los Angeles for nigh on to five years now.

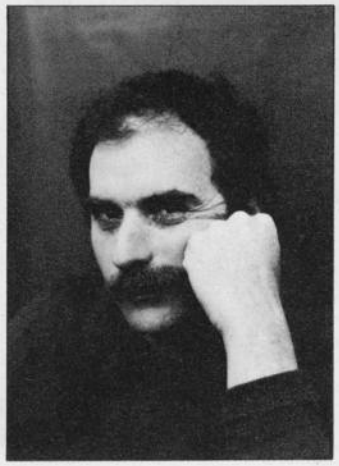
EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH
These are the three people most responsible for the quality of paper and printing you see in OUI each month. Production Assistant Deborah Moss Stack (left) says her years spent at the San Francisco Art Institute help in understanding the complexities of color separation and quality control. Production Coordinator Rebecca Gaddy says her years spent in the production departments of *Bon Appétit* and *Architectural Digest* give her a strong edge in knowing exactly what something ought to look like in its final form. Production Manager Gerrit Huig—who had the enviable responsibility of setting up production for the German, French and Italian editions of our sister publication, *Playboy*—says he'd fill in his newly purchased California hot tub with cement in return for just a little better paper.

ROBERT McGARVEY
We never would've believed that a former speech writer for the American Petroleum Institute, who graduated summa cum laude from Rutgers, could get Tanya Tucker to say the things she did in our *Small Talk* (p. 88). But, as McGarvey readily admits, "I've always been put off by Big Talk."

DAVID BARRY
Barry is a former Associated Press reporter and a former Greenwich Village bartender. He's also a former truck driver and former folk-guitar player. Formerly a contributing editor to *New West*, Barry also admits that before he wrote *The Big Workout* (p. 51), he was in much better shape.

JOE GARNETT
We think the artwork for *The Art of Afterplay* (p. 48) perfectly describes the point we're trying to make with this article. Artist Garnett, on the other hand, thinks that his 20 years of illustrating—with time spent at Chicago's Art Institute and Chouinard—have been forever compromised. We, in return, promised to buy him a new paint box.





HOWARD RHEINGOLD
Contributing Editor Rheingold is our resident futurist, having written for OUI on everything from the future of smell (*The Smell of Things to Come*, June '78) and aggression (*What Causes Anger*, Oct. '78) to the latest in erogenous zones (*Rubbing Her the Right Way*, Jan. '80). As for his latest submission, *The Art of Afterplay*, he will only say that he "learned the art of afterplay the hard way." Well, different strokes . . .

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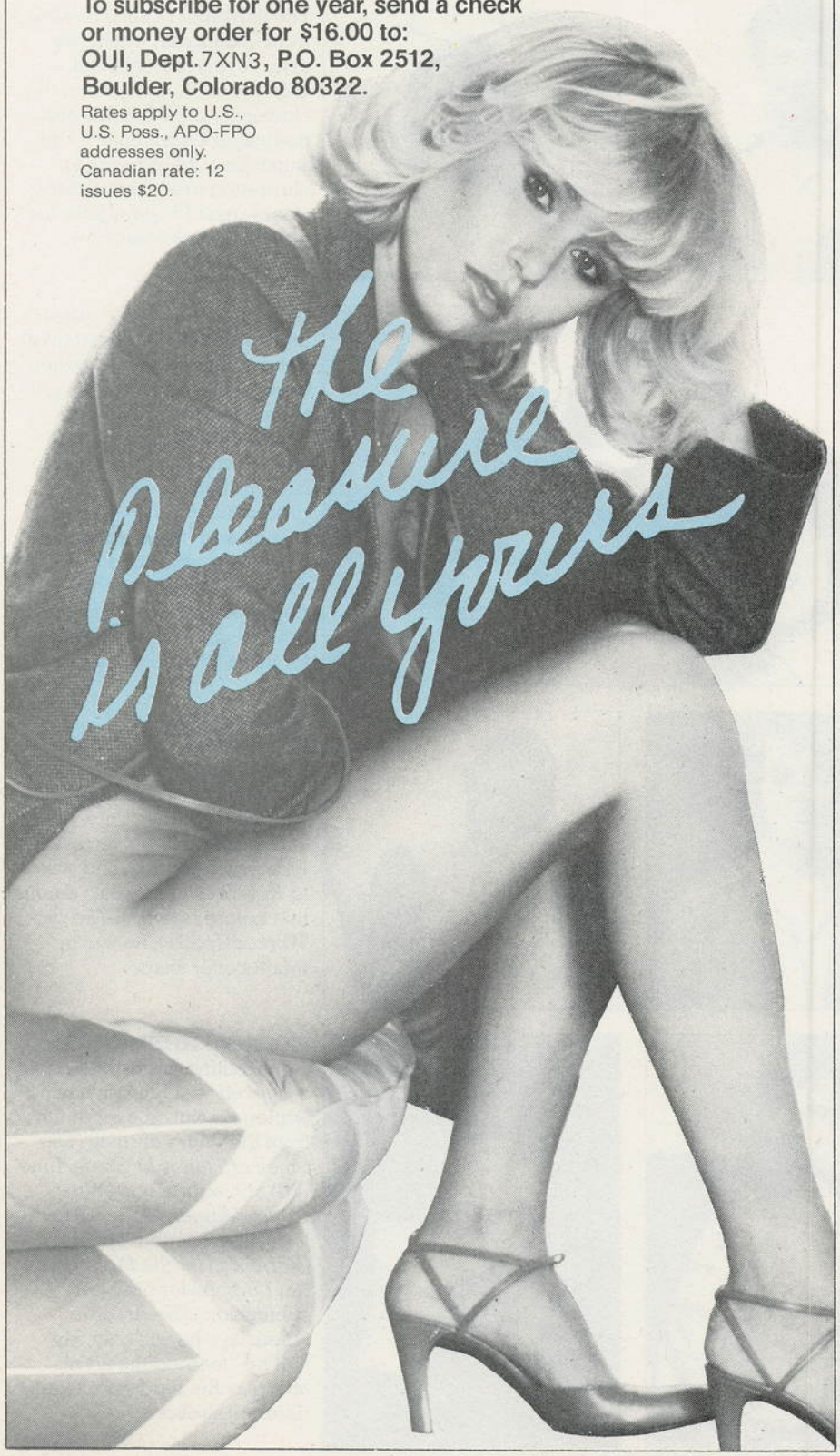

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MAIL

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LIP SCHTICK

I read C.W. Metcalf's article on kissing (*Lip Service*, March) with great interest. The lesson he learned from that marvelously perceptive woman, Angelena, is one that I can totally relate to. Lovemaking does start with the kiss, and I've been told by a number of women that many men don't pay enough attention to the merits of kissing.

I do wish, however, that Metcalf had done some research on *mouths*—full lips versus slim ones, French kissing, etc. Hope you do a follow-up article covering other aspects of kissing.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
San Francisco, California

I don't know where C.W. Metcalf's ears and lips were in 1961, but mine were working out with fast and slow kisses to songs like *The Wanderer* (Dion), *Baby Blue* (the Echoes), *Rama Lama Ding Dong* (the Edsels), *Heart & Soul* (Jan & Dean) and *Surrender* (Elvis). I didn't work my way up to the *Shoop Shoop Song* (Betty Everett) until 1964, when she took it to the number-one spot on the charts.

LEO HOLT
Corpus Christi, Texas

LEGIONNAIRES' DISEASE

Jaime Mardis, author of your article *Soldiers of Misfortune* (March), neglected to mention several important facts about the Legion, and one in particular disturbs me.

Regarding the use of aliases: When you join the Legion, they take away your passport and papers and *give* you an alias. It is mandatory that you keep that name for three years, after which time you can resume your real identity if you wish. This is an important point, because the use of aliases further lends to the mystique of the Legion as a hideout for major criminals (as your article implies), when, in fact, major criminals are rarely admitted into the Legion. The pressures from outside forces can be great, and the French police will turn someone over to the authorities of another country in return for certain favors. The Legion does not accept rapists and murderers—if a man is found to be wanted for one of these crimes, he is discharged at once as "unfit for service for security reasons." Of course, the Legion is full of petty criminals and wife-deserters, but a haven for murderers and rapists it is not.

WALTER E. MAGNOLIA
Holbrook, New York

SMALL TALK WITH BRITT

It's amazing how Britt Ekland can look so good after all these years (*Small Talk*, March). As a fan of hers ever since her Peter Sellers days, I found it a joy to read an interview with this remarkable woman. She's written a book, you say? I'll be looking for it, but my thanks, OUI, for fulfilling one of my fantasies.

JOHN LAKATOS
Detroit, Michigan

Your Britt Ekland interview is fantastic! I felt as though I were right there beside her at her Hollywood Hills swimming pool, talking to the woman of my dreams. And I didn't find it strange at all that Rod Stewart wore her underwear. Hell, if I had the chance, I'd wear her bra if it meant spending some time with that stunner. I commend you on your work, OUI.

J.G.
Cleveland, Ohio

THE DOCTOR IS IN

I hadn't seen an issue of OUI in some time. So, when I recently purchased a copy, it was a pleasant surprise to discover your restyled magazine. I especially enjoy *Dr. Oui*—an honest, informative mix of common sense and a sense of humor. You have great articles and ladies, too. I'm glad I came back to OUI!

STEVE RAGLIN
Omaha, Nebraska

What took you so long? I refer to your new *Dr. Oui* column. I have often wondered why women's magazines have sections devoted to answering their readers' medical/sexual questions, and men's magazines, for the most part, do not. I think *Dr. Oui* is the best idea you've ever come up with.

WILLIAM RAMSEY
Cincinnati, Ohio

ROCKER REBUTTALS

I enjoyed your *Conversation with Pete Townshend* (March), but the introduction includes a fallacy that cannot be ignored. You say that the "stampede at a recent Who sellout in Cincinnati was tragic testimony to the potent Who/Townshend mystique." To connect the Who, or any rock-'n'-roll band performing that evening, with the tragedy is a grievous mistake. The deaths stemmed from mismanagement of the crowd, inadequate security and inconsiderate treatment of the fans in line.

CHRIS MASCIS
Redlands, California

Hey, I'm into rock 'n' roll as much as the next guy, but to feature an interview with Pete Townshend seems ridiculous. Sure, the Who were good in their day, but now there are so many other new rock-'n'-roll bands to write about. Why bother with a has-been like Townshend? He even said it himself: Some of their fans "don't want to see the procrastination of a maturing rock star." That's right. I don't want to see it or read about it.

The Sixties are over. Give us something we can sink our teeth into for the Eighties.

JAMES JONES
Garland, Texas

PARTY POOPERS

I'm afraid that because of your exaggerated description of the Libertarian party (*Party Time*, February), the overall thrust of your article was misleading. Here are some of the points in the article that I particularly found fault with.

Tonie Nathan, although a friend of mine, is not a "maximum leader" of the Libertarian party. She has not been involved in the party at a national level since 1972. You also state that I ran her presidential campaign in 1976. In fact, I did not run her campaign, because Roger MacBride, who was not mentioned in the entire article, ran for President in 1976.

Furthermore, your author states that I called Reagan and Carter "fascists." What I said was that the economic philosophy of President Carter and Ronald Reagan could

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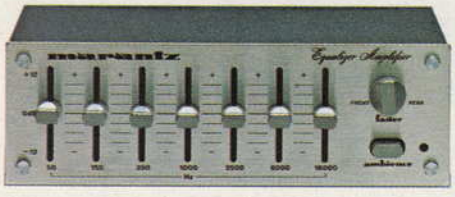

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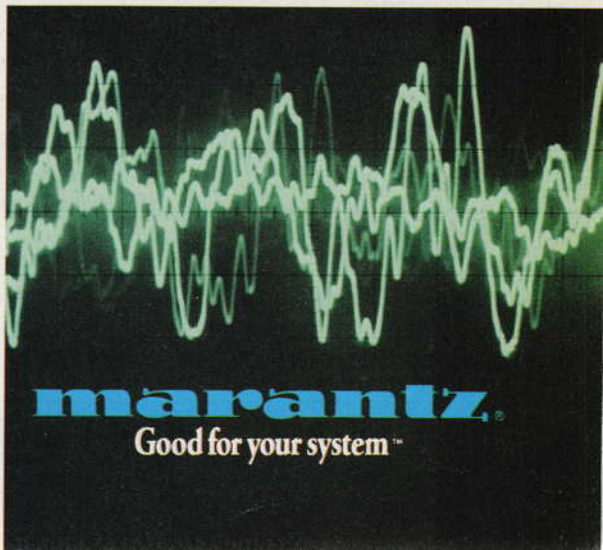

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be more accurately described as fascistic, rather than socialistic or capitalistic. The other quotes that your author cites from the media are all out of date, the most recent being from 1976.

I don't mean to seem overly sensitive to media criticism (despite the fact that I was personally described as a "front man," and have never been a front man for anyone), but I believe that your article on the Libertarian party was purposefully designed to make our movement seem somewhat frivolous.

EDWARD H. CRANE III
Washington, D.C.

After rechecking our research files we find that only one of your objections is valid. You are correct: Tonie Nathan did not run for President in 1976, so you did not run her campaign. However, Ms. Nathan is President of the National Association of Libertarian Feminists and has been frequently quoted as a spokesperson for the Libertarian party by several publications other than OUI. *All other facts and quotes (including your statement that Carter and Reagan are fascists) were verified through our author's interview notes and printed materials, most of which were gathered from 1978 through 1979, and are thus not "out of date."*

Mark Christensen's article on the Libertarians sucked. Christensen must have spent the greater part of a day researching it. How could he write an article about the Libertarian movement without even discussing its basic principle of free-market economics? (I would prefer just to say "economics," but idiots like John Kenneth Galbraith and Walter Heller also make a living from "economics.") I, for one, am sick of the simpleminded and lackadaisical treatment libertarianism has been getting from the established press.

CRAIG KATZ
Tucson, Arizona

Finally! A major publication devotes some space to the only political party in America that promises to take less money from, and give more freedom to, everyone. Where are the other magazines and networks? How long will they ignore the real possibility that the "Demopublican" empire is dying? How long before this young, vibrant group of freedom lovers gets the coverage it needs and deserves to save the country from more socialism and certain destruction? OUI is to be commended for telling our story, even though it was a bit tongue in cheek.

Don't forget: The freedom to party is as basic as the freedom to worship, the freedom to print or the freedom to risk a fortune on a business idea without fear of ruinous taxation and interference. The Demopublican-media-establishment conspiracy screwed us in 1976 and again in 1980. If the planet survives another four years, America

will have to take notice of Libertarian candidates. That'll be 1984. Ironic, don't you think?

DOUGLAS THOMAS, JR.
Panama City Beach, Florida

The military is legalized slavery? My friends and I (we are all in the navy) quite disagree. Does a slave get a paycheck twice a month, training in a technical school, guaranteed food in his stomach and roof over his head, medical and dental coverage for himself and his dependents? Can he travel; does he get 30 days leave with pay, as well as clothes to cover his ass? No way. I was a civilian for a while, and I hated it because my society just wouldn't let me get anywhere. In the navy, I know that it is possible for me to make rank and, with that rank, I'll get more pay and liberty. The Libertarians obviously don't know what they're talking about.

GARY C. MCGUINNESS
NAS–NATTC
Memphis, Tennessee

SUGGESTION BOX

We've enjoyed your magazine for some time now, but have never written. Now we figure that if you don't hear from your readers, you'll never know what we like to see. So, allow us to cast our votes for more pictorial fantasies using realistic erotic shots of men and women. Some suggestions: young make-outs in a movie theatre, touchy-feely in a dark disco, the seduction of a sexy salesgirl, the milkman and the housewife.

It's the suggestion of reality in these sexy encounters that we like. Also, why don't you show women in panty hose? Everyone knows that stockings are sexy, but hardly any women wear them these days.

P.B. AND W.B.
Vancouver, Canada

How about showing more women smoking in the nude? I think it would improve your already great magazine tremendously. I remember that you did have one issue with a girl on the cover smoking a cigarette, and I've always remembered it as one of your best.

JIM MARKS
Sun Valley, Nevada

I think the girls you present every month are fantastic. But I would love to see one of them perform a striptease. A page-by-page, start-to-finish strip is really an appealing idea. It's like watching a gift being unwrapped. Come on, OUI. Let the public see what your photographers see at a photo session.

DAVE PHILLIPS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Address letters to:
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Los Angeles, California 90069

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DR. OUI

Sensible and straightforward answers to your questions about sex, the law, drugs, money, health, fitness, manners and self-improvement

I've been a three-joint-a-day man for years. Lately, my wife has been suggesting that I cut down, for two reasons. First, she thinks that it might be lowering my sex drive. Second, we're thinking of having a baby, and she's heard that smoking grass could be dangerous. Must I give up pot?

S.V.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Must" is a strong word, given the ambiguous and conflicting data on this subject. First, a number of studies indicate that THC may tend to lower male-hormone levels; and while nobody can prove that weed stifles the urge, it's something to take seriously. Second, a marked decrease in sperm count and motility has been reported among habitual dopers, along with an increase in the number of abnormal sperm. Your sex drive, and what you do about it, are subjective matters involving you, your lady and your mutual feelings—and also, perhaps, the emotional factor of impending fatherhood. If you are planning to have a child, avoiding pot for five days beforehand seems prudent, a small precautionary sacrifice and a good early indicator of whether you're unselfish and conscientious enough for parenthood.

I've been told that breaking open a capsule of vitamin E and rubbing it on your face can heal sores and cure complexion problems. I know that some doctors recommend vitamin E for healing cuts, so wouldn't applying it directly to the skin be even better?

F.H.
Honolulu, Hawaii

Wrong! Some people swear that E promotes rapid healing of wounds, abrasions and especially burns, and some plastic surgeons recommend its use after operations—but only when taken internally. There's no evidence that it's beneficial when applied topically. Indeed, vitamin E in capsules is not sterile; it is contaminated with minute foreign substances. Although your mouth and stomach can handle these with ease, your bloodstream isn't equipped to deal with them directly; putting E on any open sore, broken skin or pustule is a poor, and perhaps dangerous, idea.

Maybe I'm a hopeless romantic, but I have this dream of traveling cross-country this autumn by hopping freight trains. I know nothing about it, however. Is it possible? Legal? Safe? I don't want to get busted in Tennessee or tailgunned in Oklahoma. What's the lowdown?

T.Z.
Allentown, Pennsylania

Riding the rails is possible, legal and safe, in varying degrees in varying locations. The best rundown on the art—preferred routes, best cars to ride, how to get on board, hazards and precautions—is in a new hobo bible, "The Freighthopper's Manual for North America," by Daniel Leen (Capra Press, $4.95). It includes a bibliography of other such guides. Hitting the tracks can be fun, exciting and certainly cheap. Just remember—as with sex, the key to enjoyment lies in how, when and where you get off.

One of my best friends at the office is female. She's also a lesbian. I think she's beautiful and intelligent, and I'd love to ball her, on the outside chance that I could convert her back to heterosexuality. What are my chances?

R.G.
Charleston, South Carolina

You have about as much chance of converting her as she has of converting you. Even hate is easier to overcome than disinterest. At this point, your female friend constitutes a classic threat-to-one's-masculinity, and your gut response—the urge to nail her—probably isn't carnal, let alone affectionate. It's primarily your own ego massage. Take a chance: Discuss your feelings with her openly. The result could be greater mutual respect, understanding and closeness, which may not be erotic, but ain't exactly hay, either. There's lots of tail out there, but damn few good friends.

My cock is only four and a half inches long when it's erect. Do any of the so-called "penis expanding" devices work? What about exercises, or even surgery?

N.G.
Arlington, Virginia

You've asked our readers' most popular question. The physical fact is that penis size is determined during puberty. The business fact is that any cock enlarger that really worked would outsell McDonald's. Conclusion: These items may build your confidence, but little else. What's more, exercise has scant effect on cock size, since expansion is a matter of blood flow, not muscle. And surgical implants can only rebuild a damaged pecker to its former size.

The only sexual problem you—and most "undersized" men—have is between your ears, not your legs. Look, the name of the game, according to every authority, is quality, not quantity. Women who visit sex therapists complain not about their men's lack of inches, but about lack of skill, sensitivity and loveplay—elements that most men need to beef up far more than their penises.

Back in January, you advised that herpes virus could be eliminated from a hot tub by keeping the water heated to 104°. But that's the lowest setting on most commercial hot tubs. Wouldn't it be more effective to crank the heat up to about 110° and really kill the virus?

W.M.
Los Gatos, California

Not when there's a possibility that you could kill yourself in the process. Ten people croaked last year from hot-tub percolation. Some tubbers, heavily fortified with booze, have even drowned. Water temperature should never exceed 106°—above that, you could raise your body temperature to the heatstroke point, which is potentially fatal, even to healthy souls.

Persons with a history of heart trouble, diabetes or hypertension are advised to consult their M.D.s before tubbing, and those on soporific drugs (tranks, antihistamines, etc.) or the sauce should skip the fad al-

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

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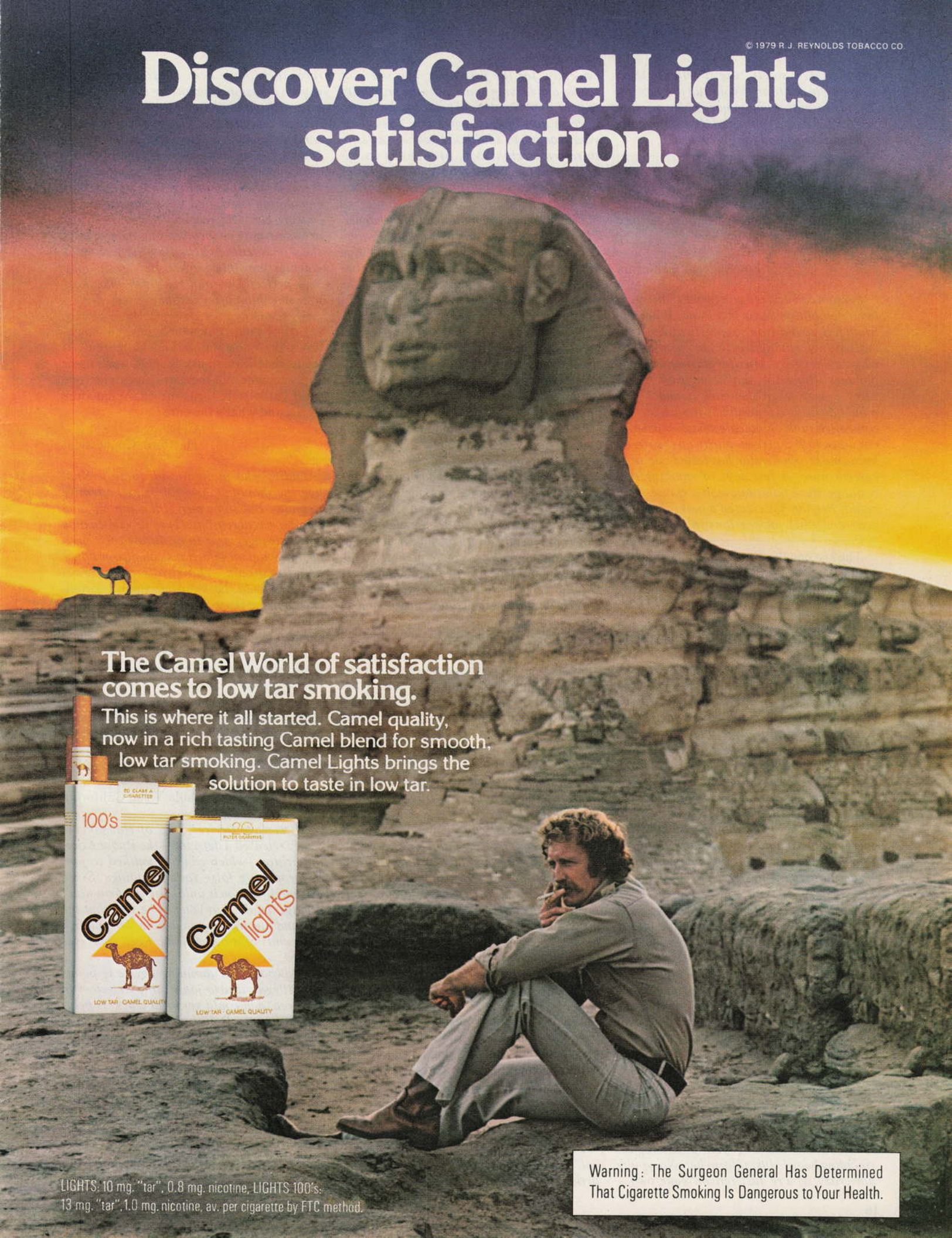
Discover Camel Lights satisfaction.



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together. For safety, use a reliable thermometer in addition to your tub thermostat. These precautions may marginally increase your tub's herpes potential, but remember, V.D. can also stand for "very dead."

Twice in the last month, I've been turned on to a far-out brown powder called Persian. It's rumored to be a variety of heroin that won't cause addiction or overdose because you smoke it. Is this true?

P.D.
Los Angeles, California

Persian can destroy you faster than entering a demolition derby in a Pinto. When the Shah fell, so did Iran's sophisticated heroin cultivating/refining/trafficking network. It was replaced by Muslim diplomatic appointees who knew shit about smack, but knew money when they saw it and didn't mind addicting a few infidels to raw, ineptly controlled junk. Syndicate smack is usually cut down to 2–3 percent purity on the street, but some brown Persian has tested out at 95 percent pure. A few days of smoking this could produce habituation in a statue. As a result, Persian has created a junkie boom of near epidemic proportions in California.

The last couple of times I've made love to my girl, I've been afflicted with a temporary itching on the tip of my cock. Are there any other possible explanations besides V.D.?

B.B.
Abington, Pennsylvania

Several. This could be a reaction to her contraceptive foam, creme or gel—has she changed brands or increased doses lately? Also, you could be reacting to a vaginal infection she's acquired by innocent means. Usually, the woman suffers similar itching symptoms. But it's possible for you to carry bacteria after she's already cleared up and then reinfect her, so that you both trade infections for months. For effective prescription antibiotics, you should see an M.D. together. So should any woman with more than two vaginal infections a year. In the meantime, try not to scratch it.

I'm a 19-year-old woman looking for some advice. I've always adored the feel of baby clothes and lotions, but ever since I moved in offcampus with my sister, her husband and their baby girl, my urges have become a bit radical. Now I find myself wanting desperately to be pampered, bathed, diapered and breast-fed by my own sister. Am I sick? Should I tell my sister about my fantasies?

E.M
Boston, Massachusetts

Yes, but only in an offhanded way. A new mother has enough worries and demands already, so don't make her your psychological sounding board. Just inform her. No, you're not crazy; you're just out on your own—evidently, for the first time. The stress of school and leaving home, plus the proximity to your sister's maternal behavior, have produced a state of mild regression. To sum up, your reaction to adulthood has been a desire to return to childhood. Millions of us express similar desires by choosing older mates, playing at sports or joining the army. Talk to a family counselor and scan a few books on achieving emotional independence. "Leavetaking" by Gloria Feinberg (Simon & Schuster, $9.95) or "Flying Solo" by Ken Wydro (Berkeley Publications, $2.25) are both good. You're a big girl now, but take our word—it has its rewards.

Now that we've been together for six months, my new girl is willing to try anal sex for the first time. However, each time I start, she can't handle the pain. Any suggestions?

D.A.
Bellingham, Washington

The key word is lubrication: K-Y jelly or any of the hypoallergenic body oils will do. Start with your pinky—making sure your fingernails are short, clean and well trimmed—and work up to the thumb. Go slowly and gently; begin by making it part of your usual foreplay—create pleasant associations with anal penetration. Penile entry should be initiated very gradually, sensitively and with heavy lubrication—and let her control the pace.

I seem to get drunk faster and more easily than anyone I hang out with. I mean it—two or three beers and I'm wacko. Am I fated to a life of early lights-out, or is there something I can do to build up a tolerance?

S.B.
Chicago, Illinois

Over time, most bodies build up a natural tolerance to any addictive drug—including alcohol. In the case of booze, however, the price of increased capacity may be double vision, a liver like a whiffleball or worse. Tips: Eat before, and nibble during, drinking bouts; emphasize carbohydrates. Try drinking more slowly. You should probably see a physician for a complete physical examination. Assuming you have no relevant medical problem or some other drug habit, you'll just have to learn to live with a metabolism that can't master alcohol. Sauce for the goose can be anesthetic for the gander.

When I ejaculate inside my new girlfriend, she breaks out in a rash on her face and shoulders. But if I don't come or if I withdraw early, no rash. Can a woman be allergic to semen?

G.R.
Dallas, Texas

For reasons physical and/or psychological, anything can produce an allergic reaction in a susceptible person. Though very rare, there have been clinical reports of women occasionally reacting to semen, usually with vaginal itching or burning, although symptoms can vary. Try wearing a condom and have her visit an allergist. However, since some semen is almost invariably emitted during sex, orgasm or not, there is the possibility that the act of ejaculation itself, and not seminal fluid, is causing her vivid reaction. Repressed guilt or shame may be involved but, more likely, she's just getting excited by the feeling of you blasting off inside her. Her "rash" may be a perfectly normal sex flush that most women exhibit after sexual excitement.

I enjoy going down on ladies, but sometimes the odor almost knocks me out. It seems indelicate to ask them to wash up or apply cologne, but there are times when one whiff completely turns me off. What's the cause, and what's the cure?

C.T.
Hartford, Connecticut

Ladies who maintain adequate vaginal hygiene shouldn't, as a rule, smell offensive to males. But some men still complain, and they have real reasons: (1) some women may smell stronger near to or during their periods; (2) vaginal infections can also produce a hefty aroma—chronically odoriferous women should check for infections; (3) women often smell stronger after sex; (4) some men simply don't like the way some women smell. Your basic solution? Carry a scented lubricating oil with you, and apply it, strictly as "a turn-on," whenever the need arises.

Next to fast women, fast driving is my biggest thrill. So I hate having to slow down every time my radar detector sounds off. Is there any way I can get a radar jammer and just keep the hammer down?

K.R.
Chula Vista, California

Microwave Devices, Inc., of Houston recently released a detector—the Radar Communicator—which can be modified to jam by producing false radar readings. Since this modification is unlawful, the firm won't divulge details, but you can be sure that the car and electronics magazines will publish blueprints of it before long. Keep your eyes peeled.

Drawbacks: A jamming device is pointedly illegal; it also jams other detectors in the area, and could get local truckers heating tar for you. Dollarwise, the Communicator will stiff you between $579 (X-band) and $729 (K-band). In any case, the validity of radar detection has been overturned in several state courts—maybe yours—and could be a legal straw man.

The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions. Please address all correspondence to: *Dr. OUI*, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

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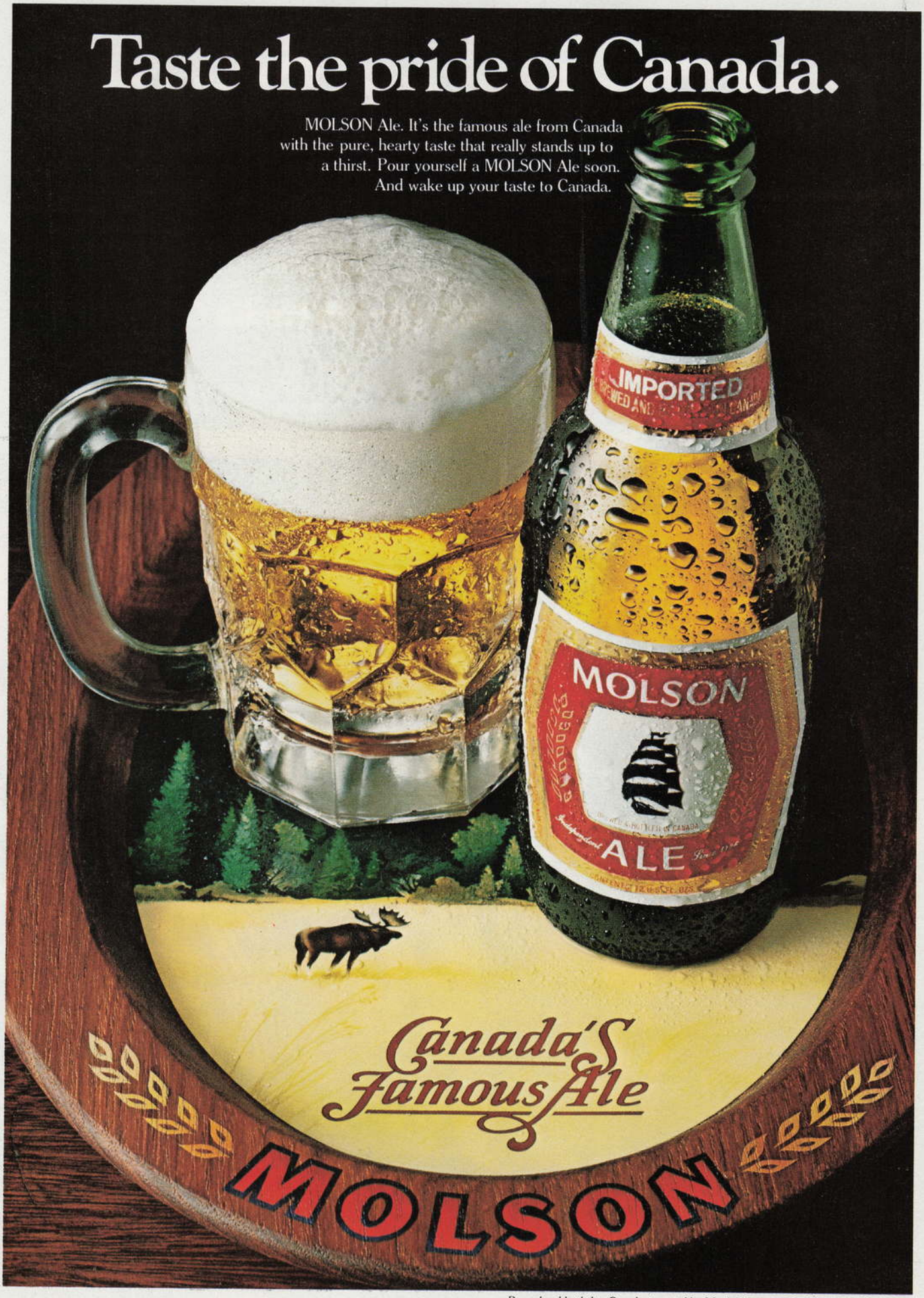

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OPENERS

JULY

A Dummy's Guide to Getting Girls

Of all the outrageously dippy characters on ABC's hit series *Soap*, none has a more faithful following than the disrespectful duo of Chuck and Bob. That's because Jay Johnson (Chuck) is a gifted young actor/ventriloquist, and his dummy, Bob, is the best wooden actor since Ryan O'Neal.

BOB: Now, whaddaya wanna talk about?
OUI: Sex.
CHUCK: Well, sex isn't something that—
BOB: I'll handle this. The guy needs information, not rumors. So?
OUI: Do you know much about sex?
BOB: Does Betty Crocker's dope dealer know much about funny fudge? What's your problem?
OUI: But you're just a . . . Uh, why am I talking to *you*?
BOB: Because Coldfinger here doesn't know sex from stroganoff.
OUI: Listen, Bob, do you mean to say that women find you attractive?
BOB: Everything from attractive to devastating. There's something about the way I move my bod that gets 'em.
OUI: Yeah, you do look good, especially with that great tan.
BOB: I'm a Hawaiian, schmuck. It's always like this. Don't you watch *Soap*?
OUI: No.
BOB: So *you're* the one!
OUI: Why do you think women are so attracted to you?
BOB: Because I don't warp.
OUI: Which brings up another point: Aren't many of the ladies drawn to you somewhat kinky?
BOB: Not really. Basically, I'm a pretty straight stud. Think about that.
OUI: How do you avoid them?
BOB: Who?
OUI: The kinky ladies.
BOB: Where? You got kinky ladies? OK, I'll try 'em out. But no whips, chains or sandpaper, all right?
OUI: Let's try something else. Who's your idea of a sexy woman? Give it some thought.
BOB: Don't have to. Natalie Wood.
OUI: It figures.
BOB: Really, I think she's dynamite. I'd like to meet her so I could give her a little something.
OUI: What?
BOB: Slivers.
OUI: You talk like women don't ever resist you.
BOB: Well, sometimes they come off with stuff like "But you won't respect me in the morning."
OUI: How do you handle that?
BOB: I tell 'em, "Hey, I don't respect you *now*."
OUI: That's pretty insulting. How do you get away with it?
BOB: I knew it. My secret, right? The bottom line to all this is that you wanna know my *secret*.
OUI: OK, you're right. What is it? What is it about you that's so irresistible to women?
BOB: OK, it pays to advertise. My secret is . . . just that . . . well, I'm *very well endoweled*. —MICHAEL PRICE

***Soap*'s Chuck and Bob in a knot-holes-barred talk.**

PAOLO BUGGIANI

GREAT IDEAS OF OUR TIME: Photographer Paolo Buggiani calls this "An Unsuccessful Assault on the World Trade Center." We call it a great postcard.

T-Shirt of the Month

RICHARD ARRINDELL

This shirt comes from Mac's Bar in Cannonsburg, Michigan, where they play 'em as they lay . . . or something like that.

THE PLOT TO SWIM THE ATLANTIC

It has been just over a year since Double Eagle II made its historic trip across the Atlantic, and already there is a plan to put this feat to shame. Two crazed ex-marines are preparing to swim across the Atlantic Ocean with their hands cuffed and their feet bound. Simple enough. Don't you wish you'd thought of it first?

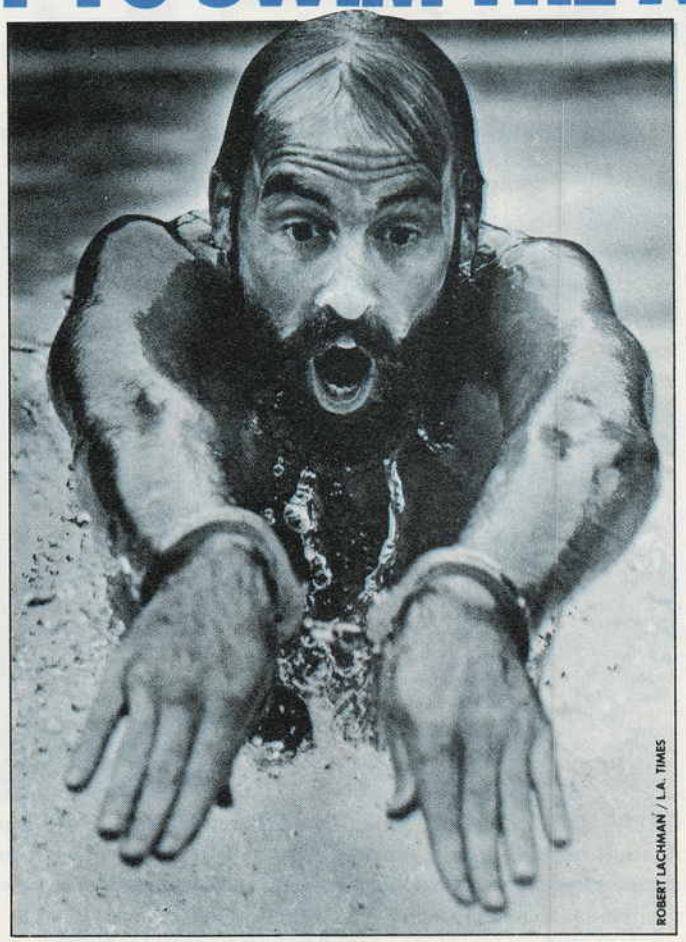
No joke. Captain A. Merica (known to the phone company as Alan Jones, USMC, Ret.) and his huge sidekick, the redoubtable Wayne Thompson, want to swim the Atlantic, from New York to England, very soon. Any day now. All they need to depart is the million dollars or so it will take to finance the escort boat, the crew and the supplies for their estimated four-month, 2500-mile dip.

In preparation, Mr. A. Merica plans to swim the English Channel, cuffed and bound, this month. He'll carry an American flag with him, and afterward will march out of the water and across Europe, straight into Mother Russia with the damn thing over his shoulders. It's sort of his personal un-Olympic statement of American patriotism.

This is all for real. Maybe you've even heard of these two. Together, Jones and Thompson are a kind of Batman and Robin of U.S.A. physical fitness. *True* magazine once identified Vietnam War–hero Jones as the "Toughest Athlete in the U.S.A." *National Enquirer* dubbed him a "Real-Life Superman." *Strength and Health* named him "the world's fittest man."

His partner, Wayne Thompson, is no slouch, either. He's a former Marine Corps heavyweight boxing champ and a one-time Mr. Portland and Mr. Oregon. He holds multiple long-distance swimming records, and has swum the *length* of the Mississippi River not once, but twice.

As for the handcuffs, etc., the technique was pioneered by fitness guru Jack LaLanne. When mastered by a first-rate swimmer, it allows a long, dolphinlike stroke that Jones claims is, without question, one of the most efficient in the book. LaLanne, who is now in his 60s, proved the point recently by swimming from Alcatraz to San Francisco with his hands and feet so bound.



CAPTAIN A. MERICA: Handcuffs Across the Water

Jones and Thompson plan to swim the Atlantic 12 hours a day, seven days a week, until they make it. They will spend 12 hours in and 12 hours out, using sophisticated navigational equipment to guarantee that they reenter the water at the correct point. Jones modestly asserts that this accomplishment will make all of mankind's previous endurance feats seem pygmy by comparison. He should know. For the last ten years, Jones has been performing some of the most difficult human-endurance stunts imaginable.

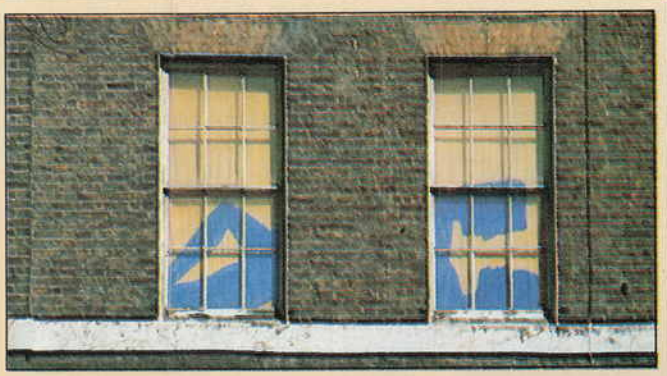
Currently, he's the holder of the world sit-up record (he did 51,022); he's also done 150,000 rope skips in a day, marched 199 miles in 48 hours, swum 127,300 yards in 161 hours (without a moment's sleep) and lifted 260,000 pounds within a 15-hour period.

In order to "promote patriotism and fitness full time," Captain A. Merica opened a combination fitness spa/health-food store/fruit-juice bar/training outpost in Spirit Lake, Iowa. There he sold four-ounce cans of his non-psychedelic "Magic Mushrooms," and got started on a career as a recording artist. He has a number of 45s out on the IGL label: *No Guts, No Glory*, *The Ballad of Captain A. Merica Jones* and, currently, *Disco Pig*. (Sample lyrics to the latter: "Come on, baby, can you dig it? Let's go down and disco pig it!") Unbelievable. Another Barry Manilow.

In order to raise money for the upcoming Atlantic swim, Jones has been spending his time traveling around the country to fairs and carnivals and climbing a 40-foot tower, setting his red, white and blue Captain A. Merica costume on fire and then diving into a four-foot-deep swimming pool filled with live rattlesnakes. All with Sinatra singing *My Way* on a tape in the background.

Operating from worldwide Captain A. Merica headquarters in San Diego (an otherwise nondescript apartment house on the edge of town), the Captain prepares for the Atlantic swim and other astounding feats with the help of his girlfriend, lithe and lovely Brenda "Star" Hoversten, who's not in bad shape herself. She's the current holder of the worldwide women's sit-up record of 10,001.

Sometime soon, Captain A. Merica's moniker might be a household item, right up there with Bert Parks, Clayton Moore and Spiro T. Agnew. He and Thompson are not kidding about this. Really. They *are* going to try to swim the Atlantic. —MARK CHRISTENSEN



When the shades are drawn, most people expect a little privacy. Not so with Mr. L. Rockingham of Chelsea, England. His blind ambition clearly displays his amorous activities.

The new Minolta Weathermatic-A lets you take pictures where you could never use an ordinary camera before.

It's watertight and ready to go snorkeling or sailing, climbing or camping, skiing or surfing and lots of other places. In the water, it floats. You can even take it underwater (down to 15 feet). And it takes great flash shots wherever you take it.

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on great taste to get low tar. Why should I?

Winston Lights taste good like a light cigarette should.

A GLAND WANTS TO SMELL LIKE A GLAND

Edison once said that invention is 1 percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration. Well, Dr. George Dodd, a perfume chemist at Britain's Warwick University, has taken Edison's bromide quite literally. Eschewing the whale guts, beaver follicles and skunk glands that are the traditional mainstay of the perfume industry, Dodd has come up with a powerful new scent, the main ingredient of which is—are you ready?—human sweat. Human perspiration, it seems, contains a sex-related chemical called Alpha-androstenediol, a substance similar to the musky come-on exuded by horny monkeys. Completely purified, this chemical smells "deliciously like sandalwood," according to a report in the British journal *New Scientist*.

Dr. Dodd tested his discovery by dabbing a number of men with Alpha-androstenediol, and then turning loose a pack of female noses to rate the results. As predicted, the androstenediol anointees won the sniff-out with ease, consistently scoring more with the ladies than the squeaky-clean control group.

So, remember, the next time you can't get to first base with a girl, it's probably because you don't smell like a first baseman. —BILL LAWREN

Photography by Robert Bauer

Museum Piece

Miss Jennie Lee bears out the old adage, "Old strippers never die; they just droop a little." Jennie, known in her heyday as the "Bazoom Girl" and "Miss 44 and Plenty More," has unveiled something big. No, no, not those. Jennie recently opened a sort of strippers' Smithsonian, the Exotic Dancers Hall of Fame and Museum, in San Pedro, California. The ever-expanding Hall of Fame features photos, films and assorted mammorabilia glorifying such grindhouse greats as Blaze Starr, Candy Barr and, of course, Miss Jennie Lee. Jennie, a student of burlesque history as well as part of it, founded the Exotic Dancers League in 1956, and has served as its president ever since.

Open and expansive, Jennie welcomed *Openers* to her ecdysiast emporium. "My specialty knocked their eyes out," she bragged. "I'd whirl my boobies clockwise, and whirl my tassels counterclockwise. It's hard, but it always stopped the show!"

Jennie officially holstered her twirling tits years ago, but she occasionally lets them hang out for old times' sake (she appeared in *Americathon* last year), and often strips spontaneously for her patrons. "I've still got great boobies," she told us. "Wanna see?" No, really, Jennie, we—"Oh, here, take a look!"

Flump. Flump.

Great, Jennie. Thanks.

Photography by Larry W. Schwarm

KNOT QUITE RIGHT

When a friend said he liked to tie up his girlfriend and take photos, we sort of expected to see something else. Oh, well . . .

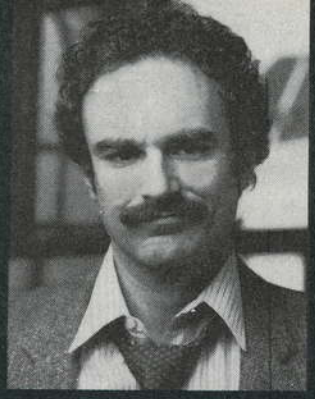
AN OPENERS 60-SECOND INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

Grass National Product

All right, class, pay attention. Who knows what California's biggest cash crop is? No, Denise, not oranges. What's that, Harvey? No, not grapes, but you're close. Duane? That's right, marijuana. Duane, you go to the head of the class—and put your bong away.

Unbelievable? According to a table of yearly agriculture earnings printed in the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*, it's true. Pot came out on top, bringing in a bullish $1 billion annually. Grapes were a distant second with a mere $864 million.

However, before you trade in your condo for an acre of Sonoma County farmland, consider the source of these figures—the Drug Enforcement Agency. The $1 billion claim comes from crew-cut Jerry Jenson, western director for the DEA. And he's not alone in projecting high-yield returns for professional dope growers. Along California's North Coast, officials have long known that grass is their third largest source of revenue, after timber and grapes. Now, keep in mind that the DEA, the sheriffs' departments and the local cops are known to exaggerate. They're the sort of people who would bust some poor schmuck for carrying a matchbox filled with low-grade smoke, then claim they've smashed an international dope ring. So, while it is certain that big bucks are being made growing pot in California, nobody but the growers seems to know exactly how much, and they're not talking. *Openers* talked to Gerald M., a North Coast grower, about profits. He just smiled. "Well, what about this one-billion-dollar figure?" we asked. He kept on smiling. Then we asked him if he favored decriminalization. Gerald laughed, "And pay taxes on all this? What the hell have *you* been smoking?" So much for investigative reporting. —TED NEWSOM



No, Mr. Babcock. Yes, Mr. Burns. Never, Ms. Little. Never. Five days of this and I bust loose with Cuervo & grapefruit.

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add a splash of grapefruit.
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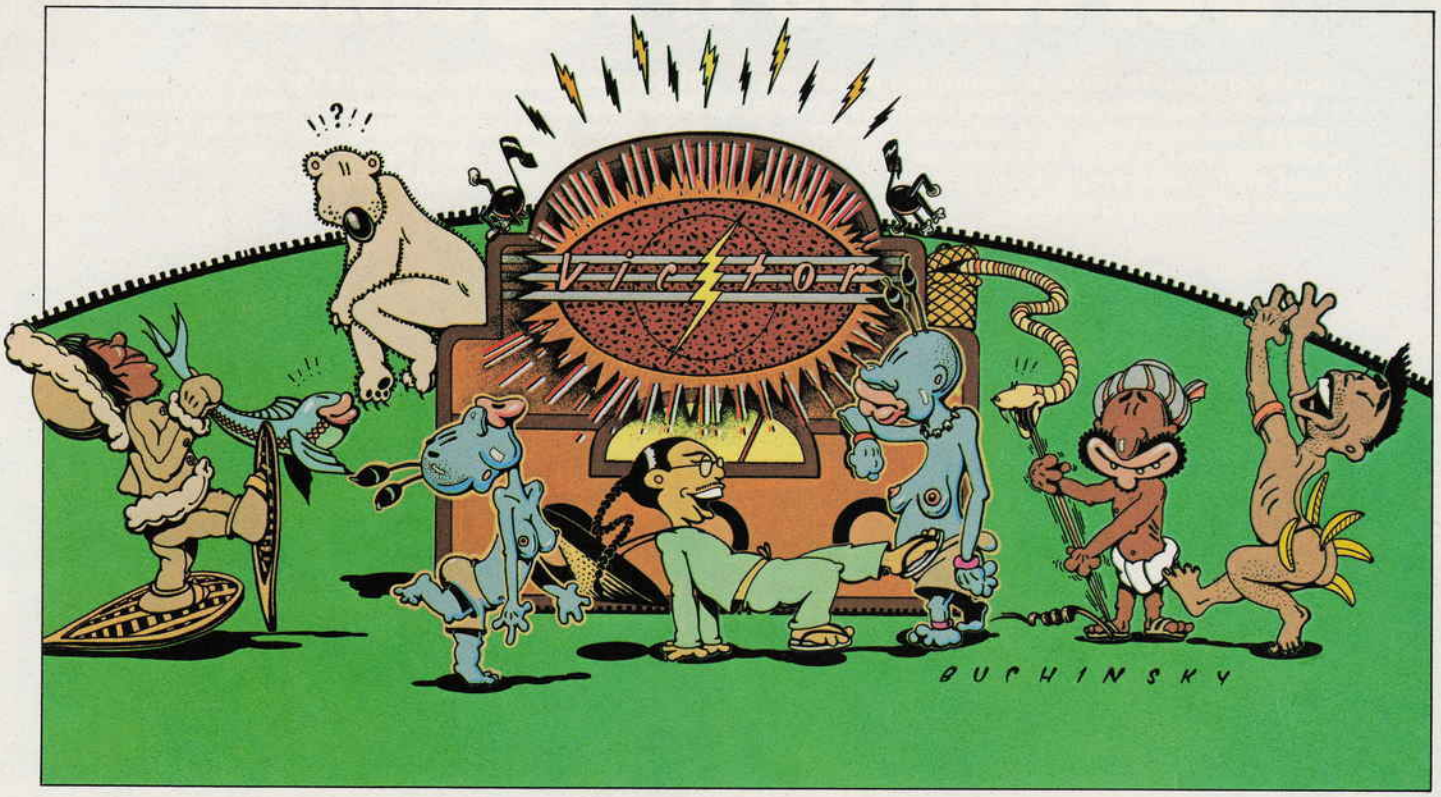
Clarion
QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC

Rock Around the World



In Putaruru, New Zealand, a family of Maori tribespeople assembled in its tiny mud and bamboo hut and circled around a portable radio on a carved wooden dais. Emanating from the tinny, transistorized box, the profound utterances of rock singer Lou Gramm bounce around the one-room home:

I'm hot-blooded
Check it and see,
I've got a fever
Of a hundred and three.

And at that exact moment, across four continents, another 25 million people are listening to the Anglo-American rock gyrations of Gramm's group, Foreigner, as they perform before a sold-out audience at Atlanta's cavernous Omni stadium. In farmhouses on the Russian Steppes, on U.S. Army bases in Germany and Denmark, in crowded Tokyo discos, on the sun-bright banks of the French Riviera—in over 40 countries, thanks to the miracle of modern communications, the sounds of *Hot-Blooded* and *Dirty White Boy* are being heard—*live.* Feeling like the star of the event, master of ceremonies Deane Clark, d.j. on Atlanta's WKLS, stands with microphone in hand behind a bank of amps and fast-talks his way to the largest rock-'n'-roll audience ever amassed.

So, what great technology did it take to pull off this international cultural feat? Pretty simple, really. The show was relayed from a 24-track mobile studio at the concert site (where Foreigner engineers mixed the group's live sound), to a hookup on AT&T's Long Lines system, and then shot into space, where the signals were bounced off a Comsat radio satellite back to earth. The problems of implementing this global broadcast were more administrative than technical. For one, the project was expensive; backers had to be sought out and contracts drawn up—Pabst Breweries acted as one of the broadcast's main bankrollers. (Pabst commercials, however, were aired only in those markets—all in the U.S.—where its beer is available). Coordinating the various AT&T, RCA and local facilities, as well as the technicians, demanded no small attention. But thanks to good ol' capitalist ingenuity, the dream of one-world radio was realized.

And so, far-flung global villagers got their first taste of the kind of rock programs that have become a staple of the U. S. airwaves, including such syndicated concert-radio shows as the *BBC Rock Hour*, *Superstar Radio Network* and the *King Biscuit Flower Hour*. In fact, the people behind *King Biscuit*—Directions In Radio—are the perpetrators of this first worldwide rock show.

Following the success of the Foreigner transmissions late last year, D.I.R. set up a similar international radio relay live from the San Francisco New Wave disco X. The act: Jefferson Starship. The time: New Year's Eve. The show was beamed out to 170 U. S. stations and to the same planetary network established for the Foreigner gig. From the Aleutians to the Azores, from Wales to Winnipeg, the energetic San Francisco crowd could be heard urging the Starship back for a third encore.

The communications possibilities of these world hookups are endless. Simulcast tie-ins with international television outlets could result in similar concerts being seen as well as heard. And everyone benefits—the sponsors, the acts (album sales will skyrocket following such universal exposure) and, of course, the listeners. The Maori mom and dad, sitting in their shanty, might not think much of Foreigner's sweaty, lubricious quest for the ultimate groupie, but that Maori daughter itching for the hot pulse of the big city can't help but be aroused (one way or another) by those steamy rhythms rocking their way from Atlanta. It might not all be the greatest music in the world, but the world will be a better place—and a smaller one—if these kind of live world radio broadcasts are the sounds of things to come.

—STEVE MARSH

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS BUCHINSKY

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7XN11

10 Minutes with Mal Sharpe

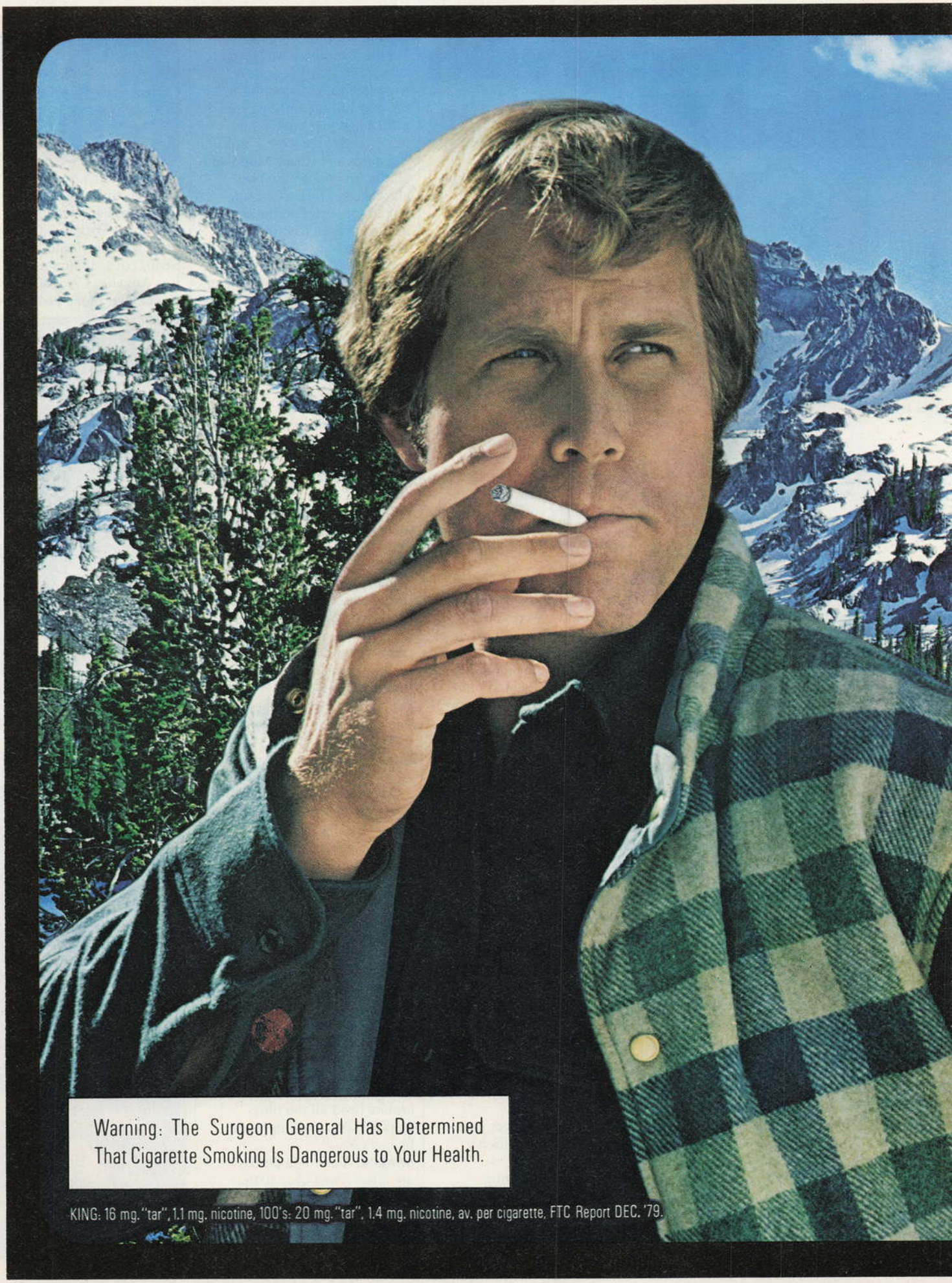
Mal Sharpe is a strange guy. Few people remember his face, but millions know his voice from a series of outrageous commercials, a radio show and a syndicated television program called *Street People*. Armed with only a tape recorder and a twisted wit, he's developed a cult following that revels in his bizarre "man on the street" interviews and other madness. In his most recent project, he talked with hundreds of people, searching for the answer to the title of his new album *The Meaning of Life* (Rhino Records).

OUI: In your travels, what did people tell you was the meaning of life?
SHARPE: We got some great answers. One guy in Tijuana kept trying to get us young girls. But others were more profound. Someone told us, "Squeeze and release." Another said that meaning was found in corners, and then sent us an envelope containing dust he'd swept up from the corners of his bedroom. Someone else said, "Money first, pussy second and getting high third." The word *chlorophyll* came up once. But probably the best came from a cabdriver who said that life is a magazine that costs a buck and you've only got a quarter.
OUI: Where are the best places to talk to people?
SHARPE: Wherever there are folks with vitality and imagination. Around colleges is great. Proletarian guys, too, like truck drivers. They're not afraid to say anything. Shopping centers are the worst. People are in a daze in malls; they seem to go stupid when they walk in.
OUI: You're notorious for your "man on the street" interviews. Which one is your favorite?
SHARPE: A few years ago, we were doing a travel film in Nepal, and we were following, swear to God, this group of tourists from Iowa. We flew up to this Tibetan village ahead of them and hid behind some rocks. They walked up the trail in their Iowa clothes, looking like they had just entered Shangri-La. I popped out from behind the rocks and said, "Excuse me, I'm your man-on-the-street in Tibet." I'd always wanted to do that.
OUI: Is it difficult talking about sex to people on the street?
SHARPE: Surprisingly not. You can stop either men or women these days and get into the most intimate conversation really fast. But at certain points, it becomes rather tacky. I once asked this guy if I gave him two pounds of hamburger, could he make them into patties for me while he was having sex. He had it all figured out in a second. It would have to be in the dog position, and the longer he lasted, the more patties he could make.
OUI: Have you ever interviewed a political figure?
SHARPE: Not if I could help it. But it happened once, accidentally. I was in Washington, D.C., the day the Senate committee was going to censure Richard Nixon. We were taping ABC promos for the new fall season. The committee had just broken for lunch, and there were Frank Reynolds and Roger Mudd and all the network folks. They all rushed to talk to the sole Nixon supporter on the committee. I raced past them all and asked him, "How do you feel about Sonny Bono?" I was responsible for that look of shock on his face on the nightly news.
OUI: Many people remember you from your old San Francisco radio show. What sort of things did you do?
SHARPE: Me and my partner at the time, Jim Coyle, did some really sick things. We'd visit funeral parlors with a tape recorder hidden in our coats, and we'd convince morticians that we wanted to be buried alive. We'd have a benediction and all, and the guy would actually dig a hole and pile dirt on us. We were constantly trying to get people to jump off roofs, too. We'd say we had developed a special air mattress, and we'd push live rats off the roof onto the bag to prove that it worked.
OUI: You're probably best known for your radio commercials. Any favorites?
SHARPE: Once, we called up store managers for this chain, and we told them that the owner had come up with a great idea—each of them was going to wrestle a live alligator in the middle of the shopping center. "Boy, it would really attract a crowd. The kids will love it!" They were too nervous to tell me to screw off.
OUI: Why do you do such strange things for a living?
SHARPE: I'm lousy at everything else, and I'd hate to go to work. Like a guy in Iowa told me: "People who are alive can sit around questioning the meaning of life, whereas, those who are not have to lie around dead all the time."
OUI: Is there anything you'd like to ask us?
SHARPE: Yeah. I've probably interviewed over 30,000 people in my life. So why don't they all go out, buy my album and make me rich?

—SAL MANNA

PHOTO STRIP

This month's love, kisses and $150 go to Krissy and her photographer friend, Jim Nyman of Portland, Oregon. Send your entries to "Photo Strip," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. Don't forget your name and address.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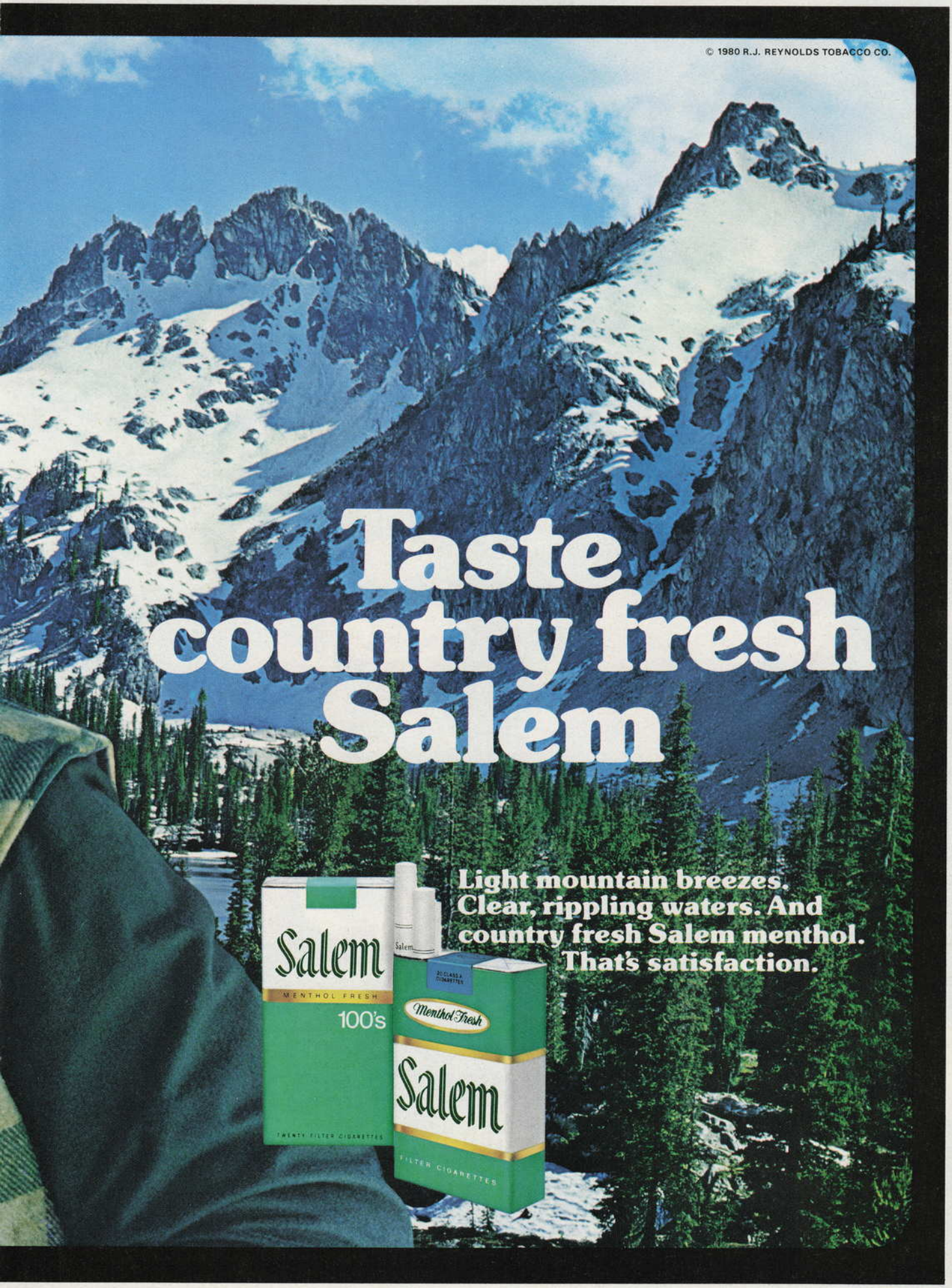
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Speak Easy

SEX AND WATER

The connection between sex and water is more ancient than myth. Scientists tell us that life and, therefore, sex, probably began in warm primeval oceans. And although our evolutionary ancestors crawled out of the water long ago, the substance continues to enchant us as surely as a Siren's song, turning us on psychically, sensually and sexually.

Most people, and certainly our OUI *respondents, have preferred methods of combining water and sex. Some like gadgets: waterbeds, shower massagers and bidets. Others, realizing that good sex is tension free, opt for a hot bath before making love—a tradition that is at least 3000 years old. Jacuzzi jets, of course, have enlarged the bath's erotic potential. And there are those for whom water is a romantic backdrop. Walking along the beach or embracing during a storm turns them on.*

As one OUI *respondent was quick to point out, water can be a turn-off, too, decreasing libidinal urges as abruptly as, well, hot and cold running water. At one time or another, most of us have been told that a cold shower will dampen our most lustful urges. And then there's the old skinny-dipper's joke, in which the teller holds his thumb and forefinger an inch apart, saying, "The water is this cold."*

(Kate, 25, is a teacher in Denver. Alison, Kate's sister, is 20. She is a student at Colorado College in Colorado Springs, where she majors in music.)

OUI: Is water sexy to you?

KATE: Absolutely.

ALISON: Some of the sexiest experiences of my life have taken place in and around water. Baths with my lover, showers together, playing around with my Water Pik.

KATE: Once, my boyfriend and I were running around outside my apartment complex in the middle of the night, both of us naked. We were jumping over the sprinklers. Then he chased me, spraying me with a garden hose. When he caught me, he wouldn't let go, but pressed the nozzle against my clitoris until I was screaming—and coming.

OUI: Is water primarily sexy or primarily romantic to you?

KATE: What could be more sexy than romance?

ALISON: Really.

KATE: The sexiest experience I ever had with water was very romantic. Last summer, my boyfriend and I were walking around the city park. Very suddenly, the sky clouded up and it started to rain. We ran to the car. Then he drove to a motel, which was strange because our apartments were a lot closer. But I didn't ask any questions. Once we were in the room, he opened the curtains. The clouds were smothering the mountains; thick, gray, billowing masses lit up by flashes of lightning. We got undressed and into bed. Jack sat up with his back against the wall, and I leaned against his chest. Both of us listened to the thunder and cuddled closer as the storm settled down on us. He kind of nibbled my ear and squeezed my nipples and, pretty soon, his hands were wandering all over my body. I was so excited I couldn't stand it, so I slid up on top of his lap, guiding him inside of me. We made love very slowly, rocking forward and backward until we both climaxed. It was very intense.

ALISON: You never told me about that.

KATE: It was nice.

ALISON: I think I'd like making love during a storm, too.

OUI: How about making love while you're actually in water?

ALISON: I don't like that. Not intercourse, anyway.

KATE: Sixty-nine would be worse—for one of us.

ALISON: For sure. But I'll tell you, the first time I tried to get it on in water, I was shocked. I expected it to be the most slippery

screw of my life, but I guess the water washes away your natural lubrication. My vagina was as squeaky clean as freshly shampooed hair. Not good for penetration at all. But water during foreplay, well, that's another story.

OUI: How so?

ALISON: I'm thinking about an experience I had last summer when I was driving across Kansas on the way to see my parents. There's this little town along the way—not much more than a few grain elevators and a state college. A famous Kansas sculptor lives there. He did a bust of me when I was fourteen, and I fell in love with him. Of course, he refused to get involved; I was too young. But when I saw him last summer, everything was different. He drove me out to the country and showed me his new statues. He took lots of photos of everything. Then he drove the van down a narrow little road to the Smokey Hill River. We hung our clothes and the camera on some bushes and got in. The water was surprisingly warm, but the river bottom was squishy with at least two inches of silt. In the shallows, we kind of slid along, bellies against the mud, until we found a deep pool. You could see these huge golden fish—carp, I guess they were. Then he wanted to take some pictures, and I told him he could—how can you refuse to model nude for an artist? As soon as he took the first picture, I knew we'd make love.

OUI: Can you be more specific?

ALISON: Well, the whole thing was making me horny—the warm water and the silt and the fish, which kept nibbling my toes. And when he took the pictures, it was as if that Indian superstition about the camera stealing your soul were true—I was *his*. He put his arms around me, and one thing led to another. We ended up making love on the riverbank, not in the water. And not just once.

KATE: I think water is an aphrodisiac.

ALISON: I think so, too. It certainly brings out the nymphomaniac in me.

(Louise, 21, and David, 23, have been living together for over a year. Louise is a research assistant at U.C.L.A. where David is a medical student.)

OUI: Does water turn you on?

LOUISE: How can you ask a Californian a question like that? Of course it turns me on.

DAVID: We met in a hot tub. There was a party at a friend's house, just a few blocks from here. I was sitting in the tub—my head was someplace between contentment and boredom. All the ladies were standing around, sipping their drinks and contemplating the guys in the tub. The girls wouldn't get in because they were wearing disco stuff—perfect hair, perfect makeup. We yelled, "Come on in." They kind of simpered and shook their heads and then retreated into the house. Then Louise arrived. She was wearing jeans and some crazy T-shirt.

LOUISE: Buy a hot tub, see more of your friends.

DAVID: That's right. Her hair was even longer than it is now. She took some pins out of her purse and started putting it up. She looked over at us—I think there were four guys in the tub—and smiled. A beautiful smile. There was a quick strip. I bet every guy in there was praying she'd sit next to him; I know I was. And then she was beside me. We started talking. After the party, she came home with me—and she's never left.

LOUISE: And talking wasn't all there was to it.

OUI: What else happened?

LOUISE: He started letting his foot touch mine. That's a natural first move in a hot tub. Then his arm was around me, and his fingers were casually playing with my nipples. I liked him so much and I was so turned on by the hot tub that I just relaxed and enjoyed it.

OUI: Are you saying that you wouldn't have allowed him to touch you in a different situation?

He started letting his foot touch mine. That's a natural first move in a hot tub. Then his arm was around me, and his fingers were casually playing with my nipples. I just relaxed and enjoyed it.

LOUISE: Probably not. I'm telling you, hot tubs are better than Quaaludes for sexual arousal. Jacuzzi jets against the small of my back just about get me off. Of course, if I hadn't liked him, it wouldn't have mattered how turned on I was. I think hot tubs amplify whatever emotions are already present. If you like someone in a normal situation, you fall in love with them in a tub. Your defenses leave you when you take off your clothes. Symbolically, you're back in your mother's womb, safe and loved. You don't have to play any games.

DAVID: *You* don't.

OUI: How else does water affect your sex life?

DAVID: In lots of indirect ways. For one thing, it keeps her beautiful, and that sure as hell turns me on. She swims every day. Both of us like going to nude beaches, keeping nice and tan. To me, there's nothing quite as erotic as a slim, sleek woman's golden body.

LOUISE: Water is mystical, too. I'll never take the ocean for granted. We go for a walk along the beach almost every night. It's so beautiful and peaceful, yet so full of pure energy, of the life force. It makes us aware of how trivial our problems really are. So, when we go home and make love, we're really *with* each other, instead of thinking about some stupid little thing that happened at work.

DAVID: Both of us feel that sex has to be spiritual as well as physical. For us, walking near the sea is a kind of meditation.

OUI: How about in actual lovemaking? Does water play any part?

LOUISE: Well, we don't have a hot tub, but our bathroom is like a tropical garden. We like making love in the bathtub.

OUI: Can you explain the logistics? A lot of people find bathtubs a little cramped.

DAVID: I sit at one end, and she sits at the opposite end, facing me. We use our toes to fool around with each other's thighs and bottoms. Next comes soaping each other all over. Pretty soon, we're so hot that we don't care about logistics. Usually, she sits on my lap.

LOUISE: We put Epsom salts and herbs in the water for buoyancy and fragrance.

OUI: Anything else?

LOUISE: Actually, David's tongue gives the best bath of all. I'd never had a tongue bath before I met him.

DAVID: It's a good way to explore your lover's body. First, moving your tongue on every inch of her skin, then scraping your teeth against her. Then stroking with different pressures, your hand following your tongue. I learned a long time ago to think of a woman like a road map. You learn the terrain well before you drive into it.

(Robert is 26 years old and divorced. He manages a record store in Montclair, New Jersey.)

OUI: Does water turn you on?

ROBERT: The first thing that comes to mind is that water is necessary to cleanliness and that uncleanliness really turns me off. If you want to have civilized sex, you can't be dirty.

OUI: Civilized sex? What do you mean?

ROBERT: I'm not the kind of man who likes quickies. I want to know every millimeter of a woman's body. I want to taste

and touch her everywhere. To me, that's civilized—no taboos. But if you're going to get into a woman that thoroughly, she'd better be clean. Nothing turns me off more than going down on a woman and discovering a little piece of toilet paper with my tongue. It's happened. So, now I like to take a bath with a woman before getting into bed.

OUI: Aside from cleanliness, does water turn you on or off?

ROBERT: That depends on the temperature of the water. I took a lot of cold showers when I was in junior high. It really does lower the sexual urge. Cold water draws your balls back toward your body and shrinks your cock. It's kind of pathetic. But warm water is an aphrodisiac. That's why I like cruises . . . to tropical islands.

OUI: Could you elaborate?

ROBERT: A cruise is the perfect vacation for a man. First of all, he's outnumbered by women, three to one. Horny women. I met a beautiful woman on a cruise to the Virgin Islands last winter. She was incredibly adventurous. She liked making it in the lifeboats—and anywhere else we could get caught. But the most exciting thing happened while we were scuba diving off Saint Thomas. We were about twenty-five feet underwater. It was beautiful. There were plants swaying in the currents, and the light rippled off the bright fish swimming by the red-coral reef. She came over to me and pulled down my swimming trunks, then sprayed my genitals with air bubbles from the oxygen hose. Pretty soon, she took off her bikini, slowly, gracefully, like a ballet dancer. Then her hands were all over me, and mine were all over her. We made love in positions you can only fantasize about on land. Upside down. Her legs wrapped around my waist. Screwing as we sculled up toward the surface and the light. Afterward, she told me that the water pressure had gotten her so hot and bothered she just *had* to attack me.

OUI: You said earlier that you think warm water is an aphrodisiac. Is that always true?

ROBERT: I think so. When I lived in southern Florida, this woman and I decided to rent a house on the beach. The relationship was Platonic. I didn't even think she was attractive—too heavy, too plain. But one night we were walking on the beach. She was wearing a skirt, and she'd hiked it up to mid-thigh. She started playing tag with the waves, chasing them as they rolled out, then letting them wet her to the knees. She was laughing and, suddenly, she looked beautiful. I started chasing her into the water; it was warm and frothy. And then we were holding each other. We made love on the beach. I lay on my back in the sand, my legs positioned so the waves just covered them when they rolled in. She sat on top, moving in time with the sea. We came as a wave broke over us. That woman is now my ex-wife. Funny, the magic seemed to leave her and our relationship when we moved inland. Perhaps it left me, too. Maybe that's why I go on cruises. ■

SPEAK EASY QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be detailed and discussed on the *Speak Easy Letters* pages in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know how you feel about sex and water.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

FOR MEN:

6. Making love in the water is something . . .
   a. I have found to be extremely sexy.
   b. that only takes place in my fantasies.
   c. I like to do now and then.
   d. best reserved for fish.
   e. Other: _____.
7. Water turns me on because . . .
   a. cleanliness is next to sexiness.
   b. it's as relaxing as a good massage.
   c. my lady likes it.
   d. it leads so naturally to sex.
   e. Other: _____.
8. The sexiest form of water is . . .
   a. warm water—as in a bathtub.
   b. steam—it's like making love in a cloud.
   c. ice cubes—especially at the moment of orgasm.
   d. snow—the cold can be exhilarating.
9. For indoor water sports I prefer . . .
   a. drinking it, with a shot of Scotch.
   b. playing with gadgets, like a water-massage unit.
   c. listening to it rain outside.
   d. taking a bath with my lady friend.
10. My favorite outdoor spot to play in water is . . .
    a. the ocean or a lake.
    b. a swimming pool.
    c. a hot tub.
    d. all of the above.

FOR WOMEN:

11. Sex in the water is . . .
    a. difficult—water washes away natural lubrication.
    b. fun for starters, but I'd rather finish in bed.
    c. very erotic when done with the right person.
    d. something I've never tried.
12. Water turns me on . . .
    a. when I listen to the ocean or the rain.
    b. when it's powerful, as with Jacuzzi jets.
    c. anytime it turns my lover on.
    d. when I'm soaking in it.
13. If I had to pick a wet place for sex, I'd choose . . .
    a. a redwood hot tub.
    b. a shower or bathtub.
    c. a backyard with a garden hose.
    d. the surf at a deserted beach.
    e. Other: _____

FOR BOTH SEXES:

14. The best experience I've ever had with sex and water went like this (use separate page to explain):

Letters

Our questionnaire on group sex inspired a lot of our readers who had never tried it to write in with their fantasies. Sixty percent of our readers said that they would like to try group encounters, but had never had the occasion to do so. The remaining 40 percent were split between those who made group sex a regular part of their sex lives and those who'd only tried it once or twice. Although not one of the respondents admitted to having experienced jealousy at an orgy, 10 percent discovered that "the fantasy was better than the reality." The most common fantasy for men was being involved in a ménage à trois *with two women; the most common fantasy for women was "being surrounded by adoring men." The more the merrier.*

When I fantasize about group sex, I always think of a group of at least five men and women over whom I have total sexual control. However, my most interesting experience was an unexpected encounter with three women who had complete control over me.

I was freelancing as a salesman and was passing through a small Minnesota town. After finishing work, I decided to go to a local strip joint. When I walked in, I received some very enticing looks from three dancers. I guess because I was the only well-dressed person in the place, these girls really came on to me quickly. They would dance half-hour sets and then drink with me at my table. Watching them do their rug act (they pretended to make love on a rug) was too exciting to describe. What really turned me on was when one of them would look right at me while she was wiggling around on the rug. By the time they got off work, I had an erection that wouldn't quit.

When the bar closed, I invited them all out for some early morning breakfast. We ate and talked and discovered that we were all staying at the same hotel. Since the rest of our conversation concerned such topics as touching, eating, licking and the like, I naturally started contemplating a foursome. But not one of us said anything about getting it on. Finally, thinking that the night might be a lost cause, I said, "Well, ladies, it's 3 A.M. and I've got to get up early to go to work." Before I could say another word, one of the women said, "Girls, we're not going to let him go now, are we?" My heart and cock were pounding all the way to the hotel. Back in my room, I pulled out a bottle of Rush and proceeded to blow them away. I'd never stripped a stripper before, but in minutes, I had all three of these ladies naked. In minutes, we were all doing what we had only talked about earlier.

I'd always thought I'd be scared in a situation that would involve concentrating on more than one woman at a time. I was afraid I'd shortchange one of them.

I always thought I'd be scared in a situation that would involve concentrating on more than one woman at a time. I was afraid I'd shortchange one of them. But I found that with these ladies I didn't lose my concentration and that I was able to satisfy them all.

STEVE R.
St. Cloud, Minnesota

One foggy night before Christmas last year, I was hauling a load from Charleston, South Carolina, to Detroit, Michigan. By the time I reached the Michigan state line, I was pretty tired, so I decided to whip into the welcome center and get a couple hours of sleep.

When I pulled in, I noticed that I was the only trucker in the rest area. I had no sooner settled into the truck, when two prostitutes came running up and knocked at my door. They asked me if I wanted to party, so I told them to get in. I was pretty horny after about seven hundred miles of driving.

I mentioned a $25 fee for the both of them. Because they were hard up for Christmas money and because I was the only trucker there, they agreed.

All three of us then crawled into the bunk and took off every stitch of our clothing. I was very tired, but I did manage to get a hard-on. You can imagine what happened after that. We got it on for over an hour, and it was the best sex I've ever had.

Since I'm on the road a lot, I'd been with prostitutes before. So paying for sex never bothered me; it was almost a necessity. But having two ladies at once—for so cheap a price—was a novel experience. I was comfortable with these ladies because I knew I'd never see them again. I don't know if I could get into a threesome with women I'm close to, but I'd sure like to try.

By the way, after they left, I was so worn out and contented that I slept for eleven hours and was late for my delivery. But I don't regret it.

R.F.L.
Lima, Ohio

I have to admit that I have only experienced group sex in my fantasies. My girlfriend and I have been invited to some orgy-type parties, but she has always convinced me that it would

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be better not to attend. I go along with her, because I don't want to force her into anything she's not comfortable with. But I'm very curious, and I feel that I'm missing out on something unique. Hopefully, I'll get involved with group sex soon, whether my girlfriend wants to join me or not.

DAN D.
Jersey City, New Jersey

I am a 29-year-old account clerk. My husband and I have one child. I never expected to get involved in group sex of any kind, but last New Year's Eve, I had a chance that was too good to pass up.

At about two in the morning, the party at our home was breaking up. My brother-in-law was drunk, so I drove with my sister to help get him home. When we got to their house, I helped my sister get him onto the bed, and she started undressing him. When he was naked, I told my sister that I thought her husband was really attractive and that he had a sexy body. He was on his stomach, so I could only see his backside. But she told me his front was the best.

I asked her if he were very big. She said he was a little under eight inches and asked if I wanted to see his penis. I said yes, so we rolled him over. His body was really nice—a sexy build with good muscle tone, a nice flat stomach and strong, well-developed legs.

She told me I could touch his penis if I wanted to, so I reached down and held it in my hand. Then—to my amazement—she took off her clothes and climbed up on the bed. She laughed and said we should have some fun while he was drunk. She straddled his face and told him to lick her. Slowly and groggily, he did. I took my clothes off, lay down between his legs and took his penis in my mouth. Although he was too drunk to get an erection, it was really exciting to give head to my sister's husband.

The whole thing was such a turn-on that we decided we had to sober him up. We tightly tied his wrists behind his back and then started whipping his chest and stomach with a belt. You can bet he woke up fast. Once we had his attention, we made him go down on us both and then make love to us.

That was my first and only group-sex scene, and I thought it was great. What a way to start the New Year! Of course, my husband doesn't know anything about it, and I don't know how he would react if he found out. But I do know that I've discovered a great way to liven up my sex life, and I hope to have the opportunity again.

Ms. C.D.F.
Marysville, California

A few months ago, my lady and I were over at another couple's house. A third couple, whom we didn't know, was also there. As we sat around smoking and drinking, we started talking about *ménage à trois*. Somewhere along about the fifth joint and the third bottle of wine, the mood in the room was suddenly altered. The idea of a three-

SPEAK EASY

My husband doesn't know anything about it, and I don't know how he'd react if he found out.

some stopped being an intellectual exercise and started becoming personal. After some flirtatious hints from two of the women, we all began to look at one another with new, and lascivious, interest. Another hour and several joints later, we were ready to act. Someone finally proposed drawing straws: Whoever pulled the three short straws would get it on together, and so would whoever pulled the three long ones.

My wife and I wound up with another girl for the first round. I started on the bottom—my wife on my face and the other girl giving me head. After a while, the girls switched places; this time, though, my wife got on top of me. While she pumped away, she and the other girl started kissing and fondling each other. Needless to say, we were all extremely turned on. Then we switched positions again. The girl then went down on my wife while I screwed the girl from the rear.

Throughout it all, we could hear the other two guys and the third woman in the next room making all kinds of wonderful noises.

When we finished, we went back into the living room, smoked another joint and had a glass of wine. Then we switched partners, and we kept switching all night until all of us had experienced each other in a *ménage à trois*. It was great; it fulfilled my fantasies as well as my lady's. We will never forget that night because it was our first experience . . . although it wasn't our last.

R.A.D.
Spokane, Washington

My first and most interesting group-sex experience happened last summer. I was camping out with some friends—three girls, to be exact. Late one night, two of them sneaked into my tent. One of them wanted to give me a backrub. We'd massaged each other before, so it was no big deal, except that I was naked. I was going to say something to them. But before I could, I felt warm, naked legs wrapped around my buttocks, and the backrub started. I didn't say a word. Soon my other friend was kneeling over me—nude—kissing my hair and face. The next thing I knew, we were engaged in a full-fledged orgy. However, it came to an abrupt end when the tent collapsed and the cold, wet canvas came tumbling down on us. Kind of shot the mood to hell, you know? But I was not disappointed for long. When the third girl saw what had happened, she came running over to help. Need I tell you what happened then? I had the best time of my life.

STEVE M.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

TOP TURN-ONS

Although the usual things turn me on—tight pants, perfume, shapely legs, a pretty face—I'm really turned on most when a woman has slender, well-cared-for hands and a refined neck. I'm not sure how strange this is, but I guess I treasure these subtle differences between men and women.

JEREMY B.
Vancouver, British Columbia

I'm black and beautiful, and here's what turns me on. I love a man going down on me or fingering me if he really knows what he's doing. Another thing I really like is for a man to suck my toes. The last and least strange method to turn me on is to play with my hair. Ooh, I just love that.

THERESA P.
Bessemer, Alabama

I'm a bank teller, and one thing that really turns me on is wearing revealing blouses to work. Most men are grouchy after waiting in a long line, but when they get to my window, they get a little treat. I leave my blouse unbuttoned as far as possible without being reprimanded by my boss. Men like to look, and I get a kick out of the different ways they try to sneak peeks at my breasts. I usually wear a flashy bra with lots of lace, but my favorite is a see-through bra. And, boy, do those men try to stare a hole through my clothes.

I also wear sweaters with loose weaves and open patterns that you can see right through. And sometimes, when I'm really feeling daring, I'll go to work braless, because men like to see nipples nudging against a sheer blouse.

One day, when the bosses were in an all-day meeting, I wore a transparent blouse and no bra, so that our customers could get a really good look. All the men loved it, and I felt like I'd never come down from the high I received from all that eyeballing.

CATHY D.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

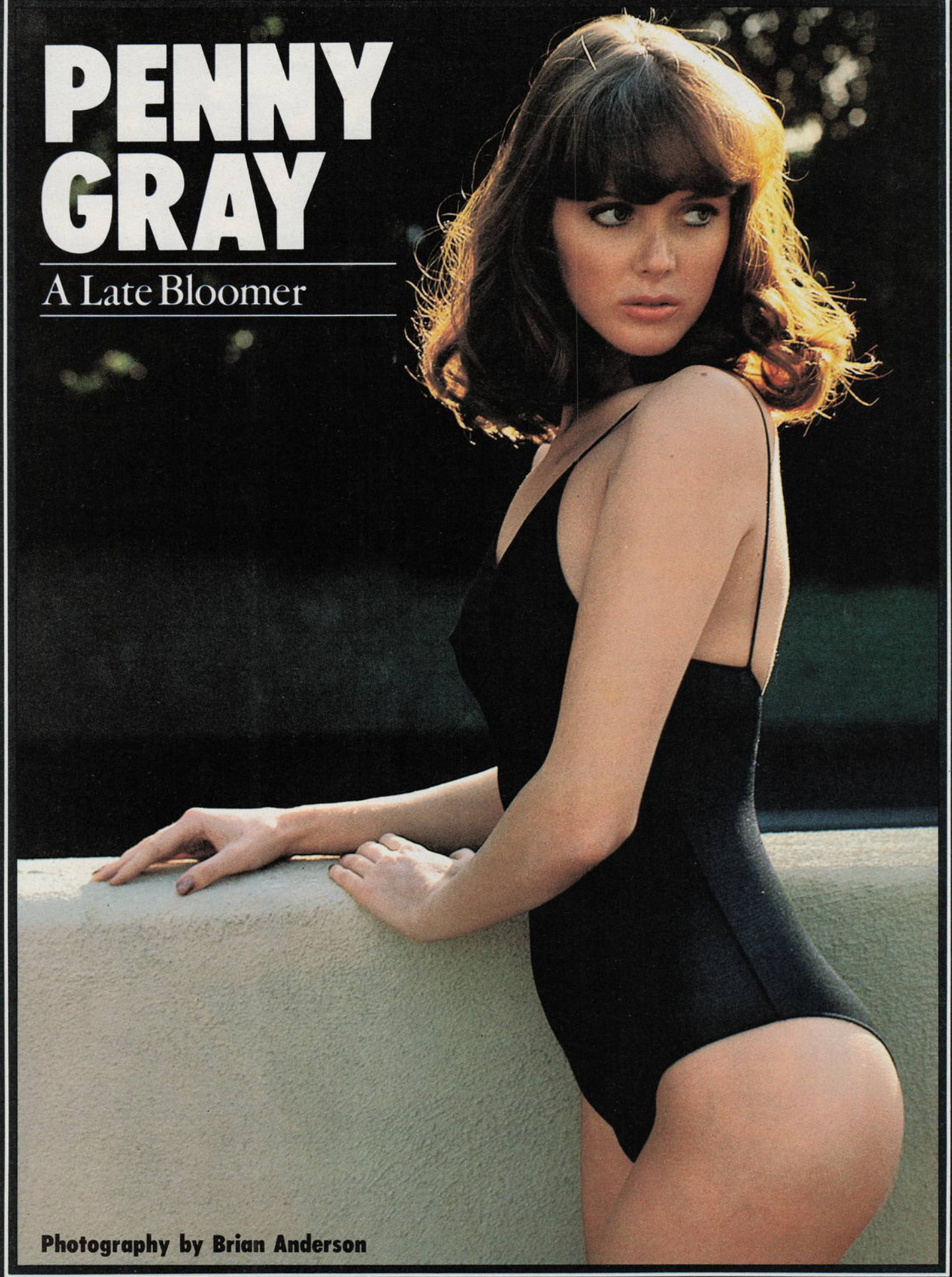
Aggressive women are the biggest turn-on. Even though we're all more liberated today, I still find that some of my male friends are threatened by these changes. I, however, am not. In my experience, most women are not aggressive enough. So, when I meet up with one who is, I don't mind switching roles at all.

As a merchant seaman, I spend eight months a year traveling, and I end up in a lot of places where people don't speak English. Last summer, my ship was anchored off the coast of Málaga, Spain. One evening, I caught a bus to Torremolinos and hit

(Continued on page 124)

PENNY GRAY

A Late Bloomer

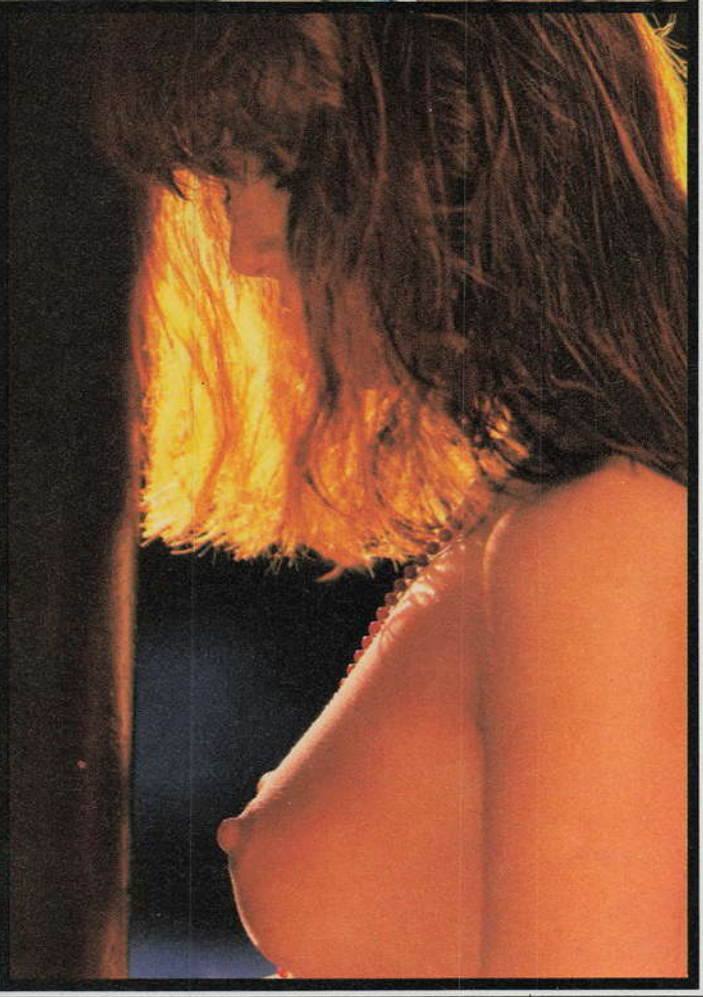


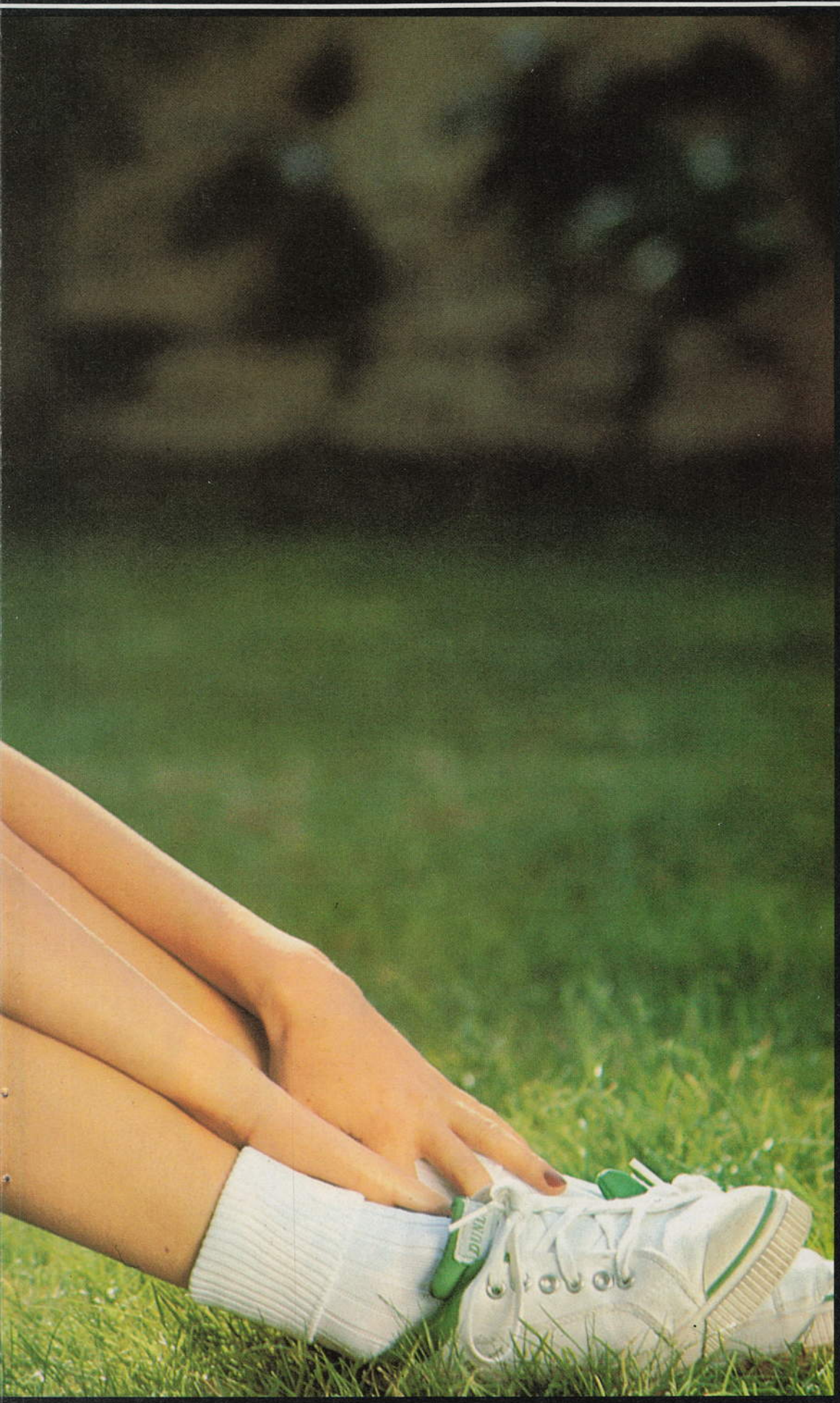
Photography by Brian Anderson

"I've been 34–24–34 ever since I was fifteen years old."

"Whoever says disco is dead is crazy!" says 21-year-old Penny Gray, shaking her auburn hair for emphasis. "As long as there are people like me—disco freaks—it'll be around for a long time. I love dancing. In fact, I love anything that involves moving my body."

Raised in Florida, Penny moved to Atlanta soon after high school. She now works there as an instructor





at a health spa. "I'm very health-conscious. Not to the point of living on bean sprouts and wheat germ, but I like to keep my body—and other people's bodies—in shape. And it's not easy, because I love to eat. I eat as much, or more, than most of the guys I date." Really? "Sure. I can polish off a couple of vegieburgers and a Tiger's milkshake, and still be ready for a box of Oreos."

The cookies? "Yeah, Oreos are my downfall. I've been addicted to them ever since I was a kid. It's the cream inside I'm crazy about—I always break the cookies apart and then lick off the cream first. I've never been able to keep a box in my house for more than two days."

It doesn't seem to hurt your figure. "No, not with all the running around I do. I'm 34-24-34—or I was the last time I checked. I've had those measurements ever since I was fifteen. That's probably the only thing about me that hasn't changed, though."

What *has* changed? "I don't know if *I've* changed so much or if it's just people's reactions to me. For example, I'm constantly being mistaken for Pam Dawber these days."

The girl from *Mork and*

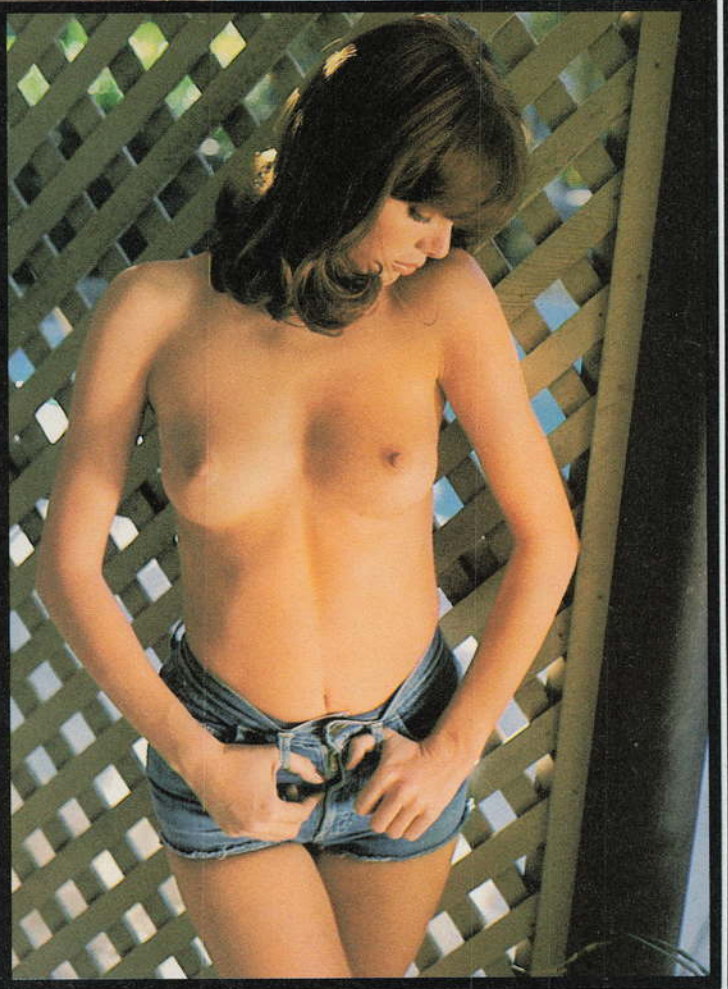
"I like to keep my body — and other people's bodies — in shape."

"I'm constantly being mistaken for Pam Dawber of *Mork and Mindy*."

Mindy? "Yeah. It's real strange to be walking down the street and have someone call out 'Hey, Mindy.' She doesn't even have red hair!"

Actually, yours is rather auburn, isn't it? "Yes, but the strange thing is how it's getting redder all the time. I do think there's something about having red hair that makes men look at you in a special way—very penetrating, you know? A girlfriend of mine told me last year that she gets the same look, although she's a blonde. She said—and I hope you don't think this is too kinky—that it's the look men have when they're trying to guess the color of your pubic hair. Do men really think about things like that?"

Oh, some of them do. So, what else in your life is changing? "I've gotten more frivolous. When I was a teenager in Florida, I was



very serious. I listened to classical music when everybody else was into Pink Floyd. I remember thinking a lot about the meaning of the universe—why does God let children suffer, stuff like that. Most of my friends thought I was weird."

So then what happened? "I met a guy who was weirder than I was. He was into Frisbee. At first, I thought he was a total nut, especially the way he'd spend hours perfecting a fingernail delay. Then one day, when I was being rather snotty, he very calmly explained to me that Frisbee is a very effective meditation device. It perfects the powers of concentration and loosens up the chi energy—he had an entire philosophy based on Frisbee, if you can believe that. Anyway, I fell for him hook, line and sinker."

And? "Well, it sure didn't hurt that he also had

"Having red hair makes men look at you in a very special way."

eyes like John Travolta and a voice like that d.j. on *WKRP in Cincinnati. . .*" Johnny Fever? "Yes, him. It wasn't long before I'd changed my whole outlook on just about everything. Take sex. I'd always thought that sex was something that you gave to a guy—something that you had and he wanted, you know? My Frisbee player taught me about sex the same way he taught me about Frisbee."

He delayed you with a fingernail? "Very funny. No, he was into the Zen of sex. Going very slowly. He'd stare into my eyes for ten or fifteen minutes to build up the energy flow. He knew how to give a foot massage that made my nipples tingle. And he introduced me to hot tubs. He was very big on making it in pools and waterbeds—anywhere or anything to increase that floating feeling. It was quite an education."

GARNETT

The Art of Afterplay

There's more to life after sex than sleep, cigarettes or Johnny Carson.

Article by Howard Rheingold

A man has to expend considerable effort these days in order to impress a woman in bed. We silently recite multiplication tables, memorize the anatomy of the vulva, recognize the stages of arousal and bend our bodies into an unending variety of positions. If the point of all this is to get our partners to like us (and to want to do it again), there may be an easier way. The secret is more a matter of style than expertise—the way we act once the party is over.

There is more to life after sex than sleep, cigarettes or Johnny Carson, say James Halpern and Mark A. Sherman, two psychologists who recently examined the little-known phenomenon of afterplay. Their research indicates that postcoital behavior is far less stereotypical and much more important than the jokes and cartoons have led us to believe. According to a survey published in their book *Afterplay: A Key to Intimacy*, the most important factor in any sexual relationship may be what you do *after* making love: The way you behave in the 20 minutes following climax could have more effect on your partner than the quality of your performance during the act itself.

Until recently, most of the self-help sex literature has been aimed at telling us what to put in which place and for how long. We've all been tutored by clitoris and foreplay experts and educated on arousal, dysfunction, multiple orgasms, premature orgasms, extended orgasms . . . but postorgasmic activity has been left in the dark. Alfred Kinsey, the man who put the science into sex, briefly mentioned the postorgasmic afterglow back in 1953. He wrote of ". . . a quiescence, a calm, a peace, a satisfaction with the world, which in the minds of many persons, is the most notable aspect of sexual activity." A remarkably talented friend of mine named Denise put it in simpler terms a generation later: "I like the time right after I come," she confided, "because it's the only time I'm not thinking about sex." We were lying on the beach in front of her house one night, recuperating from some enthusiastic beach-blanket gymnastics and letting the sea breeze cool our bodies. The lights were on in her house, and we watched her father walk naked through the living room on his way to the kitchen. He emerged with a quart of ice cream and two big spoons, then went back into the bedroom. When I asked Denise what was going on, she said: "My parents like to smoke hash, fuck and eat ice cream."

Seemed like a good idea to me. As it happened, the sensuous pleasure of sharing a pint of ice cream together inspired us to get it on again. I remember thinking that there was obviously more to this afterplay business than I had previously imagined. I decided to do a little research. It

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE GARNETT

seems that after Mr. Kinsey—and before Denise—little has been accomplished in the science of afterplay: Masters and Johnson devote about six pages to the topic in *Human Sexual Response* and less than three pages in *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. Both *The Hite Report* and *The Sensuous Man* give it four pages. The best-sellers in the sex field—*Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* and *The Joy of Sex*—don't talk about afterplay at all! Until Halpern and Sherman's book happened along last year, no psychologist or sex therapist had conducted even the most basic research in the area.

In their book, *Afterplay*, these two young psychologists, both teachers at State University of New York, describe their first efforts at venturing into virgin scientific territory:

> Having realized that we were on to something, it was not until we ran a small preliminary study that we realized how significant the "something" was. This pilot investigation revealed not only that afterplay was important, but that it might be the most important aspect of the sexual encounter. What we found in that study, and what we continued to find when we expanded the investigation to include hundreds of people, was that the success of a sexual relationship is more closely related to satisfaction with afterplay than with any other phase of the encounter—foreplay, intercourse, even orgasm.

The questionnaire that Halpern and Sherman devised consisted of 45 questions, and the results were grouped under broad categories, such as "what people do," "how people feel," "what people like" and "what people don't like."

What do people do? According to this sample, we talk, we touch and we sleep. Of the 80 percent who talk, 50 percent praise their partners and/or speak romantically. Three-fourths of the people sampled continue some kind of physical contact, but often for only a short time. Sixty-seven percent sleep—33 percent doze off within minutes (as might be expected, men outnumber women in this category). We also go to the bathroom (50 percent), wash up (48 percent), listen to music (38 percent), have sex again (23 percent), smoke a cigarette (17 percent), have something to eat (15 percent), watch television (14 percent), have a drink (10 percent), read (9 percent) and work (5 percent). From this data, one has to assume that most people do more than one thing after sex, and a few energetic individuals probably do many things.

It was when they got to the idea of what men and women would *like* to do after sex—the fantasized ideal rather than the imperfect reality—that the investigators uncovered a series of startling facts. For one thing, fewer people are satisfied with their afterplay than they are with their foreplay, intercourse or orgasm. Even more intriguing is the fact that the quality of afterplay is more closely related to the attainment of a satisfying relationship than any other sexual factor. What this means is that the way to please your partner lies beyond the big bang. Yes, friends, learning how to get your lover off is only the beginning.

AFTERPLAY

If you simply hold her in your arms and talk about *anything*, you'll cover five of the six items.

There is no single right way to act after climax. But we do have a few suggestions. In the Halpern-Sherman study, women stated that the most significant aspects of afterplay (in order of importance) are that: her partner wants to remain close to her; he speaks romantically; the five minutes after sex are important to him; he talks to her; the hour after sex is important to him; he stays close to her for more than a few minutes.

For men, the most significant aspects of afterplay are that: his partner speaks romantically to him; the five minutes after sex are important to her; she stays close to him for more than a few minutes; she praises him; she talks to him; she wants to stay close to him.

There it is, fellas: the keys to sexual success on a silver platter. All we have to do is figure out what it means. Certainly, that can't be any more difficult than the execution of an Alabama tailspin or a *Kama Sutra* contortion. Look at the top two items on the ladies' list. The easiest and most important thing to do is to maintain physical contact. The next most important action, "speaking romantically," isn't as forbidding as it sounds. It may not be necessary to profess undying love, tearfully propose marriage or fall to your knees and proclaim her a goddess.

Do you like her? If you've managed to become physically intimate, chances are good that you can find *something* good to say about her. If so, now is the time to say it. In fact, if you simply hold her in your arms, tell her you like her and talk about *anything* for a few minutes, you'll cover five of the six items on the list. Stay awake more than five minutes, and you'll make a friend. Stay awake for an hour, and you'll be well on your way to making a lover.

It is indeed gratifying that the sensual public is beginning to benefit from the findings of science. But science is, after all, only science. What of the art? Art, fortunately, cannot be distilled into a list. It lies in the extra touches, the embellishments, the fine brushstrokes that only your own imagination can provide. Yes, she will probably appreciate a hot, moist towel, but even if she doesn't, she'll undoubtedly be impressed that you have one ready. Want to add a new luster to old pleasures? Save the champagne and cocaine until after your first wave of lust has abated. It will make the next one something to remember.

The few minutes right after sex are also a perfect opportunity for feathers, if you have them around. And if you don't, get some. Fooling around with feathers is a lot easier than getting up the energy to perform a massage or whip up an *après*-sex gourmet treat.

My cousin Johnny, who fancies himself an expert in these matters, summed up his secret of success with women in four short words: "I blow on them." Johnny can be a little off-center at times, but he was right on target with this one. I ran right out and field tested the technique, with phenomenal results. What you do is purse your lips and blow a stream of air up and down your lucky companion's spinal column. Keep your lips an inch or two away from her skin. Start at her tailbone and work your way up to the nape of her neck. Be very careful when you apply this method to particularly sensitive zones surrounding or including the main kazootie, however, or your afterplay might flip-flop into foreplay for the next cycle.

Although it was not mentioned by Halpern and Sherman, my own field research indicates that the most effective moment to pay attention to afterplay is when it is least expected. After a morning quickie, for example. OK, so you may be another two minutes late to the office. Believe me, it won't be as important as the two minutes you spend staring into her eyes as you share a cup of instant coffee. This is particularly important to remember after you've passed the first-flush-of-romance stage.

Look at it this way, successful afterplay is a hell of a lot easier to learn than foreplay. Just about anything you do to please your partner will impress her with your sexual savoir-faire. It doesn't have to be anything special. Sharing a shower counts, as does brushing her hair or rubbing her back with baby oil or powder. Just remember that the art of afterplay has less to do with the amount of time spent than it does with the quality of caring that goes into the experience. ■

THE BIG WORKOUT

A Man's Home Is His Gymnasium

Article by David Barry/Photography by Elyse Lewin

Think back. Remember how, in the hazy aftermath of New Year's Eve, you resolved to start exercising regularly? How you were going to flatten that premature beer belly and rebuild those dope-weakened muscles? Maybe you've been too busy breaking other resolutions to notice, but summer's here already. It's now or never if you want to develop a good-looking shape that'll impress the ladies. We're not talking Charles Atlas megamuscles—just a couple of bicep-tual bulges, a little pectoral curve to fill out the T-shirt and a belly that stays tight without your having to suck it in every time she catches you in profile.

Unless you're the kind of guy who likes sweaty crowds or giving money to strangers, you'd probably prefer to transform yourself into a hunk without ever leaving the house. Funny how waiting your turn at the weights in a health club or running a mile on city sidewalks can kill a guy's bodybuilding enthusiasm. Besides, what kind of fool wants the world to see the "before" you? Let 'em be stunned by the "after." Right?

Happily, a continuing revolution in modern home exercise equipment has made such surprises possible. Thanks to the current high-tech fitness boom, you can equip your digs with enough quality apparatuses to implement a balanced fitness program for no more than you'd spend on a good stereo system. Whatever the choice of exercise—running, bicycling, weight training or even rowing—you can do it conveniently at home.

Before you plan any fitness-equipment shopping trips, bear in mind that exercise (and exercise equipment) falls into two broad categories: conditioning and bodybuilding. In general, conditioning involves moving fast and breathing hard, as in running or skipping rope. Bodybuilding requires a slower motion and an exertion/resistance principle using heavy weights. The goals of both types of activity overlap, but bodybuilding generally aims at increasing strength by building muscle groups, while conditioning is done to strengthen the functioning of the heart and lungs, otherwise known as the cardiovascular system.

Any intelligent beginner's exercise program will combine conditioning and bodybuilding. We'll start with conditioning—but first some explanation of cardiovascular (CV) fitness, which is what running is all about. The jury is still out regarding running as a health and fitness miracle, but it is, in fact, an ideal conditioner. It strengthens your heart, slows your resting pulse rate and improves your capacity to process oxygen; all of which determine how far you can run, how long you can keep up a furious tennis volley or how often you can continue a night of passion without

collapsing. The resting pulse rate, like the oxygen-processing capacity, is a bottom-line indicator of overall fitness. Folks who exercise regularly have lower resting pulse rates than people who don't. A marathon runner's heart may beat 50 times per minute at rest. This compares with 80 beats per minute for a semi-pro TV addict. A resting pulse of 80, common for nonactive types, adds up to 21,600 more heartbeats a day, or about 7,884,000 per year more than the marathon runner. That's a lot of extra work for the heart.

To begin work on achieving a low resting pulse, invest in an exercise bike, a rowing machine, a jogging platform or a jump rope. Important point: The key to cardiovascular development is not in how hard you stress your muscles, but in how much oxygen you process during your workout. That, in turn, is a factor of the pulse rate you achieve during exercise. The trick to successful conditioning sessions is to do something that makes your heart beat faster—say, 150 beats a minute—and your breath come deeper and harder. (By the way, a pulse-meter is a handy device to have around, since it's tough for us nonmedical types to judge our own pulse rates.) Keep it up for at least 15 minutes, and make sure to do it five times a week.

The available exercise bikes range from basic to deluxe, but they all make you pedal against variable resistance. It's a super workout for flattening your stomach, shaping your butt and strengthening your legs, while also strengthening your heart and lungs. Just set the machine in front of your TV, set the timer for 20 to 30 minutes and pedal your way to health while watching the news.

Rowing machines help develop your upper-body muscles—chest, arms and shoulders. Running on a jogging platform provides the CV benefits of running, minus the shock waves of your feet hitting the floor. The neighbors below will thank you. Jumping rope does a multitude of good things to your physique. Why d'ya think boxers do it? In addition to CV buildup, rope skipping sharpens your coordination, strengthens your arms and shoulders, flattens your stomach and builds up your legs. The faster you get, the less time the neighbors have to complain, too. The icing on the cake of cardiovascular fitness is that building up your heart and lungs is a sure cure for excess flab. Half an hour daily will burn off about a pound every two weeks. What's left will be the lean, mean you.

Most of us, however, want more than a fit, trim shape. Real happiness is possessing a bit of muscle definition, plus the knowledge that you're extra ready for any clown rash enough to kick sand in your face or, for that matter, any young lady with an eye for well-built men. That brings us to bodybuilding. If scoring points in a Mr. America contest is your goal, buy a King Kong–size weight set and start working out. The longer you work out and the heavier the weights you lift, the bigger your muscles will get. But be advised: Owning a prize-winning set of over-developed muscles doesn't mean your inner systems are in particularly good shape. If you merely want to tone up, build some manly curves and increase your strength, follow a sensible weight-training program, beginning with low- to moderate-weight lifts. Weight training for fitness, as opposed to muscle building, is done with lots of repetitions with small weights. A set of barbells and a bench are all you need to go to work on the major muscle groups. Top-of-the-line weight sets usually come with recommended programs to guide you along. Read them carefully.

If you prefer a comprehensive weight machine like the kind used in health spas, we suggest the Marcy Bodybar. It allows for 18 different kinds of weight lifts, and the attachable Tummy Trimmer bench can be used for weight presses, sit-ups or leg lifts. If raw strength is your game, the Bullworker is calibrated to tell you how far you've compressed its internal spring during any of the multiple exercises for which it was designed. These include chest pulls, bicep curls, tricep and quadricep presses and more. Finally, a chin-bar attached in a doorway allows you to lift your own weight when you get the urge. It's great for upper-body development and for turning your stomach into something that looks and feels like a washboard when you tense it.

Ready to shop around for your own home-gym combo? Then choose your equipment according to the results you want—breath or brawn? Remember, a smart way to go is to combine bodybuilding with conditioning; e.g., use a Bodybar and a jogging platform, or an exercise bike and barbells. That way, you can work up your cardiovascular system to stymie creeping middle-age, while developing the kind of rippling physique you've always wanted but were too lazy to build. Hell, you might even get strong enough to rip a phone book in half. At the very least, you'll be able to hit the beaches—or the bedroom—without shame.

Home exercise equipment comes in all shapes, sizes and prices. The items we have selected and pictured here are only a small representative sample. However, the one thing you can't buy is a machine that will exercise for you. The bottom line: The effort is up to you. Make it and you'll discover that exercise is addictive. The better shape you're in, the less painful it is to work out, and the more you feel like exercising. Begin now and you'll thank yourself when you get older, because regular exercise impedes aging. Will it improve your sex life? Without a doubt. Women aren't necessarily turned on by bulging muscles—some are even turned off—but they do love their men fit, vigorous, firm and healthy. It helps to be good-looking, rich and successful, too. But that's another story. ■

***Muscle-bound*: For a little more than a thousand dollars, OUI converted this nerd's spare room into a complete home exercise center. Clockwise from the doorway: an AMF/Whitely Gym Bar (supports up to 200 lbs.), $12.95; the Margrace Bullworker**

isometric exerciser with built-in power meter, $46.72; Marcy's Bodybar (with weight selection up to 180 lbs.) and detachable Tummy Trimmer board, Bodybar $229.99, Tummy Trimmer board $49.95; Tunturi rowing machine (with hydraulic shock absorbers and a metered scale) from Finland, $260; Li'l Tramp Rebound Jogger by Impulse Designs (22″ x 22″, soft wooden frame and 24 steel springs), $59.95; barbells and dumbbells (cold-roll chromed steel bar; cast-iron weights) by Weider Health & Fitness, Woodland Hills, CA, $89.95 per 110 lbs.; Pacer Deluxe exercise bike (with speedometer and timer included) from Diversified Products, Compton, CA, $148; Healthways rubber jump rope with ball-bearing handles, $9.95.

Being There

Does a male reporter have the right to enter the female locker room? Article by William Richman

Almost three years ago, a female sports reporter by the name of Melissa Ludtke took the New York Yankees to court for refusing her admission to their locker room during the 1977 world series. Melissa and her employer, *Sports Illustrated*, won the now-famous case and, on September 26, 1978, the Yankee locker rooms were opened to reporters of both sexes. Since that time, once-hallowed locker-room doors—particularly those of the National Basketball Association and the National Hockey League—have begun to swing open for the girls. Some female reporters, such as Betty Cuniberti of *The Washington Post* and Stephanie Salter of the *San Francisco Examiner*, have plowed through the hostility and the dirty jokes to establish themselves on an equal footing with the Jim Murrays and the Red Smiths of this formerly all-male preserve.

And I say, "Hooray."

But what about us guys? When do *we* get in? Equal rights are equal rights, after all; so, if Melissa and her colleagues are going to be allowed access to the men's inner sanctum, then we male writers should certainly be given the right to unlimber our pencils on the female side. In fact, I felt so strongly about this that I asked the editors of OUI to sponsor me in a one-reporter crusade to penetrate—pardon the expression—the artificial and annoying barrier that has been erected around the ladies' locker room. When they agreed, I was quite pleased—make that *thrilled*—to know that my campaign would ultimately make some kind of contribution to the development of a real, working sexual equality.

"Oh, come on," I hear you saying. All right, all right . . . I did have a few motives that didn't have much to do with social justice. Like you, I saw the Tampax fight in *Carrie* and Raquel Welch's glorious sudsing down after a hard match in *Kansas City Bomber* and, like you, I wanted to know what really goes on in those locker rooms. Also—maybe this is the bottom line—I figure that if Reggie Jackson's Louisville Slugger is now going to be out there on display for the lady scribes, then I ought to be able at least to grab a peek at the bumpers on a lady wrestler.

Or something even finer, like maybe Chris Evert Lloyd. (If you only knew with what excruciating reluctance I pen that new last name of hers.) After all, it was Chrissie who once complained to reporters: "I wish just once somebody would describe me as 'sexy.' " Well, Chrissie,

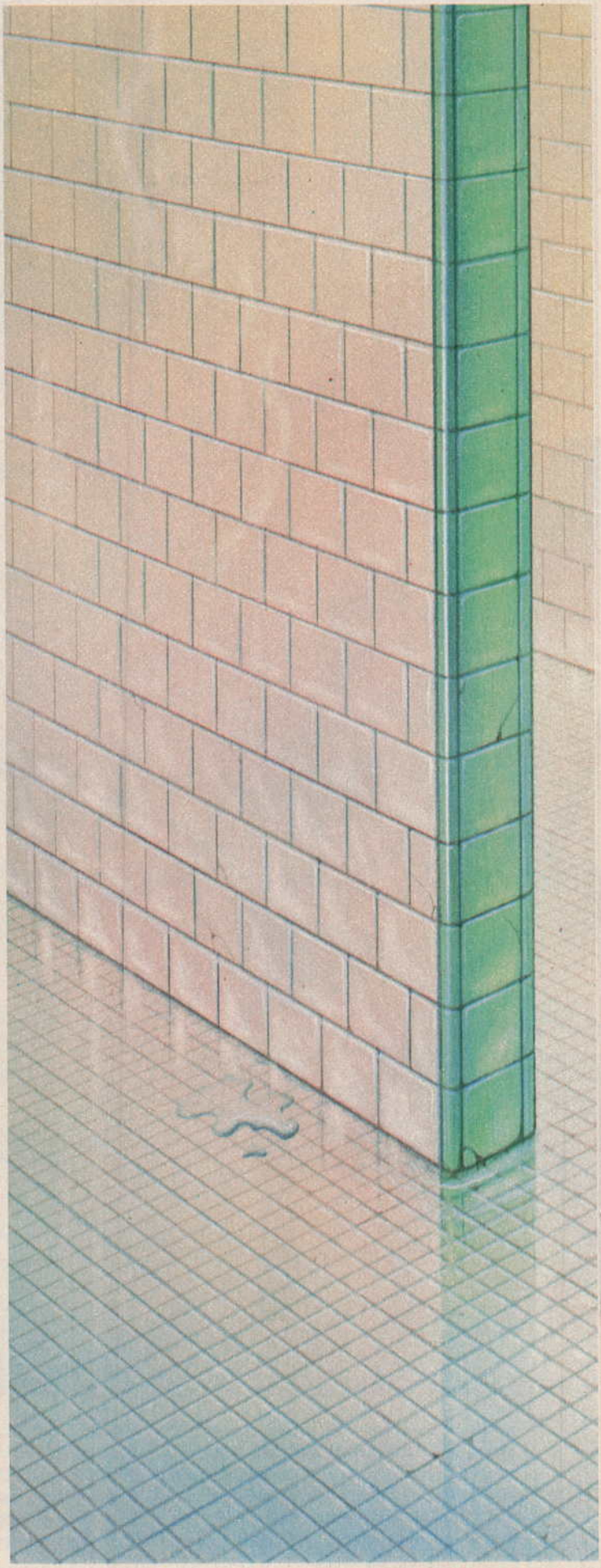
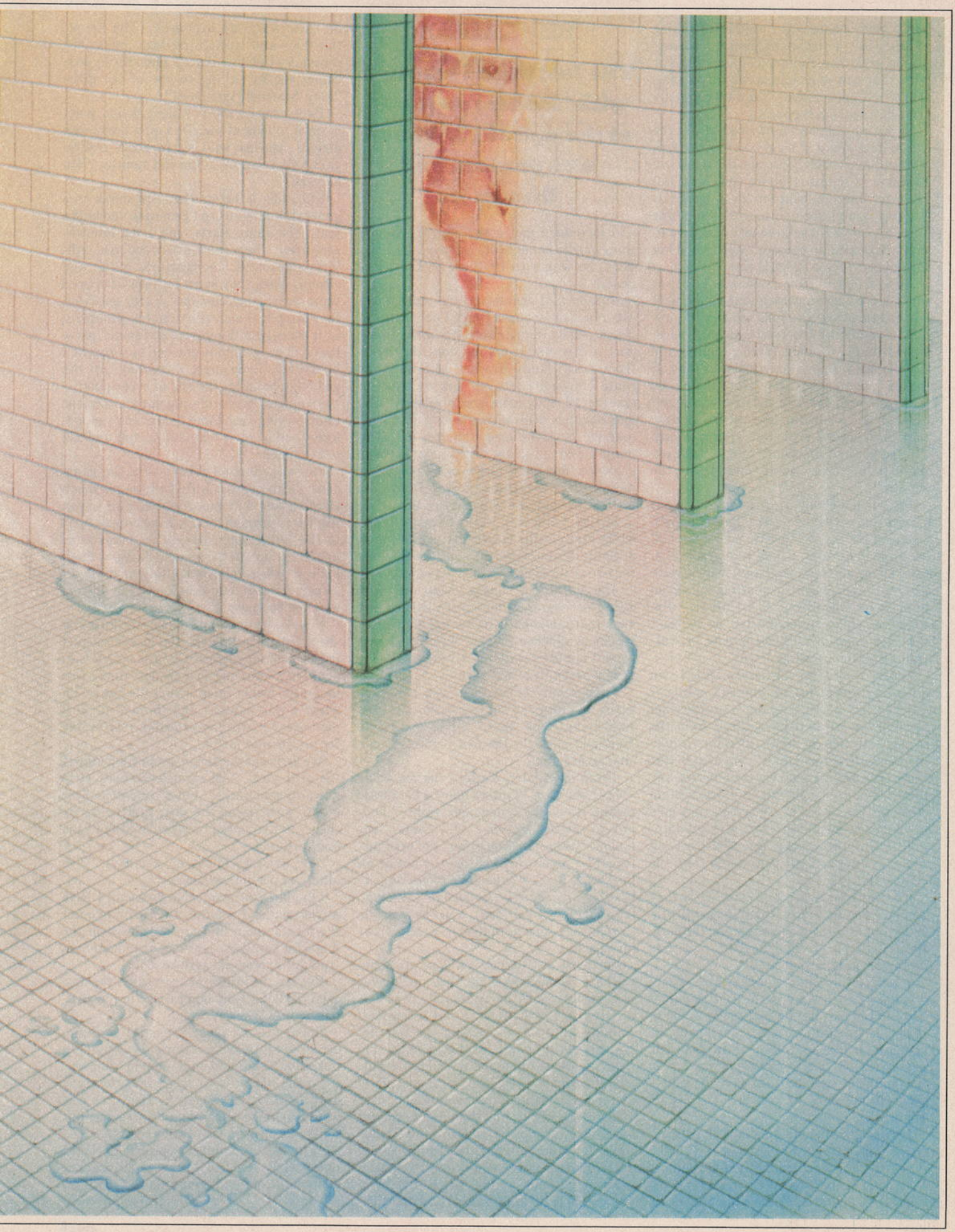


ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ



here's your chance. All I need is something to describe—an intimate glance, a surreptitious peek, some closer contact with the body that now wins hearts the way it once won tennis tournaments—and I'll count my crusade a roaring success.

So with a solemn "Godspeed" from the OUI editors and a cynical *bon voyeur* from my tasteless friends, I plunge into the world of women's tennis. I figure that even if I can't get into the locker room to interview Chrissie, I might be able to work something out with Linda Siegel, the girl who gave us that unforgettable one-eyed stare when her top popped open at Wimbledon.

First, I talk to Julie Heldman, a former touring pro who was also a tennis journalist and broadcaster. She tells me that the official line of both the International Professional Tennis Council (men's tennis) and the Women's Tennis Association is that *all* locker rooms—be they for males or females—are closed to *all* reporters at *all* times. Not too hopeful. She also informs me that Chris Evert Lloyd is a very proper lady. "If you got into the locker room," Julie explains, "Chrissie would change in the shower."

But I'm not going to give up my chance at Chrissie so easily; so I talk Chuck Bennett, publicist for the WTA, into having her call me from Australia, where the girls are on tour. He promises to do it and, when I go to bed that night, I practice putting a little oil in my voice when I say, "Hi, Chrissie." I'm somehow obliquely comforted by the fact that her sweet little body is now in Australia, and thus, upside-down.

While I wait for Chrissie's call, I run down my target list of women's sports. I quickly find out that women's professional football has all but disappeared from the scene, and nobody seems to want to take responsibility for ladies' wrestling. But there are a few girls plying the boxing trade these days, so I call the California State Athletic Commission. A spokesman gets my hopes up by telling me they've got nothing against my going into the dressing room, as long as I get permission from the contestants.

Then a thought occurs to him. "Are they gonna get paid for doin' this?" he asks. "Because sometimes when they get through, they're all bloody and beat up and they don't wanna talk to nobody."

I assure him that I sympathize, but I doubt my editor would even pay Teddy Kennedy to tell us what he was really doing in that car with Mary Jo. At that point, the spokesman appears to lose all interest. He passes me off to a junior spokesman who tells me there are no women's fights scheduled for the next six months. There goes boxing.

In my growing desperation, I call my friend Tony Conkle, a volleyball expert who is an assistant coach on the Junior National Volleyball Team. Tony offers to take me to a big college invitational tournament at UCLA and introduce me to the coaches. Something might come of it, he says—and if it does, he wants to be there to carry the pencils.

BEING THERE

The last time I was in a girls' locker room was at the age of 13, when I was pantsed and thrown in.

But my first contacts at the tournament are not too encouraging. The Stanford coach pleads rampant conservatism on the part of his employers, as does the coach from USC. Rudy Suwara of San Diego State University lets me talk to his players—a tall, kneesome group of girls, who look like they train with nitrous oxide. They manage a low-energy chorus of mmhmm's and all right with me's between chaws on impossibly large wads of sugarless bubble gum. Somehow, though, I have the feeling that nothing will come of this.

Finally, I talk with Kathy Gregory, coach of the team at the University of California at Santa Barbara, who is considered one of the two or three best women players on sand in the world. She has a sharp nose and quick, nervous movements of the head and neck that make her look something like an ingenious chicken hawk. "Sure," she says when I tell her I want in. "Come on up. My girls'll probably strip for ya."

I can hardly believe it. I ask her three times just to make sure, and she just goes right on agreeing. We set a date, and I grab Tony and head for the exit before she can change her mind.

Three days later, Kathy calls me back. "Hey," she says. "I didn't know what Ow-ie meant. It's a men's magazine, right?" I admit to the distinction. "Oh, Jesus," she moans. "What are you gonna do, take pictures?" I assure her that OUI is not at all interested in a 12-page nude pictorial celebrating *The Girls of Volleyball* (although it's a helluva good idea), and she is so relieved that she actually re-extends the invitation.

So the next Tuesday, off I go to Santa Barbara, wondering what these girls have in store for me. A party? Bodily harm? A dousing in the shower? I can see myself walking into a steamy locker room and rubbing up gently against a series of moist, unseen bodies, as disembodied hands extrude from the vapors to offer me glasses of claret and joints of Santa Ynez *sinsemilla*.

Thoughts of this and even more prurient adventures occupy my mind until I reach the UCSB campus, where the Pacific sunset points like a flaming arrow toward Robertson Gym. I walk in and watch with what you might call keen interest as the girls do their warm-up exercises. (The lie-on-the-floor-and-stretch-the-legs ones are especially heartbreaking.) Then Kathy welcomes me by yelling to one of the girls, "Hey, Marina! Here he is!"

Twelve heads, most of them blonde, pivot at once to look at me. Two girls break into giggles. Marina, who is a gorgeous and regal six-footer, grins at me and mouths, "You pervert!"

Still, this is better than icy stares or a general shining-on, so I grin back and take a seat. The game starts, and I see immediately that these girls are wonderful athletes—graceful, coordinated, quick and strong. Also, they seem to have developed some heartening customs: Every good hit, for example, is met with a chorus of squeals, as if the whole thing were a slumber party that had been happily crashed by someone's boyfriend. Even more charming, *all* the girls slap hands at the end of every point—the winners congratulating one another, the losers urging each other on. In men's sports, losers yell at their teammates, spit and ask to be traded.

Anyway, Santa Barbara wins the game easily, with big, beautiful Marina playing a starring role. I'm expecting the girls to run like heros through the cheering crowds back to the locker room but, instead, everyone just stays on the floor, socializing. I don't know if this is volleyball etiquette or diversionary tactics, but I do know I'm getting damned nervous.

Finally, Kathy rounds up all the girls and shepherds them toward the locker room. I follow behind, game but a little shaky, suddenly remembering that the last time I was in a girls' locker room was at the age of 13, when I was pantsed and thrown in. This memory, I realize, is probably responsible for my current terror.

We arrive at the locker-room door. One of the girls yells, "All right, everybody strip down to your socks," but no one does. One of the girls opens the door and starts in, then, just as quickly, backs out and shuts the door behind her.

"We can't go in there," she says. "The other team's in the shower."

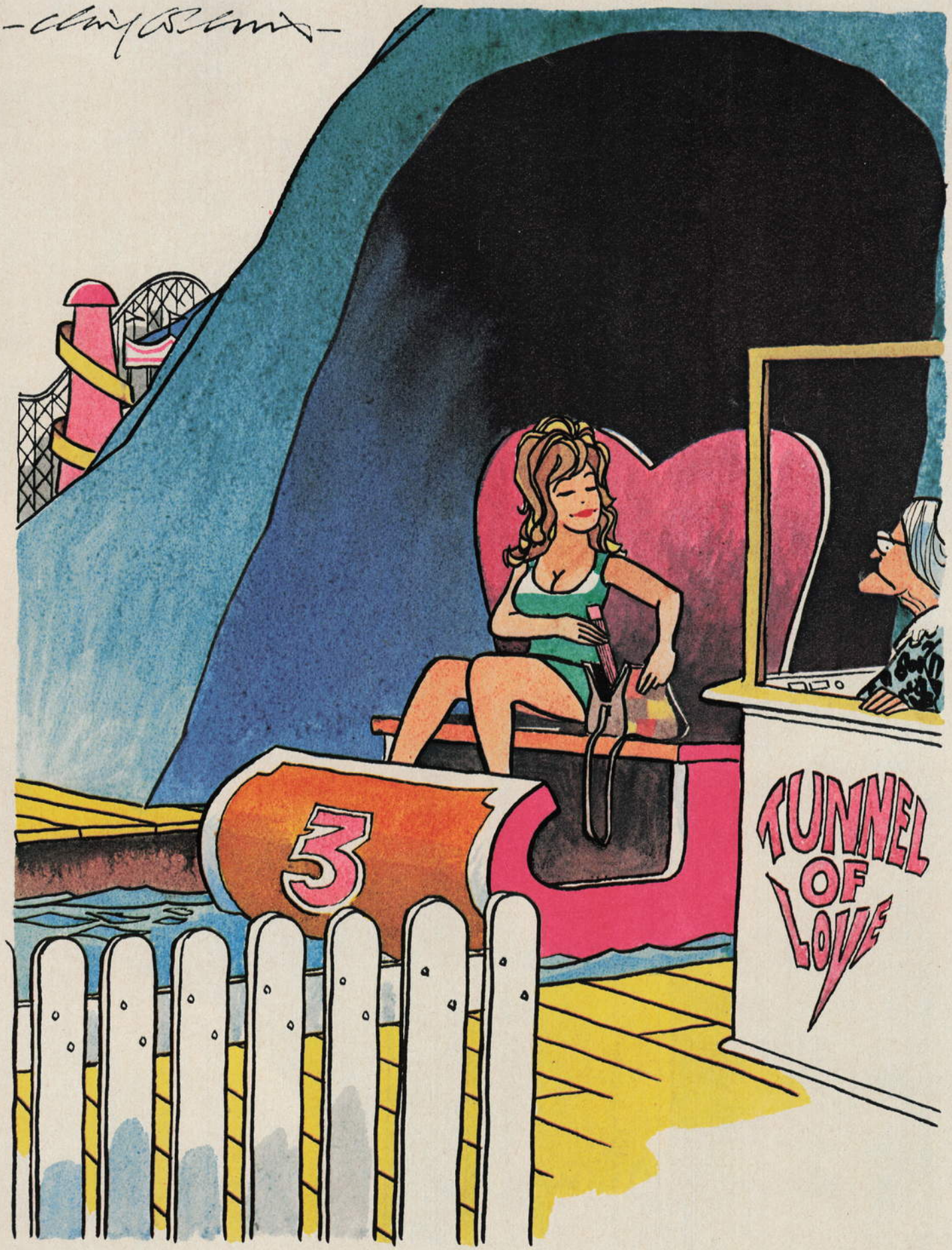
Uh-oh. Insurmountable problem. I have no permission from the other team to enter the locker room and am not much in the mood for kamikaze journalism. Once again, frustration rears its ugly head.

But big, beautiful Marina saves the day. Well, sort of. "Why don't we go in the girls' bathroom?" she says.

Beautiful. At least a partial solution, even though it is something like buying a ticket for Tahiti and ending up in Yonkers.

So the bunch of us troop into the girls' bathroom. It is a modern affair, as one would imagine, gleamingly tiled and antiseptically clean. I ask Marina for a tour, and she graciously complies, pointing out the 12 toilet stalls and two Kotex machines that comprise the major tourist attractions.

(Continued on page 92)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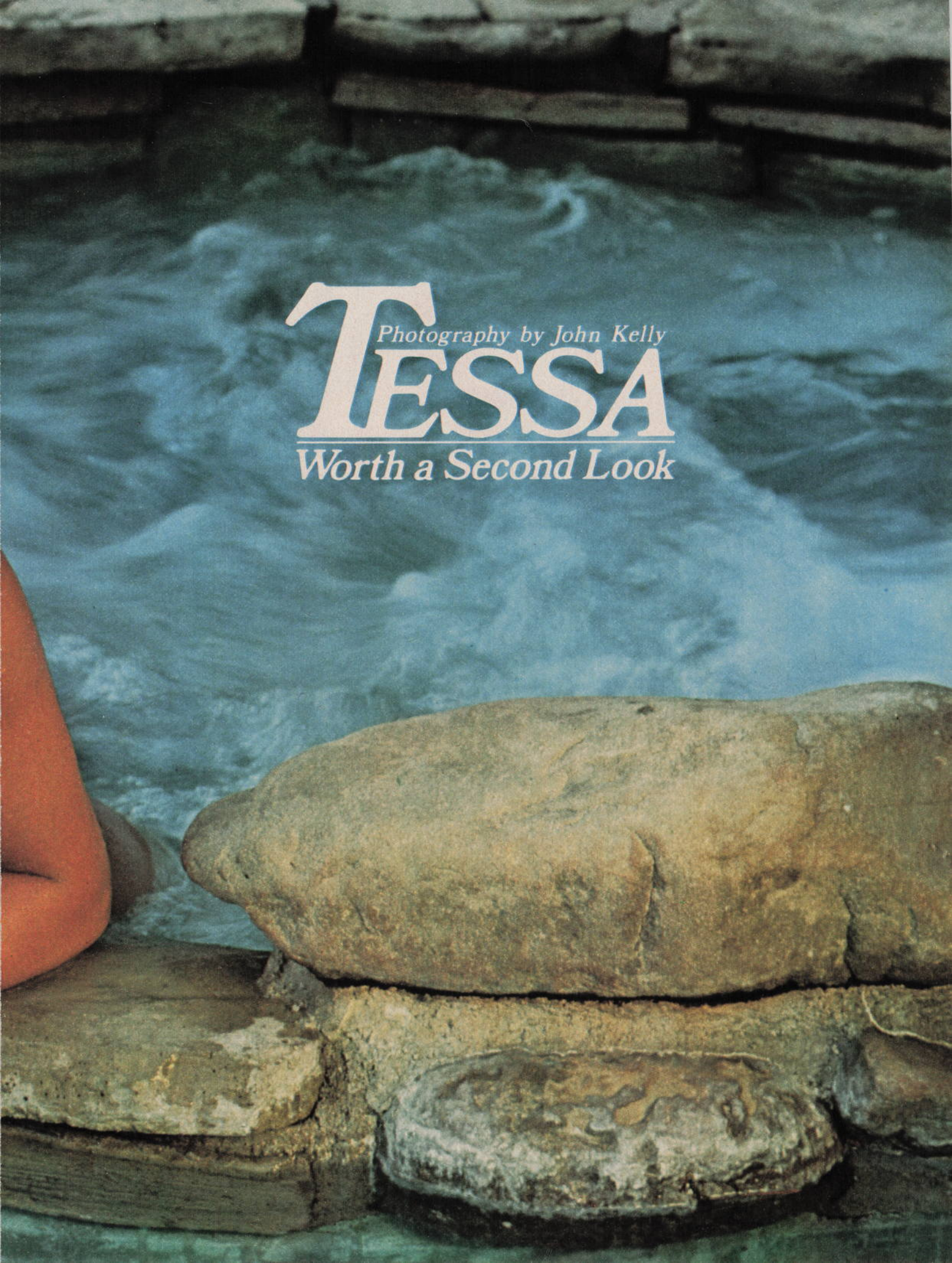
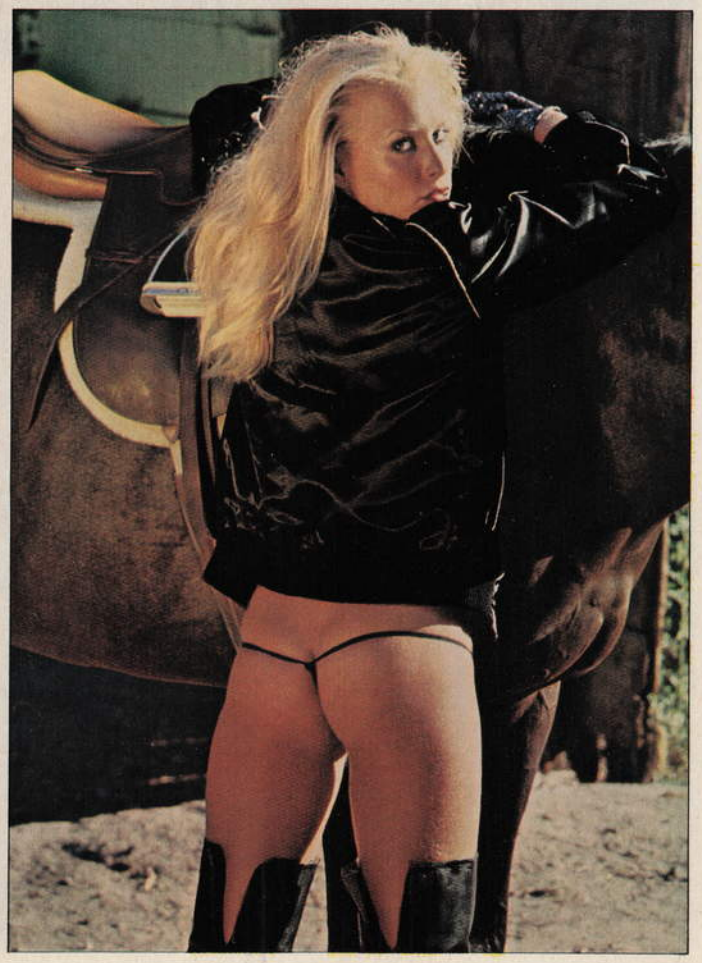

Photography by John Kelly
TESSA
Worth a Second Look

We first met English-born Tessa Hewitt last year in the Caribbean, where we found her ensconced on an out island, hiding from civilization. She was extremely popular as our July '79 center girl, so we were rather excited when we received word that she was on her way to Los Angeles for a visit. Immediately, we thought of asking her to appear for an encore pictorial and, fortunately, she agreed. This gave us the opportunity to catch up on old times and to ask her how her life has changed since we last visited.

We wondered, first off, if appearing in OUI had any effect on her. "Did it ever. It was really incredible! I didn't know that the magazine was sold in the islands, so I thought nobody would ever see it. I don't know if that thought reassured me or disappointed me, but it turned out to be a moot point. I remember when I first saw the magazine. I had gone over to the island of St. Maarten to do some shopping. I

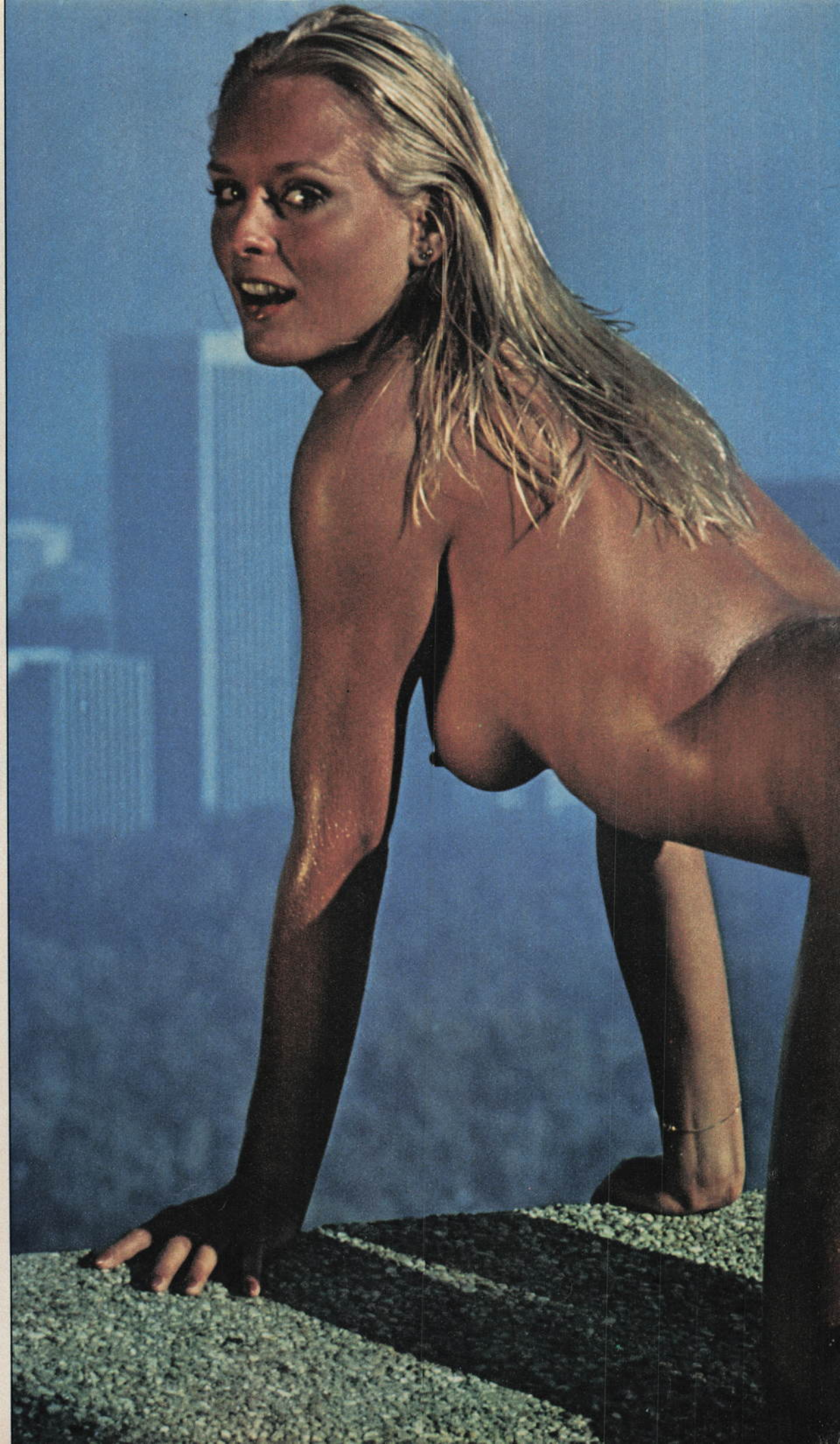


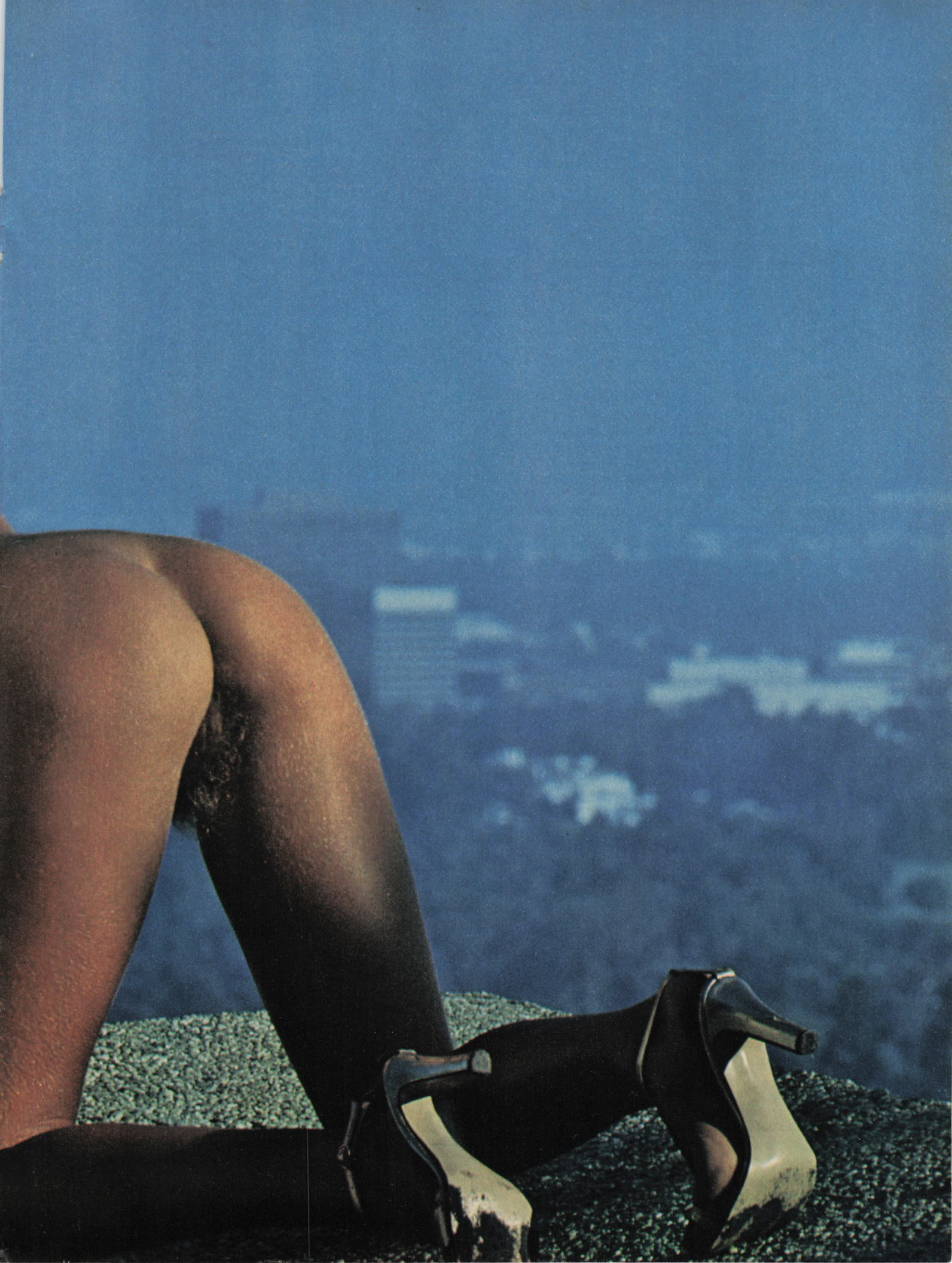
walked into a shop, and there it was! I couldn't believe my eyes. As I went over to take a look, I noticed that this adorable young man who worked there was staring at me. 'Oh,' I thought, 'This might be fun.' You know, it was as if he were in awe—like I was an angel who had just appeared in his store. He never did say anything about the magazine—I think he was too shy—but he treated me like a queen."

What other reactions has she gotten? we wondered. "Most have been great; a few not so good. Many men who recognize me treat me like a celebrity. At times, that's a lot of fun. They can be *so* respectful. But sometimes when a man asks me out for a drink, I question whether he's interested in me, or if he just wants to spend time with a girl he saw in a men's magazine. I don't appreciate that. I'm a real person, not a printed page. Also, I'll occasionally meet some jerk who thinks that just because I took my clothes off for OUI, I'll take them off for him. Well, I may have a freer lifestyle than most, but I won't sleep with any old idiot. I'm very selective."

Well, what does she think about the men in L.A., after having been here for a few days? "I must say I've been pleasantly surprised. I confess I had some preconceived notions before I arrived. I thought everyone out here wore roller skates and promised to put you in the movies. I guess I expected a lot of phonies, but it hasn't been like that at all. All the men I've met have been quite charming. Actually, the whole city is different than I thought it would be. I expected to see Jack Nicholson or Warren Beatty walking down the street whenever I went out. So far, I haven't met any stars, so I'm a little disappointed. I guess I thought Los Angeles was one big movie studio. There's something about the movies I've seen about L.A. that made me believe nothing was real—that if I walked far enough, I'd walk into a painted backdrop. But everything here is very real. Something else that I really like about Los Angeles is that it's very easy to meet people. In other big cities—like London or Paris—people try to run you down with their cars; here, people will stop and talk to you or try to help you if you can't find your way around. I've met so many people here, just by getting lost."

Has she found many new friends in L.A.? "A few friends . . . and several lovers," replied the ever-honest Tessa. And what does she think of

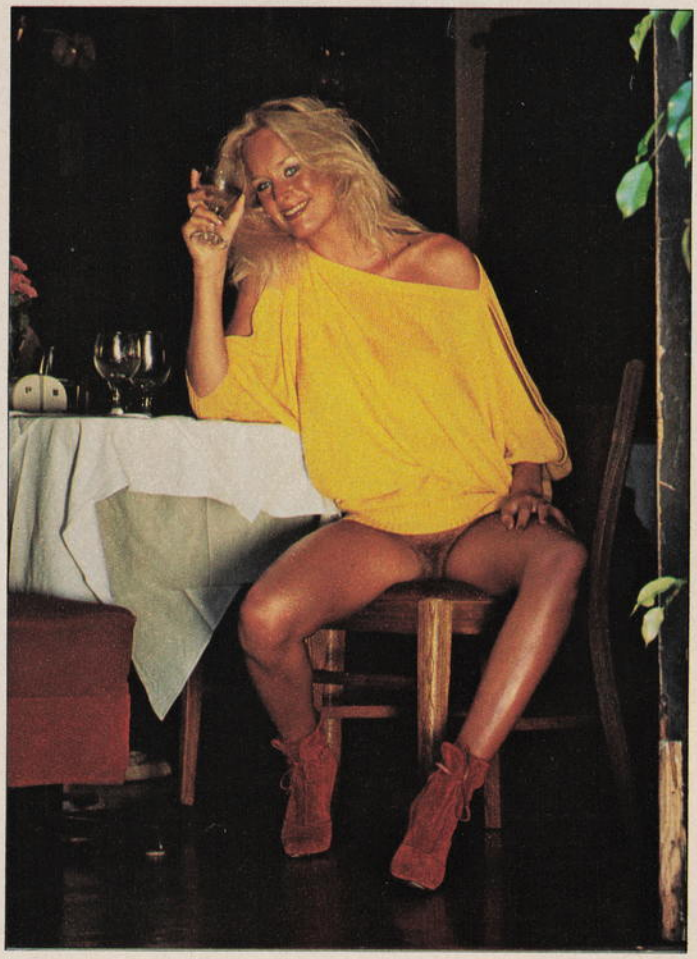




American men as lovers? "The same as anywhere else I've been, because I'm attracted to the same type of man, wherever I am. I like men who are sincere and open, because these are qualities that carry over into the bedroom. They seem to care as much about what I'm feeling as about what they're feeling. I like that."

We remarked that Tessa seemed to be having a wonderful time. "Listen, I'm like any other person on vacation. When you're in a new place, away from the daily routine, you're open to new adventures. So far, I've had plenty of exciting experiences."

Does this mean that she'd consider a move to L.A.? "Well, despite the great time I'm having, it's still a 'city.' After a while, it would drive me crazy, just like London did. There are just too many people. No, I'm afraid that this is just a vacation. L.A. may be a great place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here." Thanks a lot, Tessa. See you again.



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MEAT LOAF
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A CONVERSATION WITH

MEAT LOAF

The Baby Huey of rock explains all about the remarkable success of *Bat out of Hell*, his imminent stardom in *Roadie*, his unnatural dedication to Frank Sinatra and—most importantly—the essence of "brainlock."

At first, many critics viewed Meat Loaf's improbable rise to rock stardom as a novelty—a media freak created by slick promotion and a tasteless exploitation of the grotesque. But Meat Loaf was only reaffirming one of the basic tenets of rock 'n' roll: It's the singer, not the song. Beneath all the hype and quaking flesh is a heart pumping wilder than a dozen Harleys at full throttle and a voice as powerful as an operatic tenor.

Yet Meat is more than just a pretty face. His premier album, *Bat out of Hell*, became a phenomenon, selling three million copies in the States and ten million worldwide. Critics everywhere started putting *Bat out of Hell* on their ten-best lists and heralding Meat as the most dramatic new arrival in rock 'n' roll.

But an even greater surprise awaits those who have been watching the Meat Loaf sizzle. In the course of his 30 years, Meat has spent more time as a professional actor than as a singer. So with the release of United Artists' *Roadie*, Meat hopes to reshape our image of the American hero on the screen, the same way he has on vinyl. And while it's rare that a "fat man" has successfully appeared as the romantic lead in a Hollywood movie, as superroadie Travis W. Redfish, Meat plans to do just that.

Born Marvin Lee Aday, Meat grew up in Dallas, Texas. Wild tales abound about how he met his moniker, but the best bet has it emerging from his high school football days. His acting credits range from the cult-inspiring role of Eddie in both the stage and screen versions of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* to *Hair*, *The National Lampoon Show* and Shakespeare. Over the years, he's managed to juggle his singing chores with his acting assignments, recording (as Stoney and Meatloaf) a Motown hit in 1973 called *What You See Is What You Get*, and singing on Ted Nugent's *Free for All* album. While performing in the New York rock musical *More Than You Deserve*, he met up with classically inspired songwriter Jim Steinman, which led to their collaboration on *Bat out of Hell*—and a three-year punch-out with record companies that reads like the *Rocky* of the music industry. After *Bat* put him in the spotlight, Meat accepted cameo roles in *Americathon*, *Scavenger Hunt* and, now, *Roadie*.

OUI's Roving Editor, Jan Golab, checked in on Meat Loaf during a location shooting for *Roadie* in Los Angeles. Golab reports: "Meat is one of those guys who wears his girth very well. Yet, despite any of the roles he's played, he is no Dumbo. Meat knows showbiz and can rattle on about any phase of the record or movie industry like a Beverly Hills entertainment attorney. He tries hard to come across like a fatalist, as though chance, not his own effort, is responsible for what has happened in his life—but I didn't find him very convincing. I felt there was no way this invariably intense and undeniably charismatic cartoon character *lucked* his way into becoming a star of stage and screen; he no doubt muscled his way every inch. We began our conversation, logically enough, by discussing the remarkable sex appeal Meat exudes."

OUI: Is Meat Loaf really a sex symbol?

MEAT LOAF: That's for sure!

OUI: What is it about you that turns women on?

MEAT LOAF: I'm real. I'm an individual. I don't look like all the other blond guys on television that you can't tell apart. I'm not the cute type. I have a kind of long-running sex appeal that's difficult to explain. All I can tell you is that I've always had it. When I was in high school, I had the best-looking girls in the school. Every guy wanted to know how a fat motherfucker like me could go out with all those girls. They all wanted me to set them up. I was like a dating service. I knew everybody. I can communicate with women. I've never had any problem with females in my life.

OUI: What's your secret?

MEAT LOAF: My eyes. I communicate with my eyes. Everything in me stems from my eyes. If you can't see 'em, you feel 'em. That's how I can play a concert audience of twenty-two thousand people. The people in the back row can't see my eyes, but they can feel 'em. That's how I perform. If you get over twenty-two thousand people, then my eyes don't work anymore. When we were doing *Roadie*, Alan Rudolph, the director, told me, "God, I don't know what it is about

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM SHEA

you, boy, but everything you do works in close-up." It's because I act with my eyes. That's why I'm a sex symbol—that and the fact that I've hyped it up enough so that everybody knows I'm one now.

OUI: Do you have a lot of groupies?

MEAT LOAF: Yeah, but they get mad at me 'cause I don't have anything to do with them. They yell at me, call me a son of a bitch and follow me around. But I don't have anything to do with them. Never did. I never really bought that kind of stuff. Before I was married, I used to go out with the women caterers I'd meet backstage at the concerts—the type of girls who'd bring leftovers home to their mothers. I never liked groupies. I guess I'm too snobby for that. I don't like putting down women 'cause women are what they are. I'm not going to say one type of woman is better than another, but that style of woman just doesn't suit me. I'm a very conservative person, and I like more conservative women.

OUI: What type of women are attracted to Meat Loaf?

MEAT LOAF: Every kind; you name it. I have a file that must be filled with at least six thousand letters, all labeled WOMEN IN LOVE WITH MEAT LOAF. They're from women very similar to the ones who dug Elvis Presley. I haven't stolen his fans, but it's the same kind of thing.

OUI: Didn't one survey show that two out of three of your fans are "adult females"?

MEAT LOAF: That's exactly right. Between twenty-six and thirty-four years old. The Meat Loaf TV special in Canada last year was rated the number-six show of the year, and the number-one show of the year for females twenty-six to thirty-four.

OUI: What type of women are you attracted to?

MEAT LOAF: I'm attracted to my wife. I don't even look at other women anymore. I'm in love with her, and you can't explain love. My favorite woman, my ideal woman, is Leslie, my wife, and that's it.

OUI: How long have you been married?

MEAT LOAF: A year. For a long time there, as possessed as I was by show business, I found it hard to put up with anybody for more than ten minutes—including myself. I thought you could never really have a strong relationship and be in showbiz. But I was wrong.

OUI: Does your wife go by the name Leslie Loaf?

MEAT LOAF: Yeah.

OUI: And your daughter [by Leslie's previous marriage], do you call her Pearl Loaf?

MEAT LOAF: Pearl Loaf, yeah. She won't use that name when she goes to school but, on the airplane tickets, it's always Pearl Loaf, Leslie Loaf and Meat Loaf. I've got an American Express card that says "Meat Loaf." I've joined actors' and musicians' unions with that name. Most of my legal documents are under "Meat Loaf."

OUI: There have been a number of stories about how you got your name. One is that it

What happens when the world's biggest rocker (Meat Loaf), the world's sexiest rocker (Deborah Harry), the world's craziest rocker (Alice Cooper), and Roy Orbison, Art Carney, Hank Williams, Jr., Asleep at the Wheel and a cast of hundreds get together to film the wild adventures of Travis W. Redfish?

On the Set of "ROADIE"

Article by Steve Diamond
Photography by Joyce Rudolph

It's almost midnight, and Austin's Soap Creek Saloon is jammed and going at full tilt. Roy Orbison is at the mike on the stage of this rambling wooden roadhouse, and when Hank Williams, Jr., joins him, the crowd starts whooping and hollering.

The dance floor is packed with college kids and cowboys—cosmic, rhinestoned and just plain loaded—kicking up their boot heels and boogieing with some of the prettiest women you ever laid eyes on. But at one end of the dance hall, there's trouble brewing.

A sixteen-year-old groupie named Lola Bouillabase, who blew into town that afternoon with a rock-'n'-roll crowd from L.A.,

Kaki Hunter as Lola Bouillabase and Meat Loaf as Travis W. Redfish: The Lombard and Gable of the Eighties? Or the George and Gracie?

has accidentally spilled a pitcher of beer over the bouffant hairdo of the University of Texas campus queen. The queen and her party look like leftovers from *The Last Picture Show*, and they're more than a little upset. Space cadet that she is, Lola pats the already deflated hairdo and says, "Oh, I'm terribly sorry."

"That's quite all right, honey," Campus Queen replies in her sweetest down-home voice. Then she stands up and, with one sudden swing, she decks the groupie with a roundhouse right. A crowd quickly forms, and one of the cowboys starts yelling, "Catfight! We got us a catfight!"

Onstage, the musicians are working through a double-time rendition of Orbison's classic "Pretty woman, don't walk on by . . ." as spunky Lola grabs for the campus queen's throat. Other women have joined in the melee, and all hell is shaking loose. The queen, with one giant shove, propels Lola backward into the crowd, specifically into the arms of a long-haired, country boy she'd met that afternoon.

"Oh, Redfish," she says, swooning.

"*Travis W. Redfish?*" snorts Tiny Thompson, the campus queen's escort. An ugly, bull-necked near-seven-footer, Tiny's got blood in his eye. "So, yer the one who put that turnip teaser up to pourin' all that beer over my SueAnne's hairdo!"

"Turnip teaser?" Redfish asks, having innocently stumbled upon the brawl.

"You heard me, hamface." Tiny's really snorting now and pushing his ugly Neanderthal brow to about an inch from Redfish's face. "So what're you gonna do about it?"

Now, you've got to understand that Travis Redfish is no small feller. But next to Tiny Thompson, he's got the short end of the deal.

"Butt heads," says Redfish, slowly removing his pearl-gray ten-gallon hat. The dance floor opens up to give the combatants some room. Thompson's already got his

Buy you a drink and a perm, lady? A brainlocked Travis W. Redfish gets an earful of hooey about the meaning of outlaw life from Deborah Harry.

coat off and his sleeves rolled up, revealing a pair of biceps that would make Arnold Schwarzenegger envious.

The two hulks square off and start stamping their heels on the ground, much like two Brahma bulls revving up to lock horns. Just when it seems certain that there'll be blood on the dance floor tonight, an authoritative voice yells, "Cut!" Suddenly, the music stops dead. The 150 people on the dance floor freeze, and the decibel level in the Soap Creek Saloon drops to murmurs.

It's the fifth time tonight that they've shot this scene, here on the set of *Roadie,* and it's finally been done to director Alan Rudolph's specifications. Rock-'n'-roll Wunderkind Meat Loaf, who plays Travis Redfish, the film's lovable hero, looks up at the oversized stunt man acting the part of Tiny Thompson. They're still poised to butt heads, and Meat Loaf, in mock horror, screams, "Don't shoot this one until I get my football helmet on!"

But it isn't a helmet that the director brings out to the middle of the dance floor. As the actors and technicians hold their places, Rudolph carries out a long, aluminum-framed contraption that holds a movie camera on one end. Then he and director of photography David Myers strap the thing onto Meat Loaf's chest. It is a device Rudolph has designed to capture the look on Meat Loaf/Redfish's face the moment after the head-butting contest.

With the gizmo strapped in place, the director backs away, and the actors resume their positions. Orbison's band cranks up again, and Meat Loaf, looking dazed and haggard, stares into the whirring camera, which is less than three feet in front of his face. His eyes start rolling; then he begins to spin around. Having just butted heads with one of the meanest guys in the county, Travis Redfish, roadie *extraordinaire,* has fallen into that crazed, dazed, Zen condition known as "brainlock."

Brainlock?

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Austin has always been the capital of Texas in more ways than one. As the hip center of the state, it has served as the spawning ground of such notables as Willie Nelson, Janis Joplin and Kinky Friedman, as well as Oat Willie's, the Armadillo World Headquarters and the Austin *Sun,* a premier underground newspaper, which began publication in the early Seventies. It was in the pages of the *Sun*—on the sports page to be exact—that Austin's most recent favorite son, the mythical Travis W. Redfish, first sprang to life.

Whatever Lola wants, Lola eventually gets. "I want to be the best groupie there ever was, 'cause I always wanna be goin' somewhere, I want to rock 'n' roll all the time. I'll eat chili till I die!"

The column, entitled "Why Not?" and penned by an overgrown Odessa native nicknamed, appropriately enough, Big Boy Medlin, would recount Travis Redfish's madcap adventures. According to Medlin's weekly descriptions, Travis Redfish was raised up on a steady diet of Bob Wills and Buddy Holly, then weaned on a six-pack of Shiner. A personage of rather large proportions, Travis loved nothing more than marathon hell-raising, and was always stoking the wild party in his head with plenty of legal and illegal substances. Within a few months, Redfish's notoriety began to spread.

Then, in 1977, the *Sun* was sold, and its editor, Jeff Nightbyrd, moved to Los Angeles to edit the *Free Press.* With him came Big Boy and the *Sun's* film critic, Michael Ventura. Travis Redfish resumed his escapades with a sunny Los Angeles backdrop—and got "discovered."

Broke and homesick for Texas, Medlin and Ventura were cruising Venice beach one evening, when they ran into Zalman King, an actor-producer (*The Lawyers, Passover Plot*) Ventura had interviewed in Austin several years earlier.

"It was one of those fateful meetings," Ventura told me. On the beach, Big Boy began recounting tales of his favorite hero, John Wesley Hardin. King was interested in a possible script on the outlaw. In the course of the conversation, Medlin happened to mention his other favorite hero, Travis Redfish, "the greatest roadie who ever lived." The producer's ears perked up. Travis *who?*

Three weeks later, a deal was struck for the movie *Roadie.* Based on a screenplay written by Medlin and Ventura, *Roadie* would track the hilarious on-the-road adventures of Travis W. Redfish, who's hijacked by Mohammad Johnson's Rock-'n'-Roll Circus because of his fix-it wizardry. The film would epitomize the three basic tenets of the "Redfish Zen Redneck" philosophy: "Everything works, if you let it"; "Never leave Texas"; and most importantly, "Always carry an extra beer."

King, as executive producer, took the concept to Carolyn Pfeiffer, the president of the motion-picture division of Shep Gordon's Alive Enterprises. She, in turn, contacted director Alan Rudolph (*Welcome to L.A.*). Three weeks later, with a $5-million budget and a distribution deal set with United Artists, Rudolph began a nationwide search for the perfect actor to bring Travis W. Redfish to life on film.

It wasn't an easy part to cast. Redfish, as

Alive Enterprises produced *Roadie*. Alive Enterprises also manages Alice Cooper. Just one more reason for Alice's blazing performance (with Davey Johnstone, right) at the film's conclusion.

described in the script, is a unique fusion of opposites: a brawler, a huge chunk of a guy who is also a lovable, easygoing softy—someone you could trust, an innocent country boy adrift in the frenetic world of the rock-'n'-roll tour. On top of these qualities, there was one more specification: The actor selected would have to understand and project brainlock—the universal, psychic overdrive that is an intrinsic part of Travis' consciousness.

Enter Meat Loaf.

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At high noon, a couple of days after the Soap Creek filming, the *Roadie* cast and crew, joined by close to 2000 extras, are out at Manor Downs—a well-kept racetrack some five miles from Austin. As we go through the entrance gate, there's a huge billboard that says: BY ATTENDING THIS CONCERT YOU ARE GRANTING US PERMISSION TO PHOTOGRAPH YOU. It's quite all right, of course, since the thousands who are there want to be in the movie.

The scene is supposed to be set in Idaho, where Mohammad Johnson's Rock-'n'-Roll Circus is kicking off its national tour. In the story line, a power company in Idaho has decided to cut the electricity for the concert, claiming that otherwise the town will suffer a blackout. At the last minute, Travis manages to Redfish-rig an alternative energy source—a ton of cow patties from a nearby field, which are ignited by sunrays mirrored off the sides of the huge equipment semitrailers.

"They tried to stop us," shouts *Soul Train* creator Don Cornelius from up on the stage. He's playing the slicked-down Mohammad Johnson, part rock impresario and part Reverend Ike. "They couldn't do it, 'cause we've got real energy, the energy of imagination."

High above Mohammad, swaying on one of the scaffolds, a stunt man dressed to look like Meat Loaf/Redfish, is leaning precariously over his perch.

"Now I'd like to single out the man who embodies the spirit of this concert," Johnson is saying through the microphone. "The man who saved the day and, by so doing, stands as an inspiration to us all."

High tide: In what is destined to become a classic scene in the annals of rock-'n'-roll film making, Lola and Redfish are saved from conspiring narcs by a little old lady in a Los Angeles laundromat.

At that precise moment, the stunt man Redfish does a backflip off the scaffold and drops to the stage, 20 feet below, with an enormous thud. The crowd cheers, thinking it's part of Redfish's act.

"Redwood," says Mohammad, who can never get Travis' name right, "speak to us. Say something," Mohammad is imploring. There's a quick "Cut!" as the real Meat Loaf takes the place of the stunt man. He gets up from the stage, dusts himself off, but something is not quite right. Travis has snapped into brainlock again.

"She smiled at me through the Winnebago," Travis tells the crowd, "and I clutched the road with an invisible glove. The word *tourniquet* keeps coming to mind. You are what you need!"

The crowd roars approval at this crazed gibberish. People are shouting things like "The perfect master!" and "Tell it like it is, Travis."

"Romance is the junk food of love," Travis yells to the crowd, and they roar back in appreciation. Then, with a roadie on either side of him, dragging him away from the microphone, Redfish lets go with one last, brainlocked inspiration: "A dripping faucet cuts a canyon through the sleep of a milkman!"

As the roadies finally manage to drag him off the stage, Travis is yelling, "Redfish want beer. Redfish want much beer!"

Beer, y'see, is the only antidote for brainlock. The crowd picks up Travis' final call and, on cue from one of the assistant directors, all 2000 people hold up their plastic beer cups in tribute to Redfish.

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"Screw it. C'mon, lift your leg and move that thing." Meat Loaf is saying the words to Lola/Kaki Hunter, as they lie on their backs under the transmission of the huge trailer with MOHAMMAD JOHNSON'S ROCK-'N'-ROLL CIRCUS painted on the door. Around them, the film crew, on its knees for the most part, is attempting to capture the actors' faces, which are only inches away from an oil-grimy bell-housing.

A wide-bodied jet rumbles low overhead, and its noise ruins the shot. With only three day's worth of shooting left, we're in a vacant parking lot behind a welfare office in West L.A. In the hot California sunshine, there is a mixed vibration throughout the crew—a feeling that the production is about to end, but also a sort of giddiness, as if party time were approaching. As they wait for a noisy garbage truck to quiet down, a gaffer calls out, "Gang bang!"

"I want Kaki," someone shouts.

"I'll take Meat," adds another, and the guys all crack up.

"They always want the Meat," Mr. Loaf chuckles.

Then, director Rudolph calls for the guy with the board—you know, that artifact

with the clacker that is used to sync the sound tape to the film. He hits it, and the cameras are silently rolling again.

"Now, that's right, screw it . . ." Travis Redfish is saying to Lola, the groupie.

"It's hard, it hurts," she whines.

Ace, the Circus' wired-up road manager, drops to all fours by the side of the trailer, glaring at the enmeshed couple, certain that they're getting it on.

"Are you holding out on me?" Ace screams at Lola. "I thought you said it was your time of the month! I ain't got nothin' off you since I met you—and now you're giving it to the cowboy under the bus! Under *my goddamn bus!*"

The cameras stop rolling and everyone laughs. It's a roadie movie in more ways than one.

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Two nights later, with the filming completed, we're at the wrap party being held at Carlos 'n' Charlie's, a posh joint on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard. We're upstairs in the private disco, and it's a far cry from the raucous scene at the Soap Creek Saloon back in Austin.

On the dance floor, Joyce Rudolph, wife of the director, is running through several trays of color slides. Over the last months, Joyce has collected a visual record of the making of the film. As the pix flash by on the makeshift screen, there are catcalls, good-natured hissing, some cheers. The slides capture that special camaraderie that develops on a project when things go well; they're a remembrance of the intense, crazed moments, as well as the tedious waiting between takes. Behind it all, behind the sun-beaten faces and the ten-gallon hats, there is always Texas.

"When they first came to Texas," Jeff Nightbyrd is telling me as we stand at the bar, "Alan Rudolph and Carolyn Pfeiffer said, 'Austin? We want to see the *real* Texas.' " Nightbyrd smiles a bit at the irony.

"They felt that Austin couldn't really be Texas. People were smoking dope there; you could buy *The Wall Street Journal*. It's the sort of place where you'd find people who might fly down to Bogotá for the weekend. Y'know, sophisticated.

"So I said, 'OK, let's go to Lubbock.' The next day, we're out in the rented car. It takes hours and hours, driving through an incredible lightning storm. Everyone was saying over and over, 'What? We're not in Lubbock yet?' Finally, we pull in there at three in the morning, and they all knew right away that Lubbock wasn't the place to shoot. It's all flat cotton fields—nothing around for miles and miles. There's no charm or nothing like that. The next day, we were all back in Austin, scouting for locations."

Country and wasted: From left, Hank Williams, Jr., Meat Loaf and Roy Orbison get together at Austin's Soap Creek Saloon for a couple of snorts and an old-fashioned Texas bar fight.

"Did somebody say somethin' about *Lubbock*?" Big Boy Medlin is standing at the bar, towering behind Nightbyrd. With long hair and a beard, Medlin could pass for a huskier Waylon Jennings. He's got a broad smile on his face.

"Are you in the movie, Big Boy?" I ask.

"Yeah," he says, reaching over Nightbyrd's shoulder for another beer. "I play the reverend at the end—the big wedding scene. Y'know, my mom's in the picture, too. She plays B. B. Muldoon's mother, also at the wedding. She's a high school teacher back in Odessa—in real life, that is. But when this movie comes out," Big Boy says, taking a sip of his beer, his eyes twinkling, "I bet it's gonna give her social life a whirl that'll last a good five to ten years." ■

just grew out of your initials and the fact that you weighed two hundred forty pounds when you were in junior high. Another is that you stepped on your high school football coach's foot, and he said, "Get off of me, you big loaf of meat." Another story involves a motorcycle incident. What's the truth?

MEAT LOAF: I don't know what the truth is. I really don't know how I got my name. But I tell a good story. I don't believe what comes out of my mouth sometimes. It could've come from playing pool. I don't remember how it happened. I'm not in the mood to make it up.

OUI: Did you once drive a motorcycle through a window?

MEAT LOAF: No. That was a joke about how I got my name. I drove a motorcycle through the front window of a cheese shop and, when I came out the other side, I had cheese on top of me, so they called me Meat Loaf. I like cycles but, if I ever tried to ride one for more than ten minutes, I'd probably kill myself. I've wrecked a few bikes in my day, but that was a joke, a stupid joke.

OUI: There are a lot of wild stories about your early days in Texas—like your getting hit in the head with a shot put, suffering eleven concussions playing football, riding Brahma bulls, crashing cars. Were you a crazy kid?

MEAT LOAF: I was wilder than most, not as wild as some. I had a car when I was fourteen. My dad was a salesman, and my mother was a teacher. So they both worked, and they never knew where I was. I also drank a lot in school. Now I don't drink at all. I did what all teenagers do, except I had a car, which enabled me to be a little wilder.

OUI: Is it true that the reason you don't use your real name is to protect your deeply religious family in Texas from being embarrassed by your notoriety in a world of drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll?

MEAT LOAF: I never said that. Who said that? *Rolling Stone*?

OUI: *People*.

MEAT LOAF: No. That has nothing to do with it. It was something I was doing that was silly. It's like, ask me my real name and, well, I'm not going to tell you—then they want to know. That's all it was, nothing more, nothing less. I don't have much of a family left in Texas. My mother and father are dead, all my grandparents are dead. I've got a couple of aunts.

OUI: Travis W. Redfish, the role you play in *Roadie*, is a simple Texas boy who gets tangled up in the world of rock 'n' roll. Did you draw on any of your own real-life experiences to develop the character?

MEAT LOAF: No. Travis doesn't know anything about rock 'n' roll, so I couldn't draw on it. Travis becomes a superroadie, but he doesn't know that. He doesn't know what a roadie is. He's just a guy from Texas who falls in love with a groupie, Lola, and follows her around the country. Travis is in a whole different world. My first real step in

establishing the character of Travis Redfish was to have him chew gum: Dentyne. And since Travis can fix anything and I'm a mechanical failure as a human being, I started walking around my house fixing things—which caused some suspicion, because I never fixed anything in my life.

OUI: Travis uses "brainlock" in *Roadie*. What is brainlock?

MEAT LOAF: Brainlock was very difficult, and I still don't know what it is. I studied self-hypnosis—that was the process that I used. When Travis is in brainlock, he doesn't blink. One day, when we were shooting in Texas, I had to turn a corner and walk dead into sunlight without blinking. For periods of twenty minutes at a time, I had to leave my eyes open and never blink. That's the kind of concentration it took to do brainlock. Brainlock is a major aspect of Travis' character. It's like a washing machine that's got too much soap in it, and all the soap is foaming out. Travis' brain is like soapsuds. Travis is really a computer. He knows so much about everything that he knows nothing about anything. Meat Loaf is thinking all the time, but Travis doesn't think. He's just *there*, right where you need him, every time. I had to go along and just totally play the moment. Whenever we'd finish a scene, Alan Rudolph would ask me: "Do you know what happened?" If I said, "Yeah," he'd say, "Let's do it again." That became our cue. If I didn't know what had happened, then it was right. If I knew exactly what was going on, I was thinking too much, and we'd do it again. It's really funny how film reads your thoughts. You can't think one thing and do another and get away with it. It registers. It's like being onstage. If you aren't really up there, people will catch on to it.

OUI: Is Travis stupid, or just innocent?

MEAT LOAF: That's the secret of Travis Redfish; you'll never know. And I'm not even the person that knows that. Travis is.

OUI: How do you think the audience will view Travis? Is he a winner or a loser?

MEAT LOAF: Travis is a winner. I wouldn't have played him if he wasn't.

OUI: Does he get the girl?

MEAT LOAF: Yeah. He also gets something else. The idea of the movie was to change the image of the American hero.

OUI: Isn't the experience Travis has a common one among roadies and performers—getting fed up with the road and having to quit?

MEAT LOAF: I don't know. The movie isn't some psychological rock-'n'-roll metaphor. It's not about a roadie who has to get off the road because of too much drugs and sex. It's a rock-'n'-roll romance. And each person in the audience is going to get a different feeling about Travis. Actually, Travis is a sex symbol. That's what I told United Artists. They told me they were looking for a sex symbol to play the role, and I said, "Well, I *am* a sex symbol." They sort of giggled, and I said, "Fuck you, I'm telling you the truth."

MEAT LOAF

When Travis is in brainlock, it's like a washing machine that's got too much soap in it.

OUI: The script for *Roadie* wasn't written with you in mind, was it?

MEAT LOAF: No. They were looking for somebody like Nick Nolte.

OUI: So how did you wind up getting the part?

MEAT LOAF: It just happened. I was sitting at the Roxy in Los Angeles talking to its owner, Mario, with a beer in one hand and two girls sitting on my lap, and Shep Gordon walked in and saw me there. When it came time to cast the movie, he told 'em he had the perfect person to play Travis.

OUI: Didn't you say that you don't even look at other women . . .

MEAT LOAF: This was before I met my wife.

OUI: Oh. Where did you meet Leslie?

MEAT LOAF: I met her in Woodstock. She was running Bearsville Sound Studio, where I was making my record. We had dinner, went out a few times, and then I asked her to marry me. She said, "No." I said, "I always get what I want."

OUI: How long did it take you to break her resistance?

MEAT LOAF: A month. Our wedding was one of the wildest scenes you've ever seen in your life. It was at Todd Rundgren's house, and the people who came were in two camps. Boy, they were screamin' and yellin'—people were going crazy. When the guy who was marryin' us said, "If there is anyone in this room who feels these two shouldn't be married, let him speak now or forever hold his peace," I thought the entire place was going to go up for grabs.

OUI: Why?

MEAT LOAF: Nobody wanted us to get married. Everybody thought we were getting married for all the wrong reasons. Nobody thought it would last more than six weeks. Everybody was tellin' Leslie that I was crazy—which was true. But I went through a lot of therapy after that. I had therapy every day for nine months. I was in bad shape.

OUI: What kind of therapy?

MEAT LOAF: Whatever. Electric shock—not really. I was beat to death. I'd been grinding away for four years without a break. It took two years to do *Bat out of Hell*, due to the fact that we changed labels five times. And then we toured for a year straight. Before that, I was with *The Lampoon Show* for a long time. Mentally, I had just had it.

OUI: You are always wasted at the end of your concerts, and you frequently pass out and need to take oxygen. Do you suffer a mental, as well as a physical, collapse?

MEAT LOAF: Both. I always pass out. When I walk onstage, I am obsessed. The only thing I'm thinking about is how to put across that show and make people believe what I'm doing. My shows are two and a half hours of pure, intense energy. I'm not just in total control of the stage; I'm in total control of the *building*. From the minute I step on that stage, the building is mine. I don't care if they're stacked out to the parking lot—everything and everybody in that building, down to the flies on the ceiling, are *mine*. If they're not, the show isn't any good. To do that requires so much energy and concentration that, when it's over, I don't really pass out, I just slip away for a few minutes. I'm always awake and conscious of what's going on around me. I'm just too tired to speak, and I don't care. Nobody has anything to say to me that's relevant at that point. They can tell me it was a good show—I don't care. They can say it was a bad show—I don't care. They can tell me I'm dying—I don't care. All I want at that point is for my mental faculties to come back to me so that I know what happened. Listen, if you have total control of a building, and then you let it go and it falls on your head, you're gonna pass out, believe me.

OUI: Reportedly, you spend hours preparing for each show, much like an opera singer. What do you do?

MEAT LOAF: I do warm-ups, I do steam, I do scales, I do exercises and, all the while, I *think*. I think about past performances, about how to improve on them, about new things to do. It's just total preparation. I don't communicate very well with people at that stage. I communicate within myself.

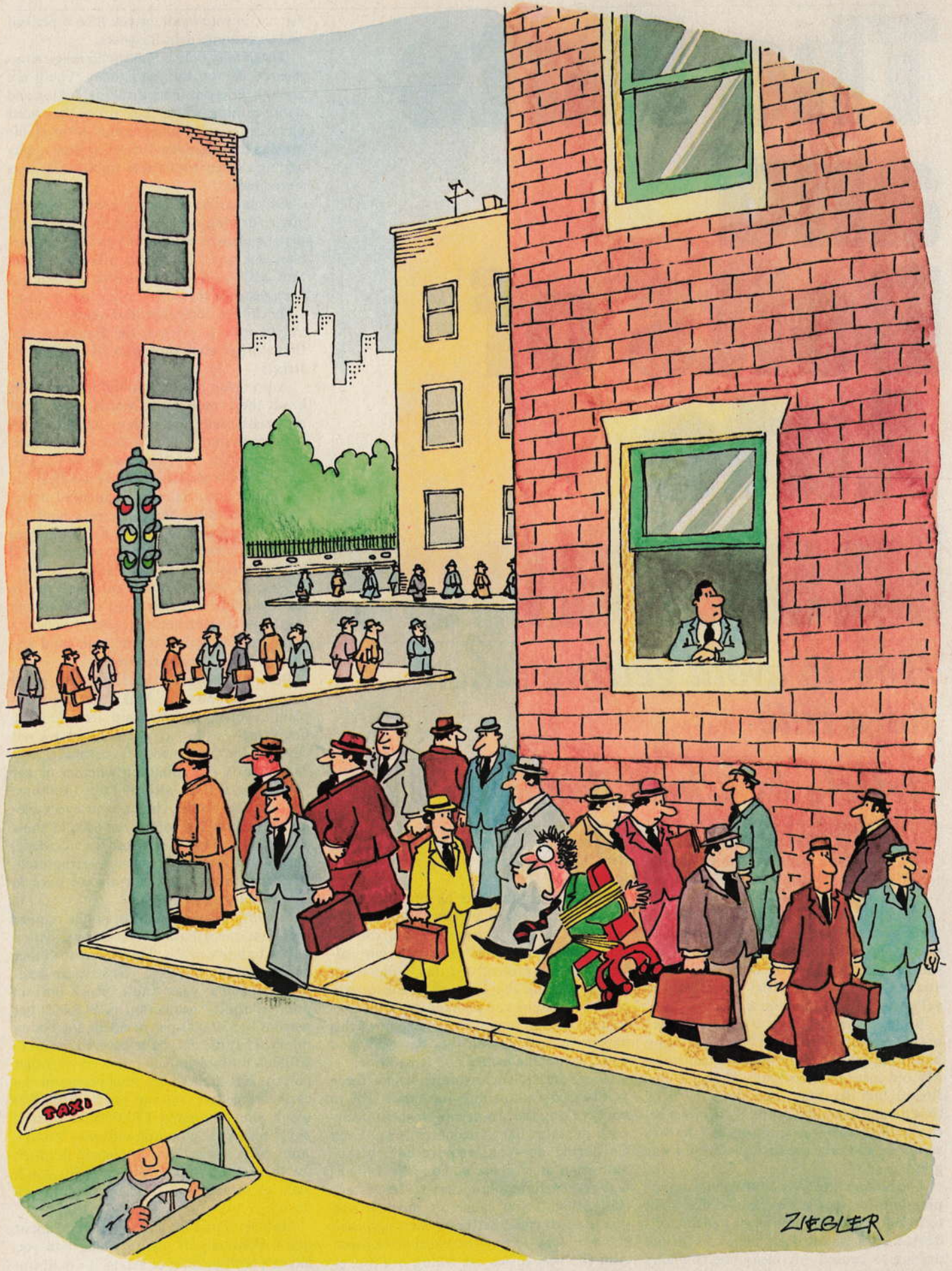
OUI: How do you respond to critics that say the tremendous success of your first album was due primarily to record-company hype?

MEAT LOAF: The hype came from me. It didn't come from them. You can't invent me. I am not an inventable object. You just can't fucking invent me. [pounding fist on table] You can't invent Meat Loaf!

OUI: All right. But they can certainly hype him. After your album's initial success, CBS launched a massive marketing campaign. *Bat out of Hell* has been called the "hardest worked" album in history.

MEAT LOAF: It *was* the hardest worked, because it was worked hard from my side *and* from their side. In other words, nobody let up. They worked my album hard, but they spent twice as much money on Elvis Costello as they did on me. And their reward was that Elvis didn't go gold on his first two albums and I sold ten million with one. So how far does hype go? They can hype you to death, but if you can't live up to it, it's useless. That happens to bands all the time. They hyped me, but I could live up to it. It creates a lot of pressure, but it only

(Continued on page 119)



"Hey! Hey! Hey, hey, hey, hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!"

The Nuts and Bolts of Auto Insurance

How to avoid getting taken for a ride

Article by Chris Barnett

The California Department of Motor Vehicles print-out hit me like a blind-side tackle and laid me out financially.

Three little traffic tickets in three years. That's all. One rolling stop when I sort of slid around the corner, a freeway lane change that the cop called illegal and a blown red light that I'd swear was yellow when I hit the intersection.

But a few months ago, when I unloaded my gas-swilling Pontiac in favor of a zippy, high-mileage Datsun, I got the bad news: My old insurance company canceled me. Boom. Just like that. And since the bank that financed my car got really nervous because *their* car was uninsured, I had to scramble and take the first quotation I was given.

The bottom line? My $440 car-insurance premium for the Pontiac leaped overnight to $1100 a year. Yet I've never had an accident, filed a claim, been busted for drunk driving or caused any insurance company any grief whatsoever. Still, my new insurance company claims I'm getting a hell of a deal, like I should be licking their boots or something.

Sometime in the next 12 months, you're going to buy, renew or transfer your auto insurance, so be prepared. When you do, remember, it's possible to protect your wallet while you protect your car. I found out the facts of life about automobile insurance too late—after I had plunked down my premium. But I'm happy to share some of this expensive wisdom with you. Pay heed, and you'll save some money and frustration.

Some states, surprisingly, do not force you to carry automobile insurance. You're not breaking the law driving without insurance in states like Arizona or Iowa. Even California does not require compulsory auto insurance. There is, however, a financial-responsibility law that states, essentially, that if you cause an accident and you're sued, you'd better have enough cash stashed away to pay the court settlement. And the way juries are ruling in favor of injured parties, you'd better have a megafortune in your vault, or you'll be wiped out and forced into debt for years.

That's why only a fool would take an uninsured car on the road today. There are enough jerks out there drinking, toking and daydreaming while they drive that your chances today of being crunched in traffic are five times greater than they were a decade ago, when traffic was lighter and cars were heavier.

Of course, no one but you will know that you're driving naked (insurance jargon for driving uncovered), but if you smash someone, look out. Your world will know. Sure, that $500 to $1500 you have to shell out each year for insurance might buy a whole lot of clothes, some new stereo equipment or maybe even a week in the Bahamas but, these things won't buy peace of mind on the streets.

Auto-insurance agents and underwriters have their own buzz words, and most motorists really don't know what the hell they're buying. I didn't. Ask for a quote, and they spiel out, "Fifteen-thirty PL, PD, ten UM, five-thousand-dollar medical for BI, plus comp, collision, a hundred-dollar deductible. Sign here, you're bound for seven days, gimme a check for five hundred dollars to cover the first six months, we'll bill you the rest. Drive carefully. Goodbye." You don't really understand what you've just bought or precisely what's covered, but you know you feel better because you have a computer-printed policy in your hand and the agent said you're covered.

Before you sign on the dotted line, you'd better crack the code. Make that agent explain to you—word for word, including the fine print—just what you are and are not covered for. Your need for coverage may vary greatly depending on whether or not you live in a state with no-fault-insurance laws on the books. Understand every element of the policy before you *need* to know it—like two minutes after an accident. Here's how a policy is normally structured. And remember, you don't always have to buy all the extras.

Liability protection. Most states require that you carry liability insurance, called public liability, or PL. This covers the other driver and his wheels if you have an accident and it's your fault. Rock-bottom public-liability protection is $15,000 per person or $30,000 per accident for bodily injury. That means you're covered for up to $30,000 for injuries you inflict on the other person. But if there are four people in the car and together they sue you for $100,000 (each alone claiming $25,000 for missed paychecks and "pain and suffering") and a court rules against you, you could be stuck for the extra $70,000. That's right. You'll have to scrape up 70,000 bucks. Can you do it?

Now, let's stop for a moment and look at this realistically. If you're young and you haven't built up a lot of assets, it's doubtful their attorney will try to bleed you for a

bundle. He'll probably stay within the limits of your insurance policy, so he can get the cash and split. But if it's a messy accident, or if the lawyer has the case on a contingency basis, in which he grabs 40 percent of the total settlement in lieu of a set fee, he could go for your jugular. Drivers with more to lose can buy higher limits of liability protection—perhaps $50,000, or as much as $100,000. And if you lease a car, you'll probably have to carry that higher figure. The premium isn't that much more for excess limits. But check them out and decide if you need them.

Property damage. This is liability insurance that you carry to pay for damages to the other guy's car. Usually, $5000 PD (property damage) will do it. But if you're tooling around Beverly Hills or Palm Beach and you happen to crease a Rolls, that five grand may not cover the bodywork, and you'll have to come up with the difference. Still, $5000 is a safe figure for most of us.

Normally, PL and PD are quoted in split limits, for example, $15,000/$30,000. It costs less to buy it like this than it does to purchase it as one combined limit of $45,000, which some insurers still offer.

Medical insurance. This part of the policy pays your medical bills if you're at fault in an accident. It's not required by any state, and you may have other hospitalization coverage that protects you for major accidents. Still, $5000 worth of medical insurance won't drive up the cost of your auto insurance very much.

Uninsured motorist. Most states will probably ask you to sign your life away if you refuse this coverage. Don't. It's a bargain. Specifically, it covers bodily injury to you and anyone in your car if you're hit by someone who is uninsured or if you're smashed by a hit-and-run driver who gets away.

Underinsured motorist. Suppose some idiot wipes out you and your car and he is only carrying $15,000/$30,000 liability limits? You can buy a special protection that will take over and pay you the balance of the damage after his insurance is exhausted. It's a long shot, but you might be interested. Before you buy, you'd better check out the cost.

Physical damage. This is the same as property-damage insurance, but it covers *your* car, not the other party's. It breaks into two parts: collision, which pays the cost of fixing your car, and comprehensive, which insures you against fire and theft. Most policies cover your car stereo and anything stolen from the trunk.

Both collision and comprehensive have separate deductibles. And this is one area where you can cut a big chunk out of your auto-insurance premium. While many people automatically go for a $50 deductible, you might consider a $250 or $500 deductible. That means you pay the first $250 or $500, and your insurance company pays the rest. It's a wise move, and big corporations have been doing it for years. They keep their money in the bank earning interest and pull it out to pay the deductible. You can put away that rainy-day cash and save $200 to $350 a year on your auto insurance by sharing the risk with the insurance company.

Rental-reimbursement insurance. Most people think their auto insurance automatically pays for a rental car while theirs is being fixed after an accident. Wrong. That's an extra policy option, which costs about $10 a year. It usually pays about $10 a day, up to 30 days, for a rent-a-car, but it doesn't pick up the whole tab.

Everyone knows that when you apply for insurance the first question asked is, "How many tickets have you had in the last three years?" You should also know, however, that the insurance agent or company isn't going to take your word for it. They order a computer print-out of your driving record from the state motor vehicles department. It spells out every moving violation, every traffic accident, regardless of fault, and any other conviction. As this is the underwriter's basic yardstick for measuring your driving ability, you should know exactly what it says.

Get yourself a copy. Most motor vehicle departments can push a button and give you a computer print-out while you wait. It makes for interesting reading. For example, that ticket you got in a Tennessee speed trap was, sure enough, reported to your home state. Thanks to the computers, almost every state swaps ticket and accident statistics. Your motor-vehicle report will also show any warrants issued when you failed to pay a ticket on time. Called a "failure to appear" (or simply, an FTA) on your record, they're a red flag to underwriters—the person at the insurance company who actually decides whether or not to accept you as a risk, and then, if you're lucky, how much it's going to cost you.

There's another reason to scrutinize your driving record before the underwriter does. Computer operators make mistakes. A friend of mine ordered his report and found he was charged with a speeding ticket in Wyoming. He'd never even set foot in Wyoming. Someone else's ticket had accidentally gotten on his report.

Final point. Even though most driving records usually show only tickets received over the last 37 months, insurance agents confide that in some states, they go back six years. If you had a rash of tickets four years ago, they may prejudice the underwriter—the decision maker. Find out how it's done in your state. But remember, a bust for driving under the influence of liquor or drugs stays on your rap sheet for seven years.

Once you have a copy of your driving record, you know what you're up against. A clean record—no tickets, no accidents—will help a lot, but if you're in the 18–24 age bracket, you're still going to be penalized. Why? Because the National Safety Coun-

Don't buy

more insurance than you need. It's silly to pay for collision insurance on a ten-year-old clunker that's falling apart.

Don't expect

a good deal if you're under 30. Even with a perfect driving record, most companies will make you pay through the nose.

Don't assume

that buying a smaller car means paying a smaller insurance premium. Many companies charge more for insuring compact cars.

cil has hard evidence that drivers between the ages of 20 and 24 had more traffic accidents in 1978 than any other age category—6.3 million smashups. The under-20 age group, with 5.6 million accidents, was runner-up. Those between 25 and 29 were third with 4.4 million. All told, drivers under 30 were involved in more than half the total traffic accidents in the U.S. in 1978. Even more chilling is the fact that, in that same year, drivers between 15 and 24 accounted for one-third of all highway fatalities.

HOW TO GET THE BEST DEAL

Knowing that insurance companies view the younger male driver as something akin to Attila the Hun on wheels, what can you do to get coverage at a reasonable cost?

Walter Dartland, Consumer Advocate for metropolitan Dade County, Florida, and a man generally unliked by insurance companies, advises drivers to stay on their parents' policy and then reimburse them for their portion of the premium. "Even if it means that your folks own your car, you can save a lot of money, and they might get the multiple-car discount, which will actually lower the cost on each car covered."

Oddly enough, an underwriter with a major Chicago-based insurance company agrees. Normally, these people talk to no one, but one underwriter confided anonymously to OUI that staying on your parents' policy is probably the smartest way to save money. Sooner or later, though, you're going to have to buy your own policy, and here's what he looks for when evaluating the application. Remember, all he has to go on are the numbers.

Are you stable? This underwriter (we'll call him Tom) looks to see if you move around a lot. Job hopping and address changes bother him. That's fine while you're in school but, by age 23 or 24, insurance companies want you to be settling down. Says Tom: "We have statistics that show that people with three addresses or three job changes in three years have more accidents."

Do you look good? Strange as it may seem, how you impress the insurance agent goes a long way toward whether you'll get coverage. "Does he keep the appointment with the agent? Does he dress neatly? Would he make a good witness in court?" asks Tom. They're all factors.

Are you responsible? "Do you pay your tickets on time? Do you renew your license on time? Do you have a stream of equipment violations or any tailgating tickets? These things show lack of responsibility and poor driving habits."

In short, the underwriter weighs these factors almost as heavily as your traffic tickets or accidents.

What's the solution to all of this? First, check with your family insurance agent. As with a family doctor, a relationship has been built over the years, and he may plead your

If you have a rash of tickets on your record, it might be wise to go directly into the assigned-risk pool.

case directly to the underwriter. At least have him give you a quote.

The cost of automobile insurance today differs from city to city, territory to territory, company to company. Don't just take the first quote as I did. Plan ahead, and make sure your agent gets you quotes from at least two of the companies he represents. Check Allstate, State Farm and even direct-mail insurance companies, like GEICO in Washington, D.C.

Find out if they give discounts for that driver-training class you took years ago, for maintaining good grades in school, for the compact car you drive. A few companies will cut auto-insurance costs for nonsmokers. Many, however, like Farmers Insurance Group, a big auto insurer west of the Mississippi and a pioneer in nonsmoker discounts, won't extend this courtesy to the younger driver.

Frankly, if you're under 25 and have had a ticket or an accident, you can't be all that choosy. But you can be selective. By shopping around, you'll find that some progressive insurance companies, like Commercial Union Assurance Companies of Boston, will not hold your age, sex or marital status against you when they calculate your premium.

"We look at annual mileage driven, vehicle usage and the driving experience of the owner and principle driver," says William C. Scott, a senior vice-president of Commercial Union. But while the younger driver is not penalized for his age, Commercial Union looks at a six-year driving history, instead of the traditional three. If you're ticket and accident free, you might get a super deal.

Historically, if you powered around town in a souped-up Corvette, Trans Am or any other muscle car, you'd pay out the wazoo for auto insurance. Now, the Datsun 280-ZX and the Toyota Celica spell trouble when you're shopping for insurance. And here's even worse news: Subcompacts and smaller imports scare auto-insurance companies, and they charge more to cover them.

Says Scott of Commercial Union: "People think insurance magically goes down on smaller cars because they're less expensive and easier to fix. We're finding just the opposite. By reducing the weight on the car, compacts have poorer track records in crashes." Translated: The car and driver are often squashed, and it costs the insurance company more to repair each.

How do you beat the small-car surcharge? Scott suggests you stick with the "solid intermediates," like Dodge Polara, Oldsmobile 88 or Buick Skylark. You've got to figure the trade-off: Do you pay more for gasoline and save on your insurance?

If you do have a rash of tickets on your driving record, it might be wise to go directly into your state's assigned-risk pool and tough it out for two years. Assigned risk is the last resort—the state assigns you to an insurance company, and they must write you a policy at a specific rate.

But you could luck out. "Assigned-risk plans usually cost more—15–20 percent over the going rate—but today they could cost less, because other insurers are raising their rates so high," says Ron Pine, assistant manager for the California Automobile Assigned Risk Plan.

Pine, however, says he has recently "seen a lot of clean risks in the plan," which leads him to believe agents are shopping around to give their clients the best possible deal. That's commendable, he stresses, because most assigned-risk plans only pay about 8½ percent commissions while regular insurance pays from 15–20 percent. However, a senior underwriter for a giant New York City–based insurer warns motorists to "watch out for agents who say they specialize in getting you into the assigned-risk plan." An agent in New Jersey was recently caught pocketing all the cash and refusing to send the applications into the assigned-risk pool, he said.

A FEW FINAL TIPS

- You may have to do some time with a "standard" or "substandard" insurer while you clean up your driving record. Nothing wrong with that. Just be a model policyholder, and that same insurer will promote you to their "preferred" program.
- If you live in an urban area, but go to school in a rural or less populated community, switch your insurance policy to your campus address.
- Don't carry comprehensive and collision insurance on a clunker.
- If your city offers them, take driver's-school courses to erase a ticket from your record. Then, make sure the computer actually removes it from your file.
- If you do move, find out which territory has the lowest insurance rates in town, and let that be a consideration in choosing your next address.
- Finally, see if your insurance company will give you a discount for any anti-theft devices that you can install on your car. You may be able to protect your automobile and save the cost in high premiums. ■

Got any money problems you'd like to see discussed in this column? That's what we're here for. Send your question to Money, c/o OUI, *8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. Questions with the broadest appeal will be answered.*

Sound Investments

Taking the Risk Out of Playing the Hi-Fi Market

Article by Ed Bott/Photography by Steven Harvey

You wouldn't think of turning over your life savings without talking to your banker, right? So, why put together an expensive stereo system without getting some high-powered advice? Picking the right system for your musical tastes and your budget isn't easy. But we've done some of the work for you. We've talked to our favorite audio analysts and have come up with this prospectus of the best offerings on the hi-fi market. If you're serious about getting the most for your money, you should invest in the entire system now. You can usually get a substantial discount if you go for all the works at one time. If you upgrade your system one component at a time, you'll pay appreciably more in the long run.

So how much should you spend? That depends. Our panel agrees, though, that $2000–$3000 seems to be a reasonable price range. Spending more won't buy you better sound (although it may impress your friends). And don't sell yourself short, either. When it comes to major purchases, the big-money boys spread the cost over five years, and so should you. In terms of your personal budget, a $2500 system that lasts five years will cost you a modest $500 per year.

Enough theory, though. On the following pages, we've assembled six blue-chip systems for your consideration. And our friendly banker guarantees they'll give you the best rate of return on your musical dollar.

Technics
THIRD NORTHWESTERN
BANK
Technics

"Yes, we bankers are known as a pretty conservative bunch. But, as you can see, I always keep an ear open for a smart buy in stereo."

You'll be able to blast your way *out* of a bank vault with either of these high-powered setups. Left: a complete Technics system for $2500. The ST-8044 tuner ($200) offers drift-free reception in AM and FM. The SU-8099 integrated amplifier ($1000) has a rated output of 115 watts per channel with an ultra-low .007 percent total harmonic distortion; fluorescent bar graphs display power output to prevent speaker overload. The three-way SB-6060 speakers ($350 each) are a perfect match for the amplifier; the 12-inch bass driver and passive radiator deliver deep lows, while the midrange driver and tweeter are acoustically isolated to minimize feedback and distortion. The real star of the system, though, is the SL-10 turntable ($600). The entire package is only slightly larger than a standard LP, and the straight-tracking tonearm with a custom cartridge is mounted *inside* the dust cover. The unique design makes it impossible to damage either your stylus or your records. Above: a complete system that marries two hi-fi heavyweights, Phase Linear and Bose, for a total price of $2910. The Phase 3300 II preamplifier ($400) and matching 300 II power amp ($500) deliver 120 watts per channel with less than .009 percent total harmonic distortion. The Phase 5100 II digital tuner ($450) stores up to 12 stations in its memory and recalls them at the touch of a button. All three components can be rack-mounted or fitted with solid-oak side panels. The Phase 8000 II turntable ($750) is a straight-tracking model that plays your records the way they were cut. The Bose 901 Series IV speakers ($405 each) use nine separate drivers to produce a blend of direct and reflected sound that closely approximates the effect of being in a concert hall.

"Ted Nugent sounds better than a rise in the prime rate."

The slimline system from Hitachi, above, is backed by some very solid assets, including advanced amplifier-design features. The HCA-6500 preamp ($180) is a no-frills model with impressive specs: .005 percent THD and a phono signal-to-noise ratio of 83 dB. The matching FT-5000 tuner ($300) is fully digitized, with LEDs to indicate signal strength and a memory that can recall seven stations. The HMA-6500 power amp ($330) has a rated output of 50 watts per channel and oversized meters to keep you from damaging your speakers; the amplifier can handle much higher musical peaks without straining. The HT-860 turntable ($700) is the top of Hitachi's line; not surprisingly, it does just about everything but put the record on for you. An array of microprocessors controls record speed, selects record size and neatly cues up your discs automatically. The HS-430 speakers ($400 each) are three-way models with a 12-inch woofer and die-cast midrange and tweeter; the resonance-damping cabinet design keeps annoying distortion to extremely low levels. The total price: $2310.

The Kenwood system above is a perfect match for your gold records, but it would be a crime to keep these components under lock and key. Start with the KA-801 integrated amplifier ($700). Its rated power output is 110 watts per channel with a total harmonic distortion of less than .015 percent. Don't let the traditional design fool you; under that conservative exterior is a straight DC amplifier with exceptional specs, including a fast rise time and slew rate to keep pace with demanding musical passages. The matching KT-815 tuner ($440) uses analog tuning and a digital Pulse-Count Detector to lock precisely onto an FM signal without introducing distortion into the system. The KD-850 turntable ($550) is a fully automatic model with better performance than most manual turntables. Microprocessor controls keep record speed absolutely accurate, and the extra-heavy platter is acoustically isolated to prevent rumble from reaching your speakers. Separate motors control the platter and the lightweight, low-resonance tonearm, and the output leads are gold-plated for minimum resistance. The final link in the system is the pair of LS-1600 speakers ($550 each). These three-way models were designed with the help of laser holography to produce maximum frequency response without producing crosstalk distortion. A massive, 13-inch woofer delivers deep bass without breaking up at the low end, and the lightweight midrange cone and ring-diaphragm tweeter are acoustically isolated to keep each doing the job it was intended to do. The entire system retails for $2790.

"No profit in getting back to the board of directors' meeting. So, I'll just hang out here and listen to Pink Floyd do 'Money.'"

Above: a JVC system that's small enough to fit in a safe-deposit box—almost. The miniature A-M1 amp ($600) cranks out a full-sized 50 watts per channel and is completely controlled by microprocessors. The matching T-M1 tuner ($500) locks onto FM signals with digital accuracy; the computerized memory can recall five stations without blinking an LED. JVC's QL-F6 quartz-locked turntable ($400) maintains a steady speed automatically; the tonearm follows the groove with a minimum of errors. The three-way Zero-5 loudspeakers ($400 each) can handle high power levels without straining; a 12-inch woofer, 4-inch mid-range driver and high-output ribbon tweeter keep frequency response level across the full audio range. Suggested retail price for the system is $2300. Right: You'll appreciate the technical advances in this complete Yamaha system. The M-4 power amp ($650) puts out an impressive 120 watts per channel with outputs for two sets of speakers. The C-6 preamplifier ($450) has a full range of controls, including a parametric tone control that functions as an equalizer over an unlimited range of frequencies, as well as separate outputs for tape and source. The T-1 tuner ($365) is one of the most advanced in its class, with circuitry that automatically adjusts for signal strength. The P-750 turntable ($260) is brand-new from Yamaha. The low-mass, straight tonearm offers minimum resonance and keeps your music pure and clean, and the fully automatic operation and front-panel controls take good care of your precious records. The NS-890 speakers ($530 each) use four drivers—a 12-inch woofer, separate mid-bass and mid-high drivers and beryllium-dome tweeter—to reproduce an exceptionally wide musical range. Total retail price: $2785. ■

YAMAHA
MODEL NS-690
FEDERAL RESERVE
PLEASE DO NOT CUT
THIS BAG SHOULD BE
RETURNED TO

Small Talk: Tanya Tucker

A Raunchy Rap with the *TNT* Lady

The teenage tantalizer and sexy woman/child. A half-dozen years ago, that's what singer Tanya Tucker's image was. She recorded her first big hit, *Delta Dawn*, when she was just 13. By the time this torchy Texan reached the ripe old age of 15, staid reviewers were condemning "the heavy breathing" her performances produced among audiences, and more than one concert promoter censored her seductive selection of songs. *Time* even went so far as to say her voice suggested "whiskey, smoke and sex."

Now, however, Tanya's come of legal age—she was 21 last October—and she's moved from cocky country to rowdy rock, contrary to her childhood dislike of rock 'n' roll and her somewhat naïve belief that all rock musicians were "weirdos." And she's got a brand-new gig: Tanya makes her film debut with Jan-Michael Vincent in the upcoming movie *Hard Country*, playing—what else?—a singer.

Is the teasing Tanya revamping her image? Or is she merely putting into practice what she once only preached? OUI Contributing Editor Robert McGarvey set out to find the answers: "Right from the start, Tanya admitted—proclaimed even—that she's still a tease and sports a dirty mind. That she's now a liberated redneck who curses and drinks. That the way she dressed on her *TNT* album cover is the way she dresses in public. She *hates* big tits. And she gets turned on by men *in* clothes. Unfortunately, I went to the interview naked."

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORMAN SEEFF

CHUCK PULIN

"I've always had that sexy-type image. That's the way I like to look onstage."

OUI: You've been in the public eye now for eight years. Little thirteen-year-old Tanya is now a twenty-one-year-old woman. How have you changed?

TUCKER: Well, I've learned things. Just the other day, I learned that when you get out of the bathtub, you should dry the top part of you before drying the bottom. 'Cause when you dry the bottom first, the water from the top runs down and you have to dry the bottom all over again. I just learned that. [laughs]

OUI: That makes sense. We've heard a lot about Tanya Tucker's new image. What is it?

TUCKER: God, don't ask *me*. I don't know what to say. Onstage, I like to project a raunchy, hard-driven image. But that's easy. What's tough is when I project several images.

OUI: We're confused.

TUCKER: You should be. I am, too.

OUI: Do you see yourself as a rock 'n' roller?

TUCKER: No, I like to do all kinds of music. I don't want to be limited to just country music or to just rock. I'm not the new rock-'n'-roll queen, 'cause that's not where my roots are. Actually, I don't know what my image is. It's kind of . . . somewhere out there. I just haven't found it yet. Like I said, I have lots of different images, not one certain one. My image is kind of fuzzy.

OUI: Didn't your emulation of Elvis Presley help shape your fuzzy image?

TUCKER: He really inspired me when I was a kid. I thought he was the greatest entertainer who'd ever lived and who ever will live. His music made people go bananas. A lot of people say I copied him, but that's not true. I didn't copy anybody. Onstage, I move a certain way, but it's not because Elvis moved that way. People were saying I copied him before I had even seen Elvis perform. I just move the way I feel like moving. But people started asking, "Do you want to be the female Elvis?" If being the female Elvis involves being successful and being loved by millions of people and selling millions of records, then I'd be a *fool* if I said I didn't.

OUI: So you've never resented the comparison to Presley?

TUCKER: Not at all. [sniffs] I hate to sniff, but I *do* have a cold. When you go around Hollywood sniffing, people say, "Ah, hah!" I've been so afraid to sniff, I've let my nose run.

OUI: From the beginning of your career, even when you were thirteen, you've sung "adult" songs, never novelty tunes for kiddies. Right?

TUCKER: Billy Sherrill [who signed Tanya to a Columbia Records contract] was a smart man. Why do what everybody else does? Take a kid and make a kiddie song. When we put our first record out, he said, "I don't want anybody to know you're thirteen." And it worked. People thought I was thirty-five. Still do. They think I'm either nine or thirty-five. I've *never* sung kiddie songs. Well, there was one time when I was in Phoenix trying to get started—I was ten or eleven—and I went on this children's television show every morning. I had to sing *Here Comes Peter Cottontail, How Much Is That Doggy in the Window?* Drove me crazy. I was going, "Daddy! I can't take no mo' of this!" I was singing *Woman of the World, Leave My World Alone* when I was nine. *Fist City. Your Cheating Heart.* People wouldn't be able to grasp why this little nine-year-old was telling them that her husband's cheating on her.

OUI: A country-music myth is that a singer has personally experienced the woes he or she sings about. So it is weird to hear a thirteen-year-old singing about being deserted by her man—

TUCKER: Even a twenty-year-old, you know. That's part of being an actress—you have to act a little bit to be a singer, to be able to project a song like you've been there, like you know what it's all about. I've always been able to feel a song and project it.

OUI: That's fine for studio recording, but what about when you started touring? Didn't concert promoters try to censor your song selections?

TUCKER: I played one rodeo in Texas, and I had a number-one record, *Would You Lay with Me?* I was fifteen, and they wouldn't let me sing it. I swear, the audience kept saying, "Sing *Lay with Me?*" The kids loved it. It was like rebellion, you know? "She sang a dirty song." It wasn't dirty. You want to hear dirty, get the Knack album. They're my favorite group. I also happen to be into dirty songs.

OUI: You were quoted in 1974, in the midst of that controversy, as saying, "Some people have dirty minds."

TUCKER: [laughs] Like me!

OUI: You also said at that time: "I don't like rock 'n' roll. I like to set a good example for kids my age. All kids aren't hippies. Kids my age need someone besides the rock weirdos to look up to."

TUCKER: [shouting] I said *that!* It's true, I didn't like rock. I wouldn't even listen to it. I used to be a real redneck. I still am, but I'm a liberated redneck, now. You grow, you expand. I've opened my mind and my ears to music. There's still a lot of rock I don't like, and there's lots of country music I can't stand. People who like all of it are crazy. But young people do need someone they can look up to—not someone who's drugged out of his mind onstage. They need someone they can look up to and say, "She's successful, a star. I can be like that." If I can encourage people to become singers, learn the piano or even lay bricks—to do more than what they're doing—it makes me feel my life has been more than just another sticky piece of chewing gum stuck under the table.

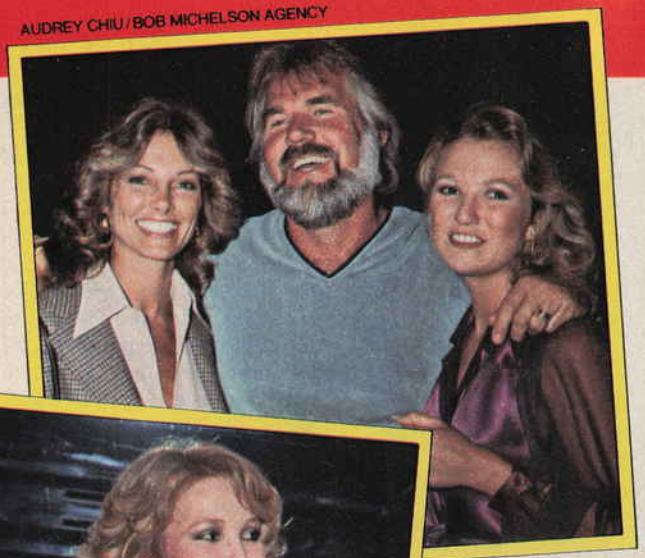
OUI: Nobody's ever called you a piece of chewing gum, but . . . well, from the start you were depicted as somewhat of a teenaged tease.

TUCKER: Onstage, yeah. Offstage, yeah. That, too. [singing] "If you please, she's a tease. You won't get far."

OUI: One reviewer even ob-

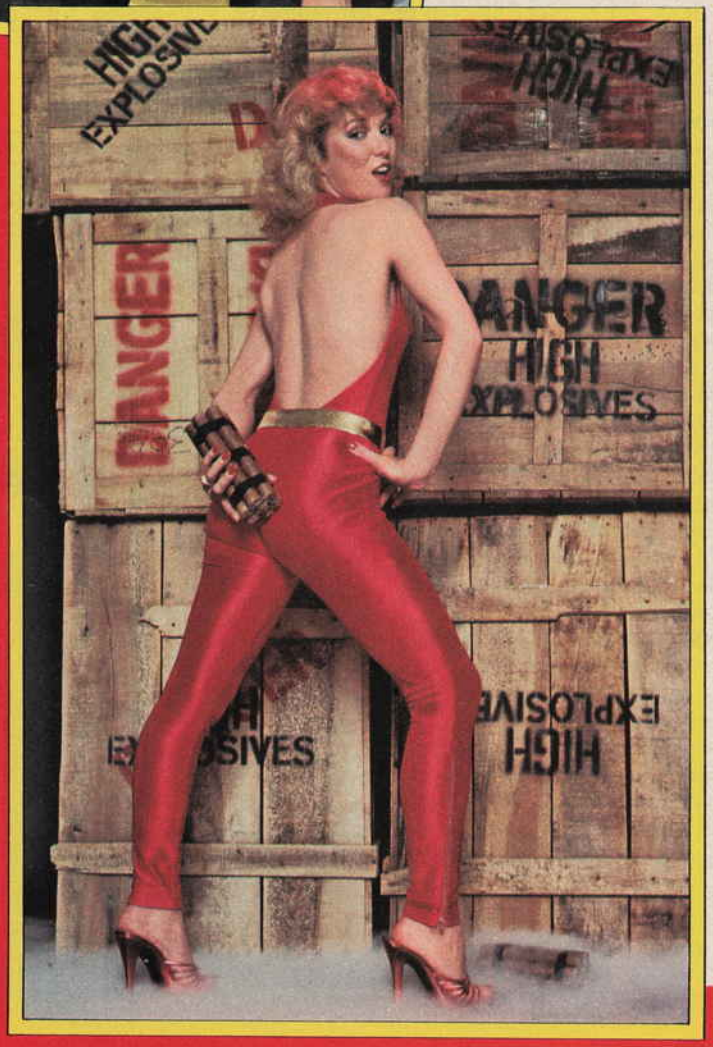
"I'm a liberated redneck now."

AUDREY CHIU / BOB MICHELSON AGENCY



SCOTT DOWNIE / ACE'S ANGELS

With Kenny Rogers and wife (above). Tanya (left): "I'm more than just a sticky piece of gum." From her *TNT* album (below): "It reflects my personality."



served that your "teasing stage manner" caused heavy breathing in the audience.

TUCKER: It's great when guys act crazy. There was one guy who climbed on the stage, kissed me and then fell backward off the stage. If he hadn't been caught, it would've killed him. Dead. 'Cause it was a "see-ment" floor. It *is* exciting to see someone go crazy about you like that, but it could be dangerous.

OUI: Do you have any male groupies?

TUCKER: There aren't as many male groupies as female groupies, but they're out there. They follow you around all over. I'm not so sure they'd, er, *indulge* if you asked them. They're pretty shy. Not as outspoken or belligerent as the females.

OUI: Do you find the attention you get from fans and the press flattering?

TUCKER: Sometimes it's flattering. It's fun to think people are inspired by you and like you . . . go crazy over you when you give them an autograph. I'm sure it could get to be a drag, too. It's not at that point for me. I enjoy people and fans. I can't imagine living in a closed world like Travolta or Elvis—locking themselves up in their own little world. It seems kinda sad to not be able to go out and buy your own shoes. I'm the kind of person who has to be out hanging around.

OUI: Certainly your recent album covers depict you as a very sexual and much sought after woman.

TUCKER: I've always had that sexy-type image, 'cause I've found that's the way I like to look and feel onstage. If that's exploitation, I guess I'm being exploited. I'll get all the women's libbers calling me—which is fine, you know.

OUI: That sexy image is you?

TUCKER: Yeah!

OUI: On the cover of your album *TNT*, there's a huge picture of you wearing a skintight red leotard—

OUI: It's my favorite picture. It sort of reflects my personality. I wear that kind of thing offstage, too. I like to project myself onstage like that, because it's the way I feel. Really powerful! I'm not a tame personality. I like excitement, and that's what music is about to me. If you're going to do rock, it should be real—not just computers and strings. It should be raunchy. It's great stage music. See, I can't just stand there and sing a song. I gotta move around. With *Crossfire*, *Blind Love* [songs from *Tear Me Apart*, Tanya's current album], I can go out and act crazy. Entertaining is a form of craziness, anyway. A form of insanity.

OUI: Despite your craziness onstage, everyone says that you handle yourself with complete maturity. In most interviews, for example, the celebrity is accompanied by a hand-holding publicist. But it seems your people have the confidence in you to leave you alone with OUI.

TUCKER: Or else they don't give a shit. [laughs]

OUI: But in the record industry you are much admired for your maturity.

TUCKER: I don't think too much about what and who I am. When I look back, I see that sometimes my life was difficult. But I've been able to handle it, and I've had the help of my parents. Now I'm twenty-one, and I'll just have to see how I handle it from here. I hope when I'm thirty-one, I can look back and say I handled it well. I don't want to say ten years from now, "Yeah, I did have a drug problem. I was a vegetable. Locked myself in a room for two years. Found God." I want to say, "I'm fine. Got my horses, my ranch, my friends."

OUI: Why do you keep knocking drugs?

TUCKER: It's the way I was brought up. I probably shouldn't be so negative, but I don't want to abuse myself. I do enough of that as it is. [laughs] I was never into the drug scene, never exposed to it. I don't care to be.

OUI: You're in music, though; how could you not be exposed?

TUCKER: I was always protected. Nobody ever came around with drugs. If they did, they got their asses kicked by the people around me.

OUI: Are you still so protected now that you're twenty-one?

TUCKER: No, now I get offered drugs all the time. Even country music has gotten that way recently. When I started, it was unheard of. There were more rock 'n' rollers into drugs. Now the country-music people are too. I just don't need the stuff.

OUI: Sure, and there's always

booze. I overheard one of your management firm's employees say that when Mike Chapman [Tanya's producer] came in this morning, he was muttering, "That fucking Tucker! She called every hour on the hour last night!" You don't want OUI readers to think you get drunk every night and make strange telephone calls—

TUCKER: [laughs] No, not every night—just every week or so. It's my favorite trick, calling people in the middle of the night. I put people through all sorts of tests. Little tests. Constantly. I test my friends to see if they really do care about me. Maybe I'll call them at three in the morning to see if they get mad. Good friends are very hard to find. I'm constantly testing them, putting them in order. You have to. You want to know who to run to when you get into trouble.

OUI: So you do have your little habits. What about sex? You've been quoted as saying, "I'm not into the liberalness and nakedness of today."

TUCKER: I could have said that. I don't know. It's true, yeah. If I were offered eighty million dollars to do a nude layout, I'd never do it. If everybody else wants to do it, that's fine.

OUI: *Eighty* million dollars?

TUCKER: [ponders the vastness of the sum] Nope. 'Cause I got my kids and my grandkids to face. It's not worth it to me.

OUI: You're planning to have kids? When?

TUCKER: [studying her stomach] *Right now!* When I'm about thirty, I guess. But I might meet somebody when I walk out this door and decide to get married and have kids nine months from now.

OUI: You'll settle down into a conventional family life?

TUCKER: Sit back on the farm and feed the chickens. Right now, that's all in the future. It's something I want to do after I'm through having a good time, checking out the latest fashions, meeting all the new guys in town. Driving fast cars. Going to fancy restaurants.

OUI: Fast men and fast cars? What kinds?

TUCKER: A Porsche Turbo. Very quick. An animal.

OUI: Do you have the speeding tickets to prove it?

TUCKER: Nope. I got a good C.B.

OUI: One last Tucker quote: "You can be very sexy with your clothes on . . ."

TUCKER: You *can* be sexy with your clothes on. More so. There's so much more to be desired. I'd much rather see a man with his clothes on. It's a real turn-on. It's great to guess. I've been to parties where I wore a dress that went up to my neck and was slit up the side—all the way to my ass. Some girl can walk in with a blouse that's totally see-through, and I'll get more looks than she will. Men like to use their imaginations. It's not exercised all too often. The kind of man I'd fall in love with would be like that. A basic down-to-earth human person.

OUI: What about the trend in music that's bringing more sex and nudity onstage?

TUCKER: I saw a girl onstage once—she was just starting out—and she had this blouse on. You could see *everything*. Trying to use her body instead of her talent. It's kinda disgusting. Sometimes you can be risqué in a classy way. I've seen really classy gals who were wearing those gowns slit down to their navels, you know. They looked great. But it's offensive, sometimes. Especially to other women. It becomes *very* offensive. A girl with large bosoms, a large chest, large tits walks into the room and, like, she's soooo obvious. You become offended—or maybe I should say, intimidated.

OUI: So much for fast women. What about fast men? What besides imagination do you like in men?

TUCKER: Oh, God. Let's not get into *that*. I like 'em all.

OUI: What kinds do you especially like? What kinds do you date?

TUCKER: All kinds. At first, I didn't want to go out with anyone in this business; I felt it was detrimental. Now I think they should be in some form of the business, because they have to understand it. The only two loves of my life were not in the business. The first was a horse trainer; the second was a bronc rider.

OUI: We heard that you like cowboys . . .

TUCKER: Oh, yeah! My favorite people. They're a very interesting breed, and they're dying out. But they just don't understand my business—don't like it—don't like the people. On the other hand, actors are so immature. So are musicians. I find myself liking older men who are more distinguished, more settled in their lives, more secure. I'm secure but insecure at the same time. I could go to Acapulco in the morning. I do things on the spur of the moment. For balance in my life, I need someone who can relate to that and do it every once in a while. But, at the same time, he should be able to say, "No. *This* is what you're going to do." I need some sort of, er, strong arm. ■

"You can be sexy with your clothes on. Men like to use their imagination. The man I fall in love with would be like that."

(Continued from page 56)
Since there is no real reason to do otherwise, the girls stay fully (if unfortunately) dressed. We kibitz about for a while, gradually losing our mutual embarrassment, until we become fairly comfortable.

But this admittedly fragile state of well-being is shattered when another girl, someone who has no connection with any of this, suddenly emerges from one of the toilet stalls, nonchalantly adjusting something under her dress. "Whoops," she cries when she sees me, and dives back into the stall, her hand still under her dress. Our shocked silence is now broken by the sound of hysterical giggling and a frenzy of rapid-fire toilet flushing. The girl stays inside, apparently ready to brave siege, fire bombing and an F in P.E., rather than show her face again.

At any rate, this seems to signal the end of our little party, and we all file rather bemusedly out. I thank the girls and promise to send them advance copies.

"Don't bother," Marina says, smiling prettily. "Coach won't let us read them."

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All right. The bottom line on the Santa Barbara volleyball team: Close but no cigar. The bells on my phone are rusting waiting for Chris Evert to call, and my deadline is sneaking up on me. With increasing pessimism, I call the Women's Basketball League, headquartered in New York. Their spokesman does wonders for my heart rate by telling me that the league itself does not police locker rooms, and each team is free to open or close them as they wish. Furthermore, he says, most of the teams open their locker rooms for up to 15 minutes after every game, and reporters, *regardless of sex*, can conduct interviews at that time. Afterward, the doors are closed for privacy and group hygiene.

Amazed and excited, I call MaryPat Fink of the San Francisco Pioneers. "Well, yes," she says, "we did have open locker rooms our opening night, but we found that the room was too small for all the people who wanted to get in." (I'll *bet*.) "So now we just have the girls stay on the court after the game to do interviews."

This news is both heartening and discouraging. Heartening because at least one girls' locker room was open at least once; discouraging because I wasn't there to participate. So I call a few of the reporters who were there to get an idea of what happened. Bruce Jenkins of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, who admits that he "wasn't so hot to go in there in the first place," describes standing at the locker-room door "with one foot in there," looking at the players look at themselves—still dressed, of course—in their light-bulb-studded mirrors. "It was very cramped quarters," says Bruce. "There was simply no way to go in there."

Sounds reasonable. Basketball players do tend to take up an inordinate amount of space. But when I talk to Denise Tom of the

BEING THERE

The amazing thing about it is that everyone is totally casual, as if this sort of thing goes on every day.

Oakland Tribune, a different picture starts to emerge. According to Denise, when the Pioneers coach told all the reporters to go in, the men just stood in the doorway, refusing to budge. "There was plenty of room," Denise says. "I went in, and so did a couple of the other girl reporters. But the men just stood there." And, apparently, New York reporters were no braver than the San Francisco troops, for Denise reports that the New York Stars' locker-room scene was a virtual replay of the Pioneers'.

This is the best news I've had yet. Somehow the picture of a bunch of macho sports reporters standing paralyzed and tongue-tied at the entrance to a girls' locker room—held back by some invisible, and probably internal, chain—while the girls actually waited for them to come in, tickles me in places where I don't get tickled too often. Also, of course, it means the way is still clear for me to do the icebreaking.

I call Ed Munson of the California Dreams, Southern California's counterpart to the Stars and Pioneers, and he invites me into their locker room without a second thought. It's their first home game, so I still have a chance to become the first male reporter to gain entry into the misty and mysterious confines of a real, honest-to-God girls' locker room.

Game day. Chrissie is long forgotten as I race down the freeway to the Long Beach Arena, where the Dreams will play, of all teams, the San Francisco Pioneers. I take my place at the press table and sit back to read my program. This thoughtfully constructed document tells me a number of interesting facts. To wit:

- Girls play basketball with a ball that is two inches smaller than the one the guys use.
- The owners of the Dreams bought the team for $100,000. (If this seems like a bargain, consider that the most successful team in the league last year *lost* $150,000.)
- Dreams coach Mel Sims runs a women's basketball camp called Score.

My chortling is interrupted by the start of the game. The girls here are big, graceful and amazingly skilled, although they don't yet have anybody who shoots down at the basket in the manner of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Still, the game is played competently and with spirit, the Dreams quickly falling behind as a cute little 5'8" sprite named Anita Ortega chews them up with what seems like an unending series of flashing drives to the hoop. By the second half, the Dreams' cause seems hopeless, despite Coach Sims's impassioned time-out exhortations to his "ladies."

As the game draws to an end, I begin to feel an attack of butterflies. Bill Russell, I remember, used to throw up before every game, but I never heard of a reporter blowing his guts just because the game was about to end. I try to persuade the guy sitting next to me, a reporter for the *Santa Ana Register*, to go in the locker room with me, but he pleads marriage or some such irrelevant excuse.

Finally, the game is over, and there's no way out. I follow the team to the locker room, waiting patiently as the door is closed in my face. By now my attitude is more or less fatalistic—*que sera sera* and all that—and I occupy my time devising questions that sound more legitimate than "Hey, how come people think you girls are a bunch of bulldykes who can't find a more discreet way to rub bodies?"

The door is opened, and I am momentarily dazzled by the bright light emanating from the temple. Munson ushers me in—*in*, you hear me?—and I stand there for a moment taking in the scene. I'm in what amounts to a lounge, with carpeted floors (the sign of a class organization, according to the Denver Broncos) and wooden dressing stalls. Two guys from NBC stand in one corner—the one closest to the door, I notice—interviewing the coach. The girls, still in uniform, sit quietly on benches, examining corns and callouses while they wait for someone to come talk to them. The amazing thing about it is that everyone is totally casual, as if this sort of thing goes on every day. There are no titters, no whispered jokes, no blushes, no acknowledgement that barriers are indeed being broken down here. The fact is, nobody seems to give a damn. Everyone is disgustingly poised.

I find out why when I sit down to talk to Stacy Rhoades, who gets paid something like $13,000 a year to be one of the Dreams' stars. Stacy tells me that the whole team was put through a mandatory John Robert Powers charm course, just so, as Stacy puts it, "we could talk to reporters better." Pam Shirley, a cute little guard from Albuquerque, confirms this, and adds that the Powers course was designed "to make us act more like ladies, on and off the court."

On the court? I suggest that that may have had something to do with their defeat tonight.

Pam laughs and admits that nobody expects them to try slam dunks while balancing books on their heads. She's a very relaxed, friendly girl and, despite my official status, I'm starting to feel a little friendly myself. But just as I'm about to ask her for a tour of the shower room—which is cleverly hidden from view—Munson announces that time's up and smoothly escorts me and the NBC chaps from the premises.

(Continued on page 104)

"Sounds like one hell of a party on the third floor."

Volleyball Jones

At the Santa Cruz County Beach volleyball tournament, it was psychological warfare at its worst. And the secret weapon was the Bronze Bombshell.

It does seem unbelievable now but, at first, I didn't even notice her. I must have been crazed, insane, possessed by the peculiar rituals that traditionally accompany opening day of the Santa Cruz County Beach volleyball season.

And why not?

The day cried out for craziness. Across that net crouched our archenemies (and last year's tournament runners-up), a pair of local high school coaches, known up and down the beach (out of their hearing) as Spazky and Crutch. This appellation was a result of their resemblance to that pair of prime-time TV narcs who have about as many moral compunctions between them as J. Edgar Hoover and Attila the Hun. Honor had spoken and demanded their defeat; the partisan crowd spoke even louder and more pithily: "Crush 'em!"

But there was more, much more, than mere honor at stake here on the sizzling sand. There was money. Lots of it.

Over on the sidelines (don't ask me how Bobby concocts these wild schemes) sat Smooth Sol, exclusive West Coast agent for Cheetahs, tennis shoe of the pros. In his briefcase rested a pair of contracts which, upon being signed, Bobby assured me, would instantly abort our dismal careers as pizza chefs. All we had to do was show Smooth Sol that we were as photogenic and as talented as Bobby had promoted us to be.

Excited? Put it this way: My focus was so intensely and rigidly wired in on the confines of the volleyball courts that had King Kong come climbing down off the roof of the Dream Inn to join Godzilla in a gangbang with Fay Wray, I would have noticed

Fiction by Dave Hyams

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. WHITE III

only that they constituted a potential hazard along the far foul line.

The crowd was already half drunk and feeling very good. "Dukes, Dukes," they chanted, quaffing toasts to our assured victory. "Blood!" yelled one overlubricated fan.

I glimpsed her out of the corner of my eye, as I turned to confirm signals with Bobby—a glint of bronze like a shiny new Lincoln penny. Then she was lost in the crowd.

"If it's blood they want, we'll give them blood," I thought, as I stepped to the back line and prepared my opening serve. Things started off beautifully and, by mid-game, I could see Sol pulling out the contracts and licking the nib of his pen.

Hold the pepperoni!

"Twelve-nine, service, friends," chanted Bobby, tossing the ball gently skyward and rearing back to launch his serve.

But our opponents, fascistic madmen though they were (Crutch was widely rumored to have run right over his mother when he found her body obstructing an important shot in a playoff several years back), were also undeniably good volleyball players—good enough to have earned their second sobriquet, the Six Million Dollar Men. They showed it now. Crutch rammed the ball right back down our gym trunks, and the Six Million Dollar Men moved to the attack.

Two hard-fought—but from our point of view, futile—points later, the crowd of sweating, nearly naked beachophytes lay silent in their canvas-backed chairs, sipping nervously at warm beers. Sol had put away the contracts and was hiding behind the latest issue of *Money*, trying to look like a casual spectator—a difficult feat when lounging on a beach towel in a three-piece suit.

Our lead had dwindled to a single point. I hiked up my red, white and blue silk shorts and dropped into an alert crouch to await Crutch's serve. We got a break when a gust of wind slowed up their serve and, before opportunity could knock a second time, we opened the door and welcomed it in. Bobby bumped the ball, I set it and, his goggles flashing in the sun, Bobby rose to make the kill. They managed to get a hand on the ball and popped a weak return over the net. But we controlled the point now; they were completely off-balance.

I turned and dropped to my knees to give Bobby a nice, slow-falling set, one to which he could affix the Old Linquisa Twist. But the moment the ball grazed my upturned wrists, at this worst of all possible instants, the Bronze Bombshell was revealed to me in all her scintillating glory. Shiny pennies turned into dazzling gold mines.

The ball skittered off into the sand, forgotten. I forgot that today was opening day for the league. I forgot that we faced our archenemies across the net and that we only led by a single, slim point. In fact, I had pretty much forgotten that we were even

VOLLEYBALL JONES

Her stomach glistened with an oil that exuded a tropical scent like guava jelly. The ball sailed by me.

playing volleyball as I stumbled across the sand with glazed eyes. My short-circuited cortical regions formed vague thoughts of ravishment or marriage, or maybe both.

She lay perfectly still on her back with her legs spread wide. The air around her thighs and stomach undulated provocatively of its own accord, the way a mirage or an oasis shimmers on the desert. "Let me drink of your waters, my sweet secret spring," I muttered incoherently as Bobby grabbed me from behind.

"The game, fool. We're losing the game!"

"It's all a game, Bobby."

He commenced shaking me, and I came partway around. But not far enough. On the next point, Spazky and Crutch forged ahead 13–12, and I noticed that the spread V at the top of her long legs pressed out against some bronze material that clung like hot reptilian scales. I understood now how Eve had been seduced by a serpent.

14–12. Her stomach glistened with an oil that steamed and exuded a tropical scent like guava jelly. I was inspired to do a reggae two-step while chanting a list of possible uses for passion fruit and papaya. The ball sailed by me, unnoticed.

Game point. What little willpower remained rose up and joined my primal volleyball instincts to lock me back into the game. We still had a chance. Spazky reared back and sent a screamer down the right line. Bobby dove a good six feet and tipped it. I set the ball high, and he slapped it over. They popped it right back, hoping to catch us off-balance, but we were waiting. I bumped, Bobby set it back to me . . . and then she moved, lazily lifting one leg, straining the bronze triangle until I could see parted lips smiling out at me. She scratched from her ankle right on up. I contemplated the validity of ancient-Egyptian cat worship. We lost the game.

"Isis, my feline love, it is I, Osiris . . ."

"Sunstroke," yelled Bobby, slinging me over his shoulder. He ran for the cover of our rooting section, while I purred and meowed like a tom smelling the guava scent of a kitty in heat.

Mistah C was waiting as usual with a sweating, ice-cold Miller's in each hand, as we flopped down on the blanket. Though not much of a ballplayer, the C's unerring timing and smooth, swift manipulation of a bottle opener have garnered him the MVF (Most Valuable Fan) nomination for two years running. "What the hell happened out there? You were doing fine; then the kid just went to pieces."

"I told him not to play without a hat. He could've borrowed mine," said Bob, pulling off what I am sure is the only sun visor topped with full-sized Mickey Mouse ears ever to be used in tournament-level volleyball.

"What are you doing?"

"Best thing for sunstroke," replied the C, as a foaming stream of golden liquid cascaded down my face and neck. "I was an Eagle Scout."

"Looks like a waste of perfectly good beer to me," replied Bobby.

It worked. Shaking the suds out of my eyes, I looked around. "We're back in Kansas, Toto," I muttered as the last Oz-like traces of my trance washed away. Then I remembered. "Which way did she go?" I scrambled frantically to my knees.

"She?" repeated Bob. "She who?" Then it dawned on him. "Oh, no!"

"You can't mean that little teen queen who was flaunting herself over by the backcourts?" queried the C. "Man, she just got out of braces."

I scanned the beach. She was gone.

So was Sol.

That night, I tossed on my bed, feeling the warm sea wind float through the open window to tease me with its salty tongue. Tongue, lips, hair. I was preoccupied with the realization that I had not the faintest idea what lithe, animate delights might lie above that belly button. One session had made me a recognized authority on the supple swelling of this precocious child's tanned thighs. I could estimate the depth of her navel to be the length of one significant and quite swollen digit. The equations that predicted and duplicated the twin curved planes of her bottom beneath the paper-thin bathing suit had been worked out, and the answer made me as hard as tooled steel. But above the waist—no data. In my mind, I could sculpt those thrusting hipbones that held the material of her suit up above the canyon of her lower belly, affording such a breathtaking view, but I couldn't tell you if she wore braces or not.

I resolved to find out.

•

We walked through our next five matches. Word was out that the Six Million Dollar Men had dropped two, leaving us once more at the top of the sandpile. Bobby's serve had become so convoluted that Confucius himself would've been hard pressed to explain it, much less return it.

The Bronze Bombshell put in an occasional appearance. She would set up her blanket on some far corner of the beach, smear her voluptuousness with oil and go to sleep, remaining motionless for hours at a time, while Bobby and I practiced bumping the ball back and forth. Though she remained at the extreme edge of visibility, I developed a sort of radar that unerringly

(Continued on page 115)

Bare Facts

Our view of those super sexy, sleek, suggestive, daring, topless, bottomless, backless, strapless . . . swimsuits

Photography by Phillip Dixon

The sand is hot, the surf is up, the sun is high. . . . Finally, it's summer. Beaches, pools, rivers, lakes—anywhere there's some cool, cool water—are jumping with folks getting off on being outside again. Balls bounce, skates roll, Frisbees fly and sunbathers swelter devotedly in the salty-skinned quest for the perfect tan. Everything is ready for the season's real treat—the appearance of the new bathing suits.

It gets better every year, too. Tall girls, short girls, svelte and zaftig, young and old. All wearing swimsuits that suggest much more than they reveal. Ah, the many splendors of swimwear.

However, the bathing suit is much more than something in which to take a dip or to soak up the rays. Since the Forties, it's become a standard means of achieving media attention—a brief, breezy costume change on the road to stardom. The pinup queens of World War Two—Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Jane Russell—patriotically slipped into wet wear and spurred our armed forces on to tumescent victory. Certainly, wearing so little had never meant so much.

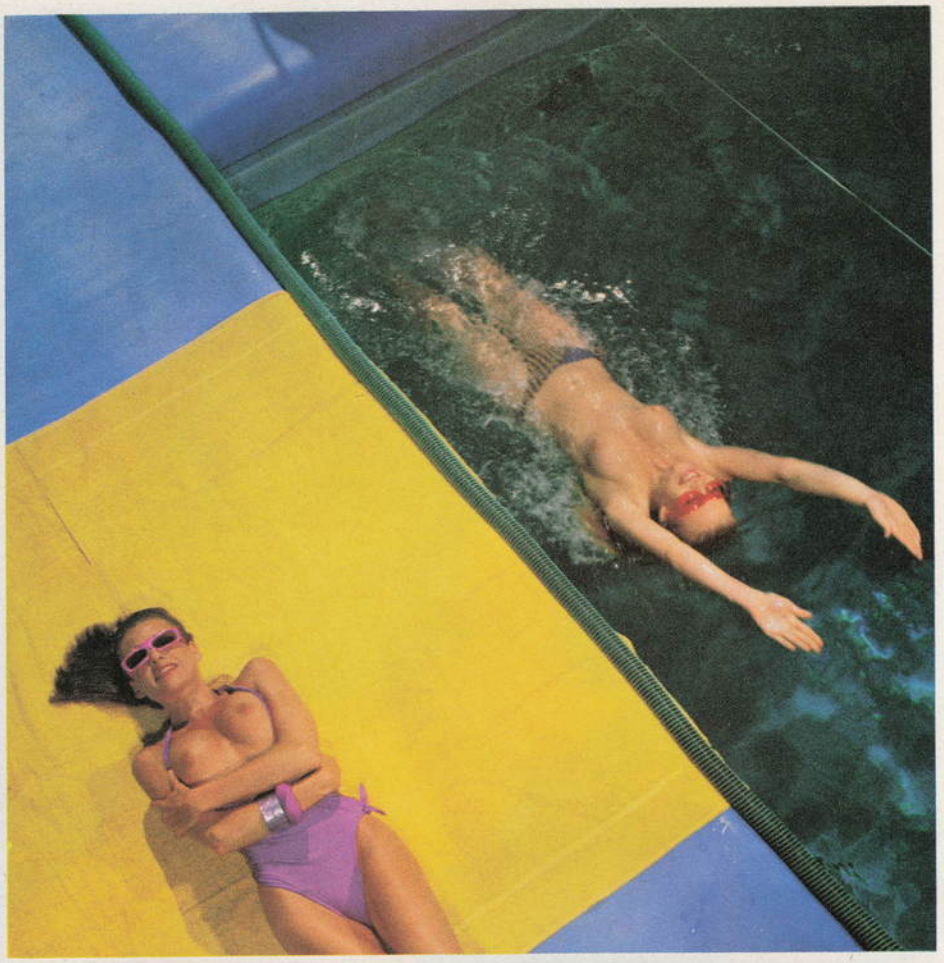
In the Fifties, a succession of provocative publicity photos showing Marilyn Monroe in a deliciously endless collection of two-piece, one-piece and no-piece swimsuits helped rocket the blonde

bombshell to superstardom. Though no other Fifties starlet achieved Marilyn's stature, a bevy of buxom beauties tried the bathing-suit route to the top, achieving varying degrees of success and exposure. Jayne Mansfield filled a mean leopard-skin bikini in her quest for fame, while in Europe, Anita Ekberg, Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren displayed their hefty talents in towelish toggery tailor-made to garner them starring roles.

In the Sixties, Raquel Welch snuggled her comely curves into a Neanderthal version of a one-strap maillot. There was nothing prehistoric about her success, however. Of course, the pinup took a backseat to Day-Glo activism and rock celebrities during the late Sixties and early Seventies. But lately, a bumper crop of poster girls in string bikinis and strapless suits have been charming their way into multimillion-dollar deals. Wet and wonderful Bo Derek, teasingly tawdry Farrah Fawcett, as well as Cheryl Ladd, Suzanne Somers, Charlene Tilton and Cheryl Tiegs have all broken big by looking good in bathing suits. And let's not forget other valuable dry-land uses for swimsuits: No self-respecting car show or convention is complete without bikini-clad models, and bathing-suit competitions are an integral part of beauty pageants the globe over.

The swimming suit has won its share of headlines, too. In 1907, when then-famous Australian swimmer Annette Kellerman walked out on a Boston beach wearing a sleeveless one-piece suit hemmed *above* the knees, she was promptly arrested for openly defying accepted dress codes.

As fashions became more recklessly revealing in



the Roaring Twenties, a wave of arrests flooded the country. In the summer of 1922, Chicago police booked scores of daring bathers, prompting one Chicago daily to remark that officers seemed almost too eager to manhandle young women wearing less on the beach than their own good wives probably wore in bed.

In 1947, some sunstroked genius in the south of France gave the bikini to the world, thus altering the tide of history. Roman Catholic portions of said world were aghast: The bikini was swiftly banned in Italy, Spain and Brazil. But the Bikini Ban was no match for excited females insistent on their right to expose innies and outties to the solar glow.

Swimsuit controversy erupted again in 1964, when model Peggy Moffitt appeared in the pages of *Life* wearing one of designer Rudi Gernreich's topless numbers. Though the topless bathing suit never really caught on, it *did* loosen the last strap, so to speak. Shorelines from the Riviera to Redondo to Bali now boast bronze, bare-bosomed sun worshipers and swimmers. But of all the publications that have seen fit to celebrate the swimsuit, *Sports Illustrated* has probably made the greatest contribution to the furtherance of fluvial fashions. Each year, *Sports Illustrated* increases its circulation—and the circulation of its readers—with a special swimsuit issue. Cheryl Tiegs, Barbara Carrera and Christie Brinkley are among the models whose seductive looks and scanty swimsuits have graced that magazine's covers. Needless to say, everyone benefited from the exposure.

Homage has been paid to these water-sport raiments in movies and song, too. Sandra Dee, Annette Funicello, Tuesday

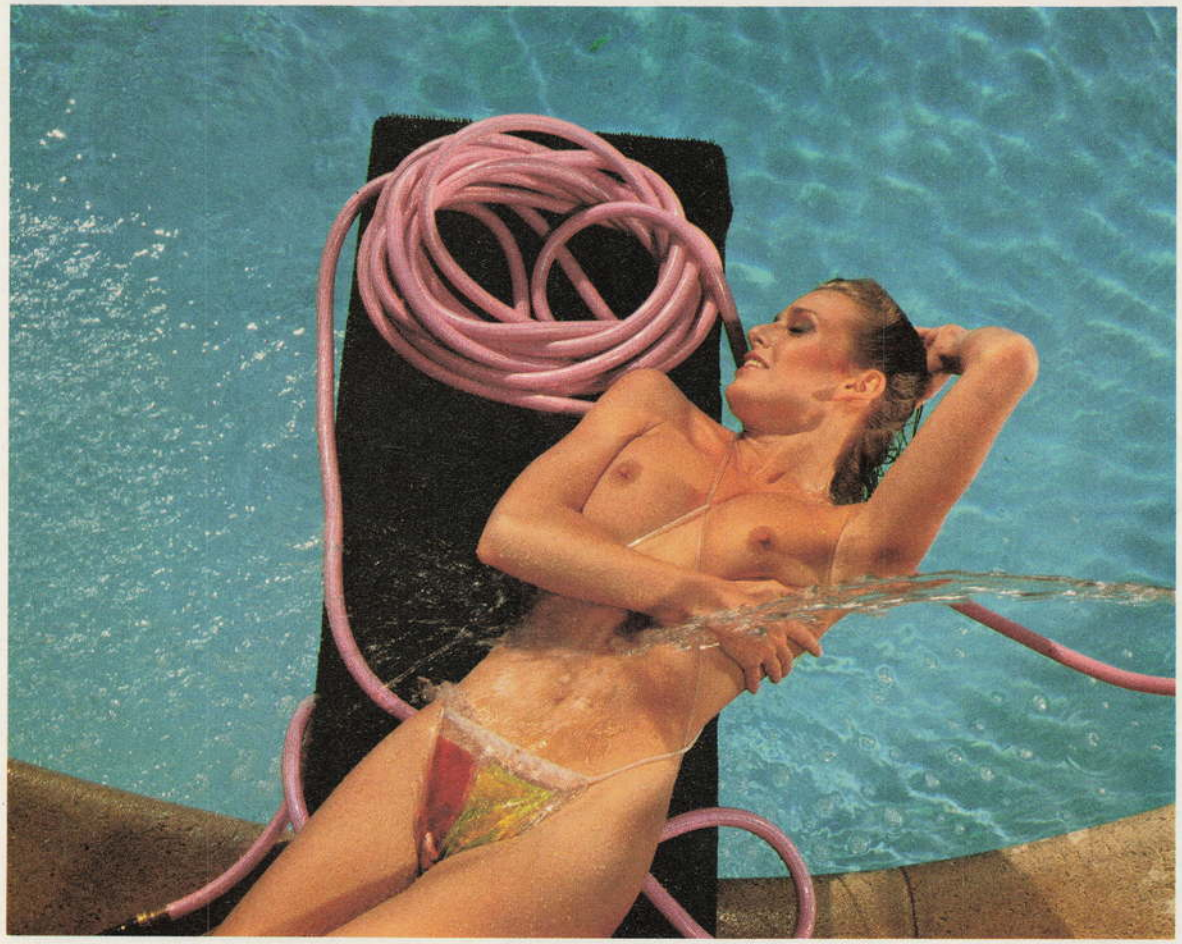
Weld and other California beach bunnies bounced through one youth-oriented surf pic after another. Hits like *Itsy Bitsy, Teenie Weenie, Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini* and, more recently, the B-52s' *Rock Lobster* have saluted surfside garmentry.

In the Eighties, bathing-suit fashions encompass two distinct schools of thought: more and less. Some designers and their curvaceous customers have opted for the skimpiest, sheerest, plungiest of looks. Others have chosen to return to a more demure, flirtatious brand of femininity—breezy sun skirts and frilly tops, suggesting the undulating motions of the forms beneath. Both schools of thought offer satisfying results to the roving eye, and the beaches are a veritable gold mine of voyeuristic delight. Long, leggy girls lying spread-eagle across hot-colored towels. Glistening, coconut-oiled thighs, smooth, lotioned limbs and full, moist lips, redolent with the tang of sea salt—these are the true intoxicants of summer.

Today's bathing suits are available in just about every combination of colors imaginable. Pulsating Day-Glo pinks. Black-and-white stripes. Flesh tone. Ripe-fruit hues: peach, plum, apricot. Fabrics run the gamut from slinky, spandex-laden nylon to shirred ripples of cotton to the wholesome sexiness of terrycloth.

Whatever the style or color, the sporty, bare play-clothes that abound on the shores offer the best of both worlds. They show you what's there, yet they leave something to the heated scapes of daydreams.

Wet or dry, one piece or two, backless or strapless, fishnet or frilly—the bathing suit on the right body is a wonder to behold. It makes you wish summer would never go away. ■



FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE SWIMSUITS IN THIS ARTICLE, SEE THE BUYER'S GUIDE ON PAGE 104.

(Continued from page 92)

Once outside, I heave an enormous sigh that is more than just relief. Pam Shirley, I say to myself. Good stock. Just as cute, just as clever and just as in shape as Chrissie Evert, with one enormous advantage over my erstwhile backhand love: accessibility.

•

The next day, as I sit mooning over Pam, the telephone rings. It's not Chrissie. It's Sandy Lynn, P.R. person for the Utah State University volleyball team, a team I'd seen in action at the UCLA tournament. Sandy's checked with her athletic director, and they want me to come up and check out their locker room. "Please come," Sandy says. "The girls are all fired-up."

Oh, yeah? All fired-up, are they? I'm beginning to find this a little hard to believe. Not only have I been *allowed* into a girls' locker room and rest room; I'm now practically being *dragged* into a third, with a group of "fired-up" six-footers waiting to welcome me. Not only that, but the invitation comes from a school located smack dab in the middle of Mormon America. Somehow I must have slept through this aspect of the sexual revolution, because this assignment has suddenly become amazingly easy.

Still, the invitation is almost impossible to resist, so off I go to Logan, Utah, proud home of 30,000 Mormons and the world's largest Swiss-cheese factory. On arrival, I find that Sandy has booked me a room with a bed big enough for me and half the team. Hopefully, this is what she has in mind. I pace around the room, waiting for someone to pick me up for the game and wondering if I'm about to be stood up by an entire volleyball team.

Eventually a team manager arrives and drives me out to the gym. Sandy is there, already suited up for what is apparently a game between the faculty/alumni and the varsity. She looks gorgeous—tall and blonde, with that openness of features common to Texas girls and a body that immediately makes one think of self-sacrifice.

She also happens to be a conscientious P.R. type, and she turns me over to athletic director Marilyn Weiss, a shortish woman whose driving ambition is to turn Utah State into the USC of women's sports. In the course of interviewing her, I find out that Pam Shirley was one of her athletes, starting way back in high school, and she gives me the unspoken impression that if I want to get anywhere with Pam, I'm going to have to ask her first.

Now the game starts, and I settle back to watch. The faculty/alumni team has three former all-Americans, including Sandy, and the varsity is the current national champion. So the game is quality, if a bit devil-may-care. During time-outs, for example,while the faculty/alumni team complains about sore muscles and arthritic knees, two of the girls on the varsity start playing Frisbee with what looks like a toilet seat. The game goes on in that spirit and is soon over, the varsity winning.

BEING THERE

In all the time I spent inside, I saw not one butt patted, not one towel snapped, not one Tampax flung.

Time for that now-familiar troop to the locker room; time to find out what these fired-up girls have in store for me. Once inside, I take a quick look around, finding no racks of vibrators, no graffiti indicating that "Jocko Johnson gives good clit." But my disappointment is momentarily put aside when assistant coach Katrinka Crawford, a wild-looking thing with spiky hair and Slavic eyes, starts taking off her shirt. This is accompanied by wild cheerings and promptings—especially mine. But this doesn't get very far, as the other coaches and the athletic director walk in, striking *dueña* attitudes and effectively putting a damper on Katrinka's capers.

So we all sit around, doggedly relaxed, shooting the shit and telling locker-room jokes. (Example: What's the difference between a Pygmy hunter and a girl track star? One is a cunning runt. The other is a running . . .) By now, my pioneer spirit has just about dissipated and, after listening to the girls talk about some of their favorite stunts—apparently they've been banned for life from the University of Minnesota for doing dog piles during time-outs—I find myself starting to nod and yawn.

Sandy drives me back to my motel. Neither she nor anyone else accompanies me inside, leaving me to reflect rather sadly on a world so fast, so sophisticated, so blasé, that even piercing the lace-panty curtain can become just another job.

•

All right. There are conclusions to be reached here, and pills of varying degrees of bitterness to be swallowed. After parking my butt in two legitimate girls' locker rooms and one ladies' rest room, I can confidently report the following.

• No matter what you might have heard, thought or dreamed up in your most secret fantasies, nothing much goes on in girls' locker rooms. (I am so convinced of this that when the Ladies' Professional Golf Association invited me into the locker room at a golf tournament in Florida, I tactfully declined, telling them that I couldn't be there that day because my German shepherd needed a haircut.) In all those minutes I spent inside, I saw not one butt patted, not one towel snapped, not one Tampax flung. In fact, I suspect that most of the girls go home to shower.

• Girls' locker rooms are not designed to encourage open-pit free-for-alls, except maybe in Hollywood. In fact, most shower rooms are cleverly placed around corners or behind parapets, presumably so that invading male reporters will be suitably stymied.

• Girls do not smell when they sweat. This may come as a big shock to aroma freaks, but I have convincing proof. When I came home from my first locker room, crawled into bed and snuggled up next to my girlfriend, she came awake instantly and sniffed me up and down like a cuckolded cat. Finally, she drew herself up to her full fury, her eyes gleaming with jealousy. "All right," she barked. "You weren't in any girls' locker room. Where the hell *were* you?" ■

SWIM WHERES

The following super sexy swimsuits were featured in *Bare Facts* on pages 97 through 103.

Page 97
The Vamp by Reve, $45; nylon spandex available in iridescent magenta or black from Neo Fashionette, 93 Wall Street, Seattle, WA 98121.

Page 98
Black-and-yellow-striped deep-plunge one-piece in cotton Lycra, $45, from Keiko in Beverly Hills, 9328 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90210 (style #162).

Page 99 (top)
Lavender one-piece in cotton Lycra, $17.99, from Ohrbach's, Los Angeles.
Lavender-and-yellow-striped cotton-Lycra bikini, $32 complete, from Keiko in Beverly Hills (style #163).
Sunglasses from Too Soon to Know, West Hollywood, Calif.

Page 99 (bottom)
Red-white-and-blue-striped deep-plunge one-piece in cotton Lycra, $42, from Keiko in Beverly Hills (style #161).

Page 100 –101
Red-white-and-blue-striped cotton-Lycra bikini, $32 complete, from Keiko in Beverly Hills (style #163).
Bright-blue deep-plunge one-piece in nylon and Lycra, $45, from Keiko in Beverly Hills (style #166).

Page 102 (top)
Leopard-print one-piece, ca. 1950s, from Cole of California (no longer available).
Leopard-print G-string, $22, from Keiko in Beverly Hills (style #169).

Page 102 (bottom)
Vinyl two-piece bikini from L.A. designer Gregory Poe, $75.

Page 103
Pink-and-turquoise one-pieces with striped front ties in spandex, $42, from Keiko in Beverly Hills (style #165).

C. Barsotti

50 things you never knew about sex until you read this

Compiled by Christopher Fryer

1. In contrast to only 5 percent of British males, nearly 90 percent of American males are circumcised.

2. The penis has fewer nerve endings than the clitoris.

3. Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII, had three breasts.

4. Next to the genitals, the hottest part of your body during sex is your thumbs.

5. In Tibet, virgins are considered worthless.

6. During coitus, most men ejaculate in less than five minutes.

7. When masturbating, most men ejaculate within 90 seconds.

8. Wealthy people enjoy sex less than poor people do.

9. Only one in 4000 adult males is anatomically incapable of ejaculation.

10. Humans are the only animals who stimulate the breasts during sex.

11. Graham crackers were invented to curb the sexual appetites of adolescent girls.

12. Because it increases blood pressure, heart rate and respiration, anxiety helps to make good sex.

13. Sarah Bernhardt had more than 1000 lovers.

14. *Penis* is Latin for "tail."

15. Soaking your testicles in ice water can increase sperm production.

16. Sixty-nine percent of white American males have had an experience with a prostitute.

17. Sexual arousal can relieve hay fever.

18. U. S. Patent No. 587,994 is a male chastity belt.

19. Attila the Hun died while making love, not war.

20. In Thailand, some families raise their youngest males as females, so they can become transvestite whores when they get older.

21. Aristotle believed that ejaculation was controlled by contraction of the buttocks.

22. Some females have orgasms at as early an age as four months.

23. Farmers in Java make love in the fields at night to stimulate the growth of their rice crops.

24. Princess Anne of Great Britain was the only competitor in the 1976 Summer Olympics who was not given a sex test.

25. Body temperature of the testicles is a few degrees below the normal 98.6°.

26. Recently, a six-year-old Peruvian girl gave birth.

27. Immanuel Kant died a virgin.

28. There are 14,288,400 possible combinations of sexual positions for a man and a woman to engage in.

29. An Israeli court recently ordered a schoolteacher either to have sexual relations with his wife or to pay a weekly fine of 36 pieces of gold until he did so.

30. Some African tribes circumcise their women when they reach puberty.

31. Sneezing is the physiological phenomenon that most closely resembles the climactic and explosive discharge that occurs during orgasm.

32. The longest pregnancy on record lasted 20 years.

33. Some women can achieve orgasm by having their eyebrows stroked.

34. Men who wear Jockey-type briefs tend to have lower sperm counts than men who wear boxer shorts.

35. Adolf Hitler often ejaculated during his speeches.

36. *Vagina* is Latin for "sheath."

37. Ann Landers' most unusual letter came from a bride whose husband, a mortician, had confessed to her that he could only make love with women who either were dead or pretended to be.

38. Laura Bell became London's highest-priced prostitute when she charged Prince Jung Badahur £250,000 for one night.

39. Female porcupines sometimes engage in homosexual activities.

40. The Marquis de Sade spent 13 years in prison for poisoning a number of prostitutes by giving them dangerous overdoses of Spanish fly.

41. Montezuma was gay.

42. In 19th-Century Europe, women who were "excessively" orgasmic had their clitorises removed.

43. In ancient Greece and Rome, to *lesbianize* referred exclusively to the sucking of the penis, and was a term applied only to men.

44. Because of its diuretic effect and a rich supply of minerals that help maintain a high-energy level, asparagus is considered by many to be an aphrodisiac.

45. Recent psychiatric surveys show that the primary worry of a man whose wife has been raped is that she enjoyed it and that the rapist was a better lover.

46. Jewish men and women have a longer span of sexual activity than Catholics and Protestants—an average of three to four years longer.

47. Blue-collar workers have more "staying power" than white-collar professionals.

48. Homosexuality is outlawed to some degree in every state, except Illinois and Connecticut.

49. The word *masturbation* was introduced into the English language only 200 years ago.

50. On his wedding night, Napoleon was bitten by Josephine's dog, who thought the emperor was attacking his mistress.

DICE FEVER

Craps is meant for dreamers and screamers, those "Men from La Mancha" who deposit good karma in their account and know the crap table is a helluva good place to draw it out.

Article by Ivan Goldman

All right, so you don't know how to shoot craps. Take it easy. I'll show you how to march up to a crap table with the aplomb of the truly well rounded degenerate. First, get yourself into the proper frame of mind—imagine you're Frank Sinatra. Good. Now step up to the table. You'll notice it's rimmed along the edges with cylindrical trays. Those are for chips. Find yourself an empty tray, and you've got yourself a spot. The other players won't mind. Most crapshooters prefer a crowded table. But please, pare down your entourage of beautiful ladies. Keep two or three for luck, and send the others over to play the slots.

Now set your currency down on the table in front of you—but not on the *layout* area (that diagram on the table). The dealer will change your bills to chips. Put them in that little tray and wait for the dealer with the long stick (the stickman) to yell, "Coming out!" It'll happen within a minute or two, probably. Just be patient. When you hear your cue, put some chips down on the *pass line* marked on the green felt in front of you. See? It's printed clearly. Bingo! Stick around, and I'll show you what to do next. With luck, you might win. Maybe.

Every crapshooter knows this game is a perfect metaphor for life. That's why he bellows and curses and pleads along the edge of the table—railing at the heavens for more than his due in this vale of tearful odds. Some of the best bets in the casino are on the crap table. Some of the worst, too. I'll show you the difference.

That scary chart on the table in front of you holds only three kinds of bets worth considering. They're easy to remember, and they'll give you plenty of action. Craps can give you plenty of heartache, too. But when those numbers roll, there's a communal joy that can't be matched this side of Woodstock. In the disillusioned decadence of the Eighties, the crap table may be one of the last places to find solace while awaiting the apocalypse.

OK, I know. You've got money on the table. Enough philosophy. Roll the dice!

The pass-line bet you put down is played against the house. Players always bet against the house. They cover each other's action only in private games—not at a casino. Also, the shooter's bet is no different than any other player's. He just happens to be the guy who rolls the dice. A machine could do it, but it's more fun this way. When the stickman shoves the dice over to you, it's your turn. Grab them and shoot. He doesn't hand them over until he's ready for a new roll. Some players feel they're unlucky with dice in their hands and skip their turns—a closet superstition that makes about as much sense as being celibate at an orgy.

The shooter, before he rolls, must lay down a bet—any bet. Usually, he'll place chips on the pass line. This makes him a "right" bettor. "Wrong" bettors will play the *don't-pass bar*. More about them later. Most players are right bettors, like you.

When the stickman yells, "Coming out!" he's signaling a new sequence of play—the *come-out* roll. There are three possibilities on the come-out:

1. The shooter makes a seven or eleven, which is called a *natural*. All pass-line bets win (always at even odds).

2. He *craps out* by rolling a two, three or twelve. All pass-line bets lose and are collected by the house.

3. He rolls a "number"—four, five, six, eight, nine or ten. That number becomes his *point*. He then continues rolling the dice until he either makes his point again (by rolling his initial number) or rolls a seven. If he makes his point, all pass-line bets win. However, if he rolls a seven now, after the come-out, he has *sevened out*, and all pass-line bets lose. A two, three, eleven or twelve is a neutral number after the come-out; it neither wins nor loses for the shooter rolling for his point.

A shooter keeps the dice for as many times as he can continue his streak. When you hear someone mention that a certain player made, say, twelve straight passes, that means he won twelve times on the pass line before he finally crapped out or sevened out. When a shooter craps out, he keeps the dice for the next come-out, after placing another bet, of course. When he sevens out, he passes the dice to the next shooter. And that's the game.

Easy, right? Right.

THE PASS LINE

When you place your chips on the pass line, you're making one of the best bets on the table. The house has a 1.41 percent edge on this bet. This means that if you were to make 990 bets, you would, on the average,

ILLUSTRATION BY STAN WATTS

win 488 times and lose 502 times. But the house can't really figure you a loser unless you play long enough to let those odds catch up with you. In other words, the house is winning $1.41 for every $100 wagered on the pass line. But with a little luck on your part, it might conceivably collect your share from the out-of-work employment counselor with the K mart jewelry counter around his neck over at the next table.

Pass-line odds are really quite decent, as casino odds go. Lots of people figure that roulette, for example, is a fairly even game for the player. But because the wheel holds zero and double zero, the house enjoys a 5.26 percent advantage, almost four times its edge on the crap pass line. Playing the pass line not only is a good bet in itself, it also makes you eligible to place another bet—the best bet on the table. In fact, it's the best bet in the whole damn casino. First, though, pick up your winnings on the pass line, friend. The shooter just rolled a natural. It should always be this easy.

TAKING THE ODDS

It's no accident that the *back bet* cannot be found on the table layout. It's not printed there because the house isn't terribly eager to let you know about it.

As you get drawn into the world of craps, you'll make other discoveries without the aid of the casino. I've learned, for instance, that it's disconcerting to play craps with people attired in cannibal-like costumes who jabber at the dice in strange tongues. Unless, of course, they roll winning numbers. In that case, I'm jumping up and down and jabbering at the dice along with them. And if they kiss some odoriferous, hairy amulet before each roll, and roll *lots* of good numbers, then I'm standing in line to kiss the thing, too.

Now let's look at the back bet. It works like this: Say you bet $10 on the pass line and the shooter rolls a six on the come-out. Now, if you place another $10 chip in the space directly behind your pass-line bet, you are taking the odds (making a back bet) that he'll make his point.

So, if the shooter eventually rolls his six before a seven appears, you win, not only on your pass-line bet, but on the back bet as well. What's so special about that? Well, back bets are paid off in true mathematical odds. The house has no edge on them at all. Your $10 back bet on the six, for example, pays off at six to five and earns you $12. Of course, if the shooter sevens out while shooting for his point, the house will swoop up your back bet along with your pass-line bet—which shouldn't be surprising. If you're looking for a rose garden, go to the florist, not a casino.

The back bet, which can't be wagered until after the come-out roll, tells you the terrible truth about casinos. This, the very best bet in the house, still gives you no edge; it's only an even break. That is why you will hear gamblers say that they hope to break even because they really need the money.

When you make the back bet, it's crucial that you wager enough money to allow the house to pay you off in correct odds. Few casinos will fool around with quarters or dimes on a crap table; so, if the house owes you a three-to-two or a six-to-five payoff on a $1 back bet, it will round off the transaction in its favor, and will pay only an even dollar: You've just lost your odds.

To get the full payoff on all bets behind the line, wager in $5 increments on the six and eight and in $2 increments on the five and nine. You can bet any amount on the four and ten since they pay two to one.

To make the math easy and keep the action moving, most casinos will allow you to increase your initial pass-line bet when you make a bet behind the line. This is to your advantage. A few casinos will even let you take double odds, which means you can double on the back line whatever you bet on the pass line.

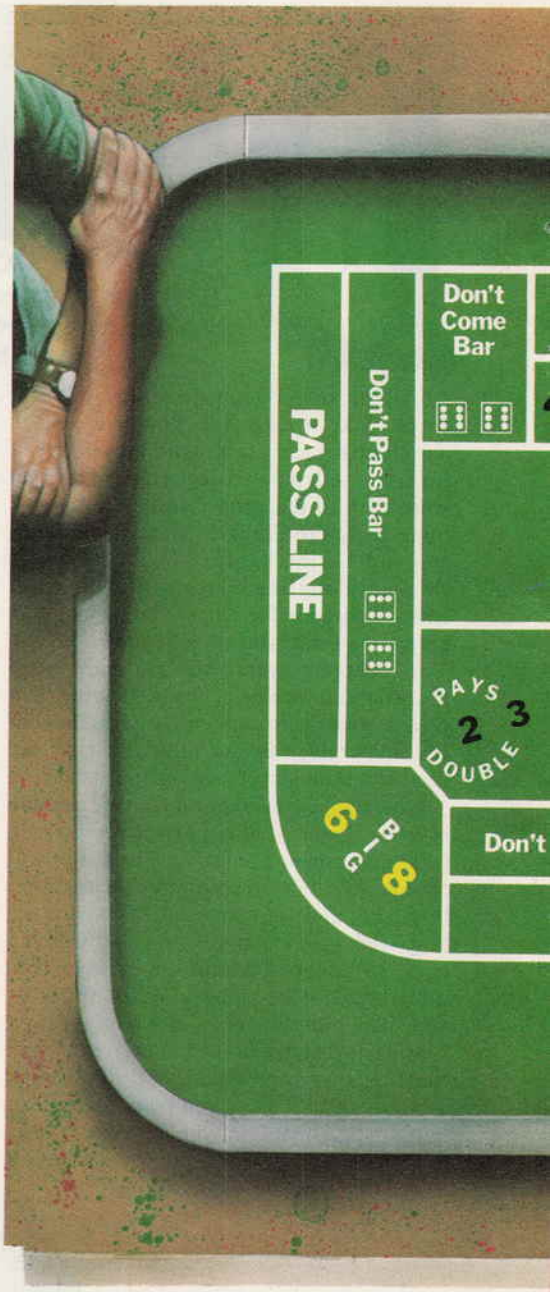
Note that the small bettor, the one-dollar dreamer, has no business at a crap table. Life is tough enough at a crapshoot, without the house subjecting you to less than your due on the payoff. The one-dollar crap bettor gets cremated on the back bet, and also on the *place bet*, which we'll cover shortly. So, if your whole life has come down to $50 and you're determined to put it on a crap table, don't do it in $1 bets. That's peeling the bandage off slowly.

Use your $1 chips as tokes (tips) for the cocktail waitress. I promise you she's a better cause than the house. (But don't drink too much at a crap table. That's like dropping 'ludes and going sky diving.) You might even slip a toke or two to the dealers, although you should understand that they're ocelots—when you stop feeding them, they'll bite your arm off at the elbow.

PLACING THE SIX AND EIGHT

This is the third and last category of decent bets. Examine the table layout and you'll see that behind the *come-bet* space, right in front of the dealer, there are boxes for each point number—four, five, six, eight, nine and ten. These boxes are for making place bets. You can't reach them. When you want to make a place bet (that is, placing your bet on a specific number), hand your chips to the dealer and tell him your bet—e.g., "Place the six."

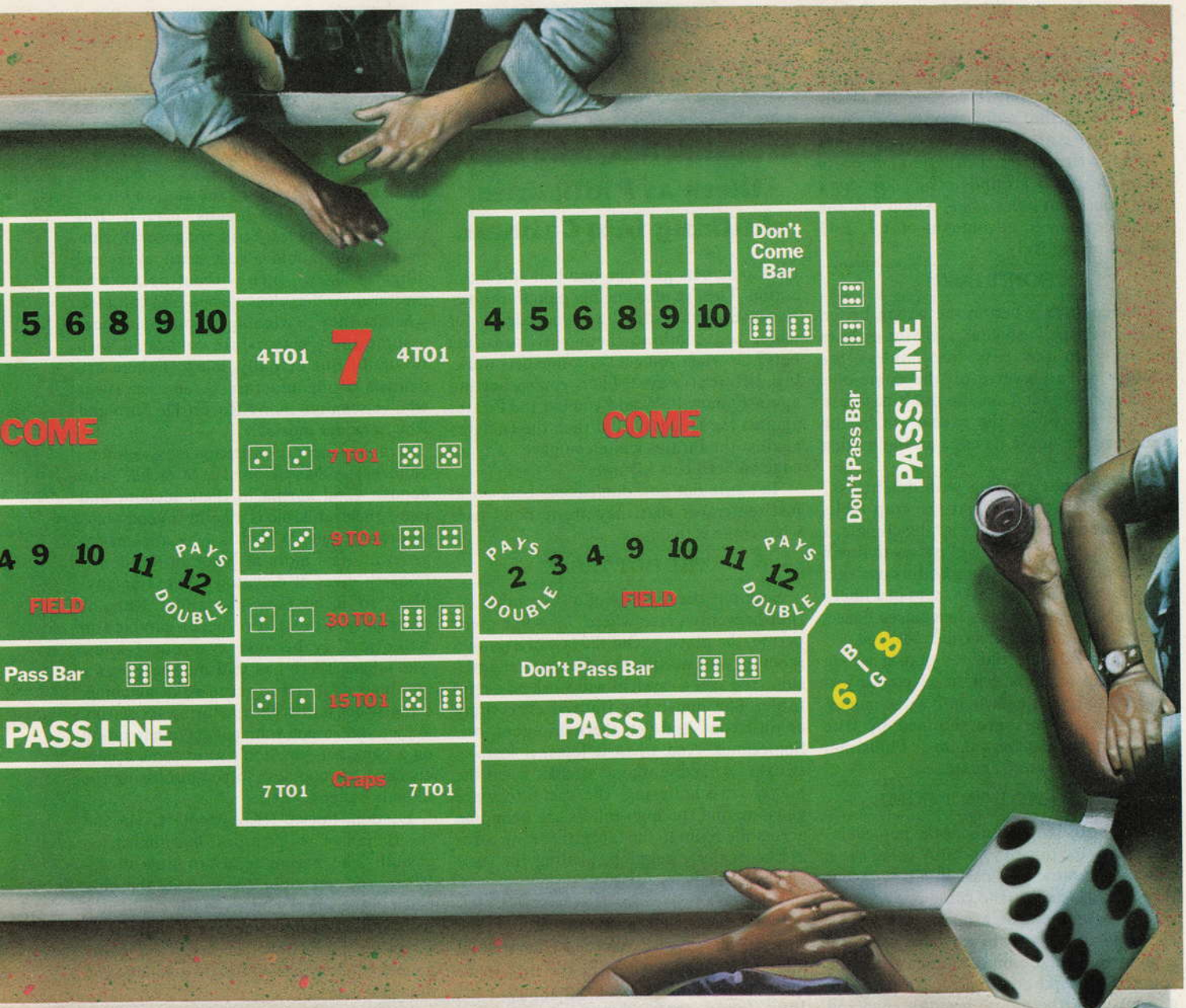
When you make a place bet, you're wagering that your number will be rolled before a seven. These bets can be made anytime after the come-out roll. Example: Let's say the shooter rolls a five on the come-out. You were betting the pass line, and now you make a back bet. You also make place bets on the six and eight. Now you can win a number of ways. If the shooter rolls a six, your place bet on the six wins, and all other bets are unaffected. If the player makes his point, you win, of course, on the pass line and on your back bet, and your place bets are unaffected. But if the shooter rolls a seven, you're wiped out.



The casino pays seven-to-six odds on place bets for points six and eight. The true odds are six to five, which means the house here has a 1.51 percent advantage, slightly more than the pass-line edge. Always bet in $6 increments on the six and eight place bets, so you can collect full odds. (The house will pay off seven-to-six odds to the nearest divisible amount only. Anything over that gets even money.) Don't make place bets on numbers four, five, nine or ten because they pay off in sucker odds. (The percentage *against* the bettor on the four and ten is 6.67; on the five and nine it's 4.0.)

So let's sum up the good bets: the pass line, back bets, place bets on six and eight. You should shun all other crap bets as you would mayonnaise on corn beef.

A note of caution: Pass-line bets are like blackjack bets—once they are made, they cannot be taken off. They remain in force



until the dice make their decision. Try picking up your pass-line bet during play and you're tugging on Superman's cape. You could land upside-down in the alley dumpster. You may, however, remove your back bets or place bets at any time.

When you win a place bet, the dealer will hand you your winnings, but your original bet stays in play ("working"), unless you say, "Down on six [or whatever number you have bet]," in which case, he will hand you back both bet and winnings. If you win and tell him, "Press it," he'll put your winnings, along with your original bet, on the number, thus doubling your action. If you feel lucky, press your place bets. If the shooter rolls lots of numbers, you can move quickly into a higher tax bracket (assuming, like all good-citizen crapshooters, you will report your winnings to the IRS).

The last time I was in Las Vegas, some freak with the insouciance of a Shaolin priest pressed his $800 stake at the Sahara into $24,000 in less time than it takes to fill a waterbed. What everyone remembers about him was his aura of calm. "He acted like it was supposed to be that way," said one watcher, "like there was no reason to be surprised or get excited." When he reached his preordained limit, he abruptly cashed in. Casino guards escorted him out to his VW, and he putted home a winner—unless, of course, he stopped off at another casino.

Every casino's nightmare is that a winner will take his loot down the street and lose it there. To casino bosses, winnings are still house money; they've got to get them back. So they shower big winners with free rooms, booze, shows, sex or whatever other enticement will get them to stay. The theory is: Keep winners around long enough to play and the law of averages will work its dirty math.

"Players always come back to the place where they won," a pit boss once told me. "But we make sure we treat them right, anyway—just for insurance."

But to return for a moment. I can't close discussion on place bets until I make sure you understand that if a shooter rolls his point while you have a place bet down, you neither win nor lose; you tie. The dealers, however, will keep all place bets on the table during the next come-out. This is just to speed up the game. Those bets are not working for that come-out. But if you let them sit there until after the come-out, they'll be in play again.

Look, I know you're probably getting a little impatient. I promised you this was going to be easy, and now it's beginning to look like a course in "Functions of Complex Variables." OK, so I had to lie a little to get

you this far. But the worst is over now. I promise.

I'll come clean about the rest of it now, too. Yeah, there is a little more. Remember I said there were only three good bets on the table? Well, that's not exactly the whole truth. There are three other wagers that also pay well mathematically, but I object to them on moral grounds. They are *don't pass, come* and *don't come,* which give the house percentage advantages of 1.4, 1.41 and 1.4 respectively.

DON'T PASS

The don't-pass bettor, the wrong better, plays against the shooter. He wins or loses inversely to the pass line—unless the shooter rolls a twelve on the come-out, which is a standoff on the don't-pass bar. (Either the two or the twelve are barred to ensure the house its edge on the betting odds.)

OK, so what's wrong with don't pass? Bad vibes, that's what. At the crap table, you're seeking to build a winning climate, a kind of rhythmic pattern of passes that will confound the house. Wrong bettors obstruct the pattern. They're liver X-rays in a liquor store, army training films in a geisha house, black clouds over an electric landscape.

Nothing is more hideous than a wrong bettor who screams delight as you've just crapped out with next month's gas money. Don't-pass bettors are shunned by true crapshooters, who know them as Philistines trying to skulk into Canaan.

COME AND DON'T COME

Skip the usual jokes about the nomenclature. Let's examine the bets. A *come bet* is exactly the same as a pass-line bet, except that it's made after the come-out roll and after the shooter has a point. A seven or eleven wins; a two, three or twelve loses; and a point number becomes the point for the come bet. It's like creating your own private game within the game, because each roll becomes the come-out roll for the come bettor. Come bets give you one hell of a lot of action. They're also one big pain in the ass. Because what the hell are you hoping for when you combine them with pass-line bets? Or when you get two come bets working different ways? Then you're betting against yourself. Would you bet the Pirates against the Dodgers, and then the Dodgers against the Pirates while you gave away an edge on both bets? Dumb.

To figure out how don't-come bets work, just remember that they are to don't pass what come is to pass.

DICE FEVER

Don't-pass bettors are shunned by true crapshooters, who know them as Philistines skulking into Canaan.

THE HOT TABLE

Seek out the divinity of a "hot table"—that heavenly place where, for some given period, the players send the law of averages scooting and master the dice into submission. You see, no system will work on a crap table. The house has figured everything against you. And yet, the house does lose. Sometimes. And when it loses, it loses in streaks. Amazing magic streaks when the players are hollering, the spectators are gawking and the high rollers are bounding across the room to the table, throwing tokes at the dealers, begging, jostling for their places at the ivory feast.

You don't believe it? If you accept telepathy or occasional mystic revelation, then why not telekinesis? Why not a communal table of strangers who will the dice to do their bidding? I've seen it happen. Carl Jung found that science ignored synchronicity (the mysterious relationship between two events that shouldn't have any relationship at all—e.g., a man dreams about finding a treasure, then finds one the next day) because science couldn't explain it. But if you don't believe in luck, then what are you doing at a crap table?

The mystic camaraderie of a hot table is not easily found in the plush casinos along the Las Vegas Strip. If you can find a hot table there, by all means, play it. But crapshooters on the Strip are generally impassive humanoids with dead eyes and alligator shoes—men without necks, who mutter in cinder-block voices. You can't tell whether they're winning or losing. Novices assume these players are connected with the mob. But actually, most of them are dentists or manufacturers' representatives who've seen too many Robert De Niro and Roy Scheider movies.

Craps is meant for dreamers, screamers, believers—"Men from La Mancha" who deposit good karma in their account and know the crap table is a helluva good place to draw it out. Which is why aficionados generally feel more at home in the down-to-earth dives of downtown Vegas or anyplace in Reno (because all of Reno is essentially a dive). I've never gambled in Atlantic City because everyone I know who's been there has told me there was a two-hour wait just to get to a slot machine. Lake Tahoe is fine, except during ski season. When you've got your car payment riding on a back bet, you don't want some apple-cheeked hot dog next to you discussing the moguls under C-lift.

London, Puerto Rico, Monte Carlo and the Bahamas are pleasant, but almost too casual. The action tends to slow down. When you get right down to it, the only place in the world where you can count on a truly skilled casino crew is in Nevada. And no other place has precisely the same gauche ambience essential for a good round of craps.

In Reno or downtown Vegas, you mingle

(Continued on page 124)

SUCKER BETS

These bets are for flagellant losers:

BIG 6 AND BIG 8 are exactly like place bets, but they pay even money instead of seven to six. Result? The house has a 9.09 percent edge.

FIELD BETS are one-roll bets. You win if the roll is two, three, four, nine, ten, eleven or twelve. You lose on five, six, seven or eight. Looks attractive, but the house has a 2.56 percent edge.

ANY SEVEN is a one-roll bet on a seven, paying four to one. The house edge is 16.7 percent.

ANY CRAPS is a one-roll bet on a two, three or twelve, paying off at seven to one. House percentage is 11.1.

HARDWAYS is a bet that sucks in lots of otherwise intelligent players. They know it's dumb, but they make it, anyway. Here, you're betting that a certain number will come up the hard way—e.g., that an eight will be rolled in a four-and-four combination, not as six and two or five and three. Your bet's in play until the shooter rolls your number the hard way (and you win), or he rolls it another way (you lose) or sevens out (you lose again). This bet pays seven to one on the four and ten, nine to one on the six and eight. House percentages are 11.1 and 9.09, respectively.

PLACE BETS ON FOUR, FIVE, NINE AND TEN give the house an advantage of 4 percent on the five and nine, and 6.67 percent on the four and ten. You can reduce the casino's edge on the four and ten by "buying" the number—giving the house a 5 percent commission on your bet, called *vigorish*, so you can reap straight odds. But then you're still bucking a spread that the computer figures at 4.76 percent. The house, in its munificence, also accepts vigorish on the five, nine, six or eight, which happens to make the percentage worse than before. Don't ask us how all this nonsense got started; just remember to place the six and eight and stay away from the four, five, nine, ten and vigorish payments.

There are other kamikaze bets called *hops*, *horns*, *turns*, *whirls* and *propositions*, but I will not dignify them with discussion. Better to play keno, which is equivalent to feeding chips to Godzilla.

Terrific centerfold Terri Peterson sets the tone for an issue of PLAYBOY guaranteed to keep you involved, informed and entertained all month long. First there's Dudley Moore's personal guide to finding the perfect 10. Then a great package on Summer Sex, including beaches, beds and the eternal quest for the ideal tan. There's also a sun-drenched photographic tour of Hawaii's most romantic sights. Some surprising feminine perspectives on the penis. Expert advice on how to survive the dollar crisis, including how the experts invest their bucks. Plus lots more. In July PLAYBOY, at newsstands now.
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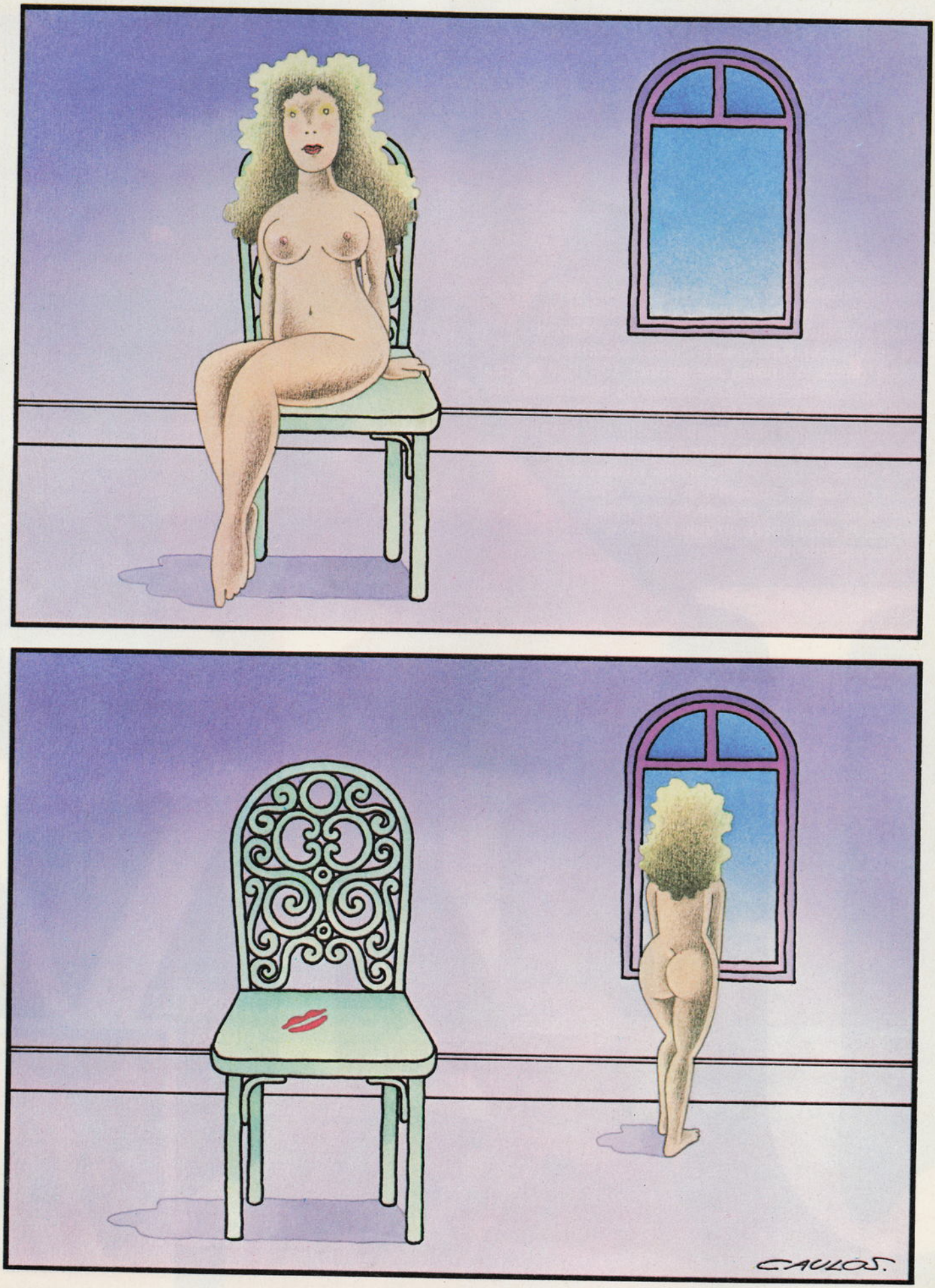
CAULOS.

(Continued from page 96)

informed me when she was about to stretch and slither from her stomach onto her back or sit up and brush her copper tresses with the sharp, firm strokes that I longed to have applied to portions of my own anatomy.

She appeared completely oblivious to the effect she had on me, or anyone else, for that matter. I never saw her talk to anyone. Aloofness normally left me cold, but for some reason, it only increased my obsession with this girl. She acted like she was onstage in a darkened theater, performing for an invisible audience.

Each day's performance ended with her brushing her hair. Then she would stand and stretch and flick the lucky grains of sand from her cleavage, lifting first one breast, then the other, as if holding them up for personal inspection. She would slip her fingers under the edges of her bottoms and pull them down out of the crevice into which they had crept. Then, after primly stepping into a pair of virginal white shorts, which advertised like a neon sign the deep-brown tint of her legs and torso, she would leave. She got a standing ovation from me everyday, and some days, I had to lie on my stomach until it went down.

•

The beach was packed on the sunny Saturday afternoon of our next match with Spazky and Crutch. While the "B" league boys warmed up the crowd with a preliminary bout, Bobby and I bumped to loosen up our wrists and knees, and the occasional sip of coolant provided by Mistah C served to loosen our heads.

The Bomb set up shop just slightly to the left of the court. I figured she must be a fan. She was distractingly luscious, as usual. I resolved to keep my mind on the game at any cost, even if it meant missing her hairbrush routine.

I was psyched up for this one, no doubt about that. She smeared lotion on her legs, and I looked away. She oiled her stomach and lower belly, taking special care to massage her hipbones, and I flinched but didn't miss a bump.

Alas, fate (herself a lady) stepped in, offended by my refusal of Aphrodite's bikinied gift. The ball seemed to jump, as if it were possessed by a demon, right off of Bobby's hand, and then rolled across the sand toward the temple of her spread legs. It came to a belated halt, right up against her moist pagan altar.

She didn't move as I went over to retrieve the ball. I stood above her for a moment, feeling waves of positively religious ecstasy flow through my body. Her top was untied, and from the sacral dimples just above her tiny bronze bottoms to her shoulder blades, she wore nothing.

She lifted her head to face me, completely exposing one perfect breast in the process. Looking me right in the crotch, she inquired, "Is this one of your balls?"

"Oh, Lord," I moaned, watching her fingers graze the already swollen nipples as she adjusted the clinging bronze top. They got harder and harder, until they pouted out through the material like miniature replicas of my own garment sculpture.

VOLLEYBALL JONES

She appeared completely oblivious to the effect she had on me, or anyone else, for that matter.

"Enjoy yourself," she said, leaning over to grab the ball and giving me one last glimpse of her almost architecturally firm cleavage. She pressed the ball up into her crotch, then tossed it at me. I caught it strictly on motor impulse; it occurred to me that I could probably dribble it back over to Bobby with my dick. As I tore myself away, she was staring at my bulging satin shorts and licking her lips.

"She talked to me. I think she likes me!"

"Likes you? She was trying to rape you. We got an important match here in five minutes, and you're standing there with a hard-on you can't even see around, for Christ's . . ."

"Bobby, I think I'm in love."

"Great. Love's a great game, champ, but we're talking volleyball now. Hey, where are you going?"

"Home to write poetry. Know anything that rhymes with bronze?"

"The Fonz, asshole. What do you mean poetry? You can't even write your name before noon. All you *can* do and all you *have* to do is play volleyball, or does the feel of pizza dough and the luscious scent of warm anchovies put you right into a state of transcendent ecstasy?"

I shuddered.

The Crutch looked like a toothpaste advertisement. His smile was so bright that his gleaming teeth seemed to emit radiation. At Crutch's brisk "OK—let's go," Spazky had switched on to full ahead and stood shuffling his feet at the back line. I wondered, as I did each time we faced them, if either Spazky or Crutch really had eyes, or whether their chromed sunglasses hid the fact that they were eyeless mutant offsprings of an unholy union between Little Orphan Annie and the X-men.

Not that it mattered. They could have been deaf, dumb and blind paraplegics playing in wheelchairs with flat tires, and they still would have creamed us. The girl had an uncanny sense of timing. Every time the ball came my way, I would catch a flash of movement as she rolled this way or that, twisting into positions that would have aroused boundless admiration in Harry Houdini. What those positions aroused in me was more primal than intellectual, and certainly less productive than athletic concentration. Bobby's shouts, screams, whimpers and, finally, tears fell on otherwise-occupied ears.

We lost 15–6, 15–4, but I was consoled by the promise of her every panting breath and the thought that she and I would leave immediately and fuck until I fell over.

Twenty minutes later, I found myself trudging homeward with the bedraggled remnants of the Dukes and nursing a black eye. She had accused me of molesting her when I went to claim my reward, and the white-knight Crutch had seen fit to rescue the damsel with a quick right jab.

"I don't get it. How could she come on to me like that, and then . . .?"

"Something funky in Denmark, to paraphrase the Bard," quoted the C. "Fish—and not too fresh."

"It smells, all right," said Bobby, "like you stepped in a bottomless pit of dogshit. Something has got to be done."

•

For our final regular-season confrontation, I showed up, at Bobby's insistence, wearing blinders. But it was no use. If he adjusted them to eliminate the Bomb from my field of view, I could only see the ball dead on from less than eight feet. When they were adjusted to give me a wider field of vision—there she sat, or rubbed, or . . .

15–6, 15–8.

Bobby stomped off, and I went to drown my sorrows in suds.

He came bursting through my front door the following Monday evening. He was wearing a trench coat and waving a big manila folder, and he kept babbling about exposing the scandal and seeing justice done. An impromptu meeting of the Dukes was called on the spot.

"My fellow Dukes," began Bobby, when he calmed down. "I have here," he tapped the envelope, "evidence of the most shocking nature that proves, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that . . ."

"Cut out the crap, Jack."

He handed me the envelope without another word.

The first shot showed the Bomb wearing a cheerleader's outfit. The bulging sweater was emblazoned, VALLEY HIGH COUGARS. I looked up. "So what?"

Bobby motioned and I continued. In the next shot, she was revealing a startling amount of thigh as she climbed into a blue sedan. Bobby handed me a magnifying glass, and muttered something about the rewards of being a philatelist. Through the glass, I recognized the driver. I jumped up. "It's Crutch!"

The C unveiled the next shot, which showed Crutch and the girl embracing passionately in the front seat. The glass revealed Crutch's claw jammed right up between her legs. She was enjoying it thoroughly, judging from the grin on her half-parted lips which, as could be seen in the next close-up shot, were wrapped around

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VOLLEYBALL JONES

the pulsing head of the Crutch's bratwurst.

"Telephoto," commented Bobby.

"Suitable for framing," added Mistah C.

There were over a dozen pictures in all, culminating in a flash shot of Crutch coming all over her face as they pulled up to the order window at the hamburger stand.

"How could you possibly . . . ?"

"I took their order."

"Auughh! I can't . . . I'm gonna . . ."

"Don't chew on the curtains, Curly—I just had them cleaned," said the C.

"That ain't all," said Bobby, pulling out another folder.

"You got shots of her with the football team?" C looked hopeful. I slugged him.

"Worse," said Bob. "The Crutch has an off-season contract to promote U. S. Feds. No wonder he's been playing dirty!"

Several large piña coladas later, my rage had largely abated, and I lay wet eyed on the living-room floor. "All is illusion," I whimpered. "There's nothing left to live for. Nothing. I think I'll become a monk."

"There are two things," said Bobby. "Volleyball. And revenge. You can't take this lying down, champ."

"Yer right, Bob."

I pulled myself to my knees, began to barf and keeled back over in a soggy heap.

"For now, maybe you'd better take it lying down."

•

Bobby dropped by the next morning to join me and my hangover for coffee. He wanted to use the pictures to expose and disqualify Crutch from the playoffs, but I told him to burn them. They had served their purpose. Now I was hot to take my revenge where it counted—on the court. But how could I hope to harness my runaway hormones and play impeccable ball?

The best way to understand that final match is to try to imagine a sort of sexual jujitsu at work. There was no way for me to ignore that woman and her lips and teeth and shoulder blades and breasts and legs and—no way. But there was one thing I *could* do. I took up T'ai Chi.

What good could ancient Oriental meditation do against that all-American problem of blue balls? Well, success, as any Bruce Lee fan will demonstrate, is simply a matter of focus. I practiced arousing myself and then focusing the resultant sexual energy into a sort of psychic fist that looked like it could do amazing things to a volleyball.

When I showed up on the beach that fateful Saturday, I knew I was as ready as I'd ever be. The question was whether that was ready enough.

She slithered up wearing a yellow tank top, as I was lacing my Cheetahs. It wasn't only what beckoned from beneath the thin cotton shirt that had Sol drooling all over the fine print on our contracts. Nor was it that amazingly lewd yellow color.

The word KOME, rising and falling rhythmically on her chest, advertised both a local radio station and a very attractive afternoon pastime.

"It's a whole new concept in advertising," cried Sol. "It'll make millions!"

KOME. That was just the beginning. I felt that old volleyball fist climbing up my spine. It made me kind of dizzy, but I knew what had to be done.

When we finished our preliminary mind-fucking with Crutch and the Spaz, I turned and found her lying right by the foul line on my side of the court. She wasn't wearing the KOME T-shirt—or anything else above the waist. The wind tugged at her soft, brown nipples; I tugged at my jockstrap. I thought of Bruce Lee and served.

It worked. We took the first point and then the next three. I stole a glance at Smooth Sol. He was seated on a chaise by the Bomb, grinning his big-money grin. He looked beautiful. Catching my eye, he signaled thumbs-up. I wanted to go hug him.

Two more points, both ours. The Bomb was positively writhing on the sideline, caressing her swollen breasts shamelessly in full view of the entire crowd. Some people will stop at nothing, but nothing was just what this disgusting display would net her and her nefarious henchman.

By 10–0, Crutch was trying frantically to signal the Bomb to go to phase three—full-on fondling. She did. Her bottoms crept ever lower, while my appreciation crept higher. Her fingers came up wet and glistening from their hideout between those muscular legs and made their damp way around her parted lips before disappearing into her mouth. Sol seemed to be trying to hide his bulging lust in his attaché case, but he couldn't get it closed. There was nowhere to hide mine. Point by lascivious point, I felt the release of total victory come pulsing toward us.

I guess the crowd grew quiet when the score reached 14–0. The roar in my ears obliterated any noise they might have been making. The only sound that penetrated my closed ear canals was a gentle slurping noise, which I, at first, mistook for the tide sucking at the pilings on the wharf. Above the gentle surf, Bobby let loose that fateful serve. Straight as an arrow with a missing tail feather, the ball flew over the net, then back, then back again. The Crutch was not a quitter—I have to give him that.

Maybe he should have been. I realized two things simultaneously as I launched into an all-out dive for the ball. First, the slurp was saltier than seawater and, second, the trajectory of my dive was leading me like a lemming right to the source of those sucking sounds.

The next few seconds were sort of a blur. I felt my tattered shorts give way while I

tetsu

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VOLLEYBALL JONES

was still airborne. I got a hand on the ball, of that I was certain. A moment later, the roar of the crowd indicated that Bobby had put the game away but, by then, I was past caring. My relationship with the Bronze Bombshell was at last being consummated. I had flown on the wings of athletic dedication into the arms of sexual satisfaction and found those arms—and legs—spread wide. The fist lashed like lightning right up my spine. The last thing I heard was the Bomb's scream, "Yes!"

The crowd swarmed round, hoisting our team onto its collective shoulders. I was still too dazed to resist, as Bobby put his mouse ears on my head and poured a magnum of Dom Perignon over all.

"Gimme five, champ," chortled Bob, as we bobbed atop the throne of human flesh. "We am de best! Move over, Juice. Let's go get Sol and slide into our new lifestyles as high-paid promo men."

I was finally recovering from the aftermath of that last climactic shot. "Right on, Bobbo, but where is Sol?"

From our vantage point high atop the crowd, we spotted his retreating figure. He was pretty far off and moving fast, but there was no mistaking that rumpled blue suit. Or the figure cuddled up under his arm.

"What the . . . Hey!" yelled Bobby. We hit the ground running and caught up with them at the side of Sol's Alfetta.

"Great game, boys." Sol stuck out his hand. "Best of luck to both of you."

The Bomb was already in the car, idly plucking at the loose hairs that snuck out of her bottoms.

"We're all set to sign, Sol." Bobby was pumping away at Sol's hand. "Move like a cat on the courts in new Cheetahs. Yeah."

"Bob, Cheetahs, the shoe of pros, has decided to put its money on the line and do something really constructive . . . something no sporting person could fail to appreciate. We're backing a women's beach-volleyball league next season. What do you think? Isn't that great?"

"Yeah, Sol. But what about . . . ?"

Sol gently detached himself and slid with a surprising amount of grace into the driver's seat. "Best of luck, boys. Really."

"C'mon, Sol, sweetie. I'm in such a hurry to take you home and brief you on *all* the details."

"Yes, cuddles." And with a roar they were gone.

Strings of red-blue lights came on showing the boardwalk in all its tacky splendor.

"Well, it's a swell trophy, anyhow. Let's take it home and smoke our blues away."

"Aren't you forgetting something, Bobby?"

"What?"

I jerked my head. "The feel of rising dough, the smell of baking anchovies; we've got to be at work in an hour." ■

(Continued from page 76)

makes me work that much harder.

When they reviewed us in Hamburg, Germany, they called us the greatest rock-'n'-roll band in the world. I don't believe that. You see, that's my secret. I think all the hype is a lie. I think, "Oh no, they're lying about me again, so now I gotta work twice as hard." A lot of artists will get that hype and say, "Hey, look how great I am. Look what they're saying about me—well, it must be true." I know I am not what they say I am. I am who I am, and nobody really knows who I am. That's how I like it. And that's how it will always be. As far as press is concerned, I don't even have a press agent. I make my own hype. I don't try to hide from the press, I don't try to stop it, I don't try anything. They've had me saying that I'm gonna punch out Kiss and that I'm in love with Billy Joel—I don't care. There's no such thing as bad press—there's just press. When we go to Australia, we're bigger news than if the capital had been blown up.

OUI: Why do you think your album was the all-time top seller in Australia and Canada and some European countries?

MEAT LOAF: Because most of the music today is bullshit. And Jim Steinman [his songwriter] writes real songs. And I'm a real person.

OUI: But why are you so hot *outside* the States?

MEAT LOAF: Because they don't have the same ego trips that American broadcasters have. They have a different system of payola—none. Here, to get a record played, you have to give a thousand bucks to the guy's interior decorator. You run into all kinds of ego trips—like a girl by the name of Sam Bellamy, who is program director for KMET in Los Angeles, who'll say, "I'm not going to play his record if it sells five million copies." Now, who in their right mind made her God? What is that? She says *my record* is "unsuitable" for the kids in Los Angeles—it doesn't fit her market. Meanwhile, *Bat out of Hell* sold one hundred and sixty thousand copies in Los Angeles. They played Eddie Money to death, and he only sold sixty thousand. So I beat L.A. radio, anyway.

OUI: Why was L.A. the one city that gave you such a hard time?

MEAT LOAF: I don't know. They still do. KHJ [top-rated AM station] kept *Two out of Three Ain't Bad* from being number one in the country. KLOS and KMET have never once played the record. First, they said I was New York hype. After it got past that point, it became a matter of pride. It became absurd how wrong they were, but they decided they were gonna stick to their guns just because they didn't want to have to admit it. It's total ego trip. So, fine. Good for them. I still sold over three million records in this country—most of them east of Denver.

OUI: How did program directors get such a death grip on the music industry?

MEAT LOAF

As far as press is concerned, I don't even have a press agent. I make my own hype.

MEAT LOAF: It's ego. And the record companies and everybody else nuzzle up to them. Program directors call ten people and play them the Bee Gees, and ten people say, "I love this cut." And it's all because they've been *programmed*. It's just what it says it is. They've been programmed into the Bee Gees, because the Bee Gees give ratings, the Bee Gees sell records, etc. I'm not knocking the Bee Gees. I'm just using them as an example. The Bee Gees aren't responsible for the decisions made by program directors. Fortunately, the people who really run this damn business, the people I respect more than anybody else, are the distributors. If they ship out millions and millions of disco records that just sit in record stores, it hurts the fucking record business. The radio stations are playing disco, because they say it's good for their ratings. On the other hand, you've got the distributors, and they ain't selling any records. Finally, they get pissed off and call the presidents of these record companies and say, "Shove your disco records up your oven." That's how I sold a hundred and sixty thousand records in Los Angeles, despite the radio stations. A guy at Peaches and at other stores said, "Put this record in these shops, and put that cover up there, and play this record in the store." And that's where we sold records.

OUI: Didn't Steve Popovich of Cleveland International, the man who finally signed you, conduct an extensive campaign with the distributors?

MEAT LOAF: That's right. Popovich and Stan Snyder. Damn right. And then I went around and put my personal touch on it, because I can sell my records better than anybody. It's a team effort. You don't do it all by yourself. I'm not a stupid artist. I know why, and I know how, to beat them. I know where I beat them, and I know who beat them with me. *We* beat them.

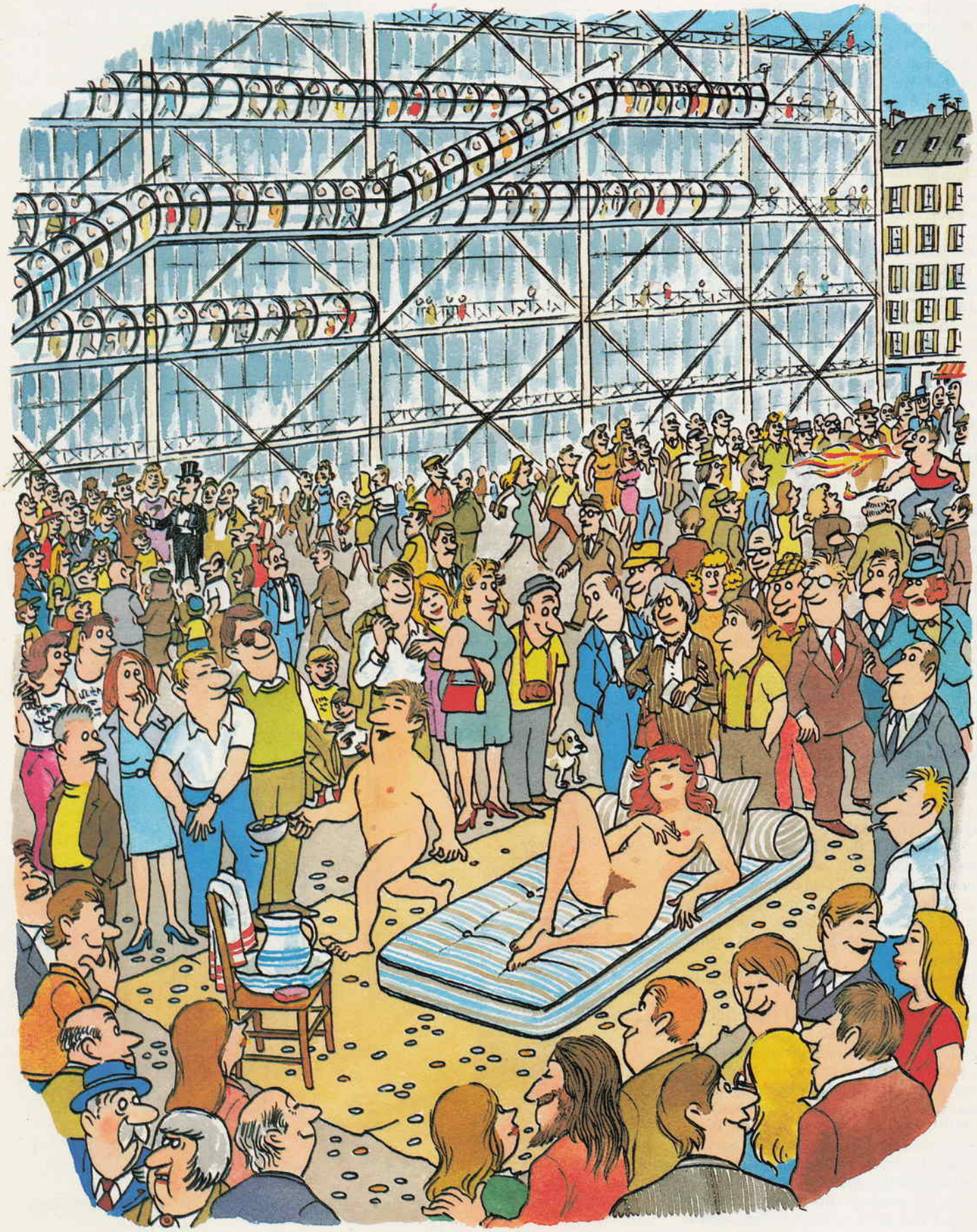
OUI: A lot of industry honchos, including Clive Davis, turned you away before you signed with Popovich.

MEAT LOAF: Yeah, he pissed me off. I don't need somebody like him around. Everybody turned us down. Good. I'm glad they did. If they hadn't turned us down, it might not have happened. I'm glad they thought we were so weird that they didn't know what to do with us. The record people kept telling us that we weren't rock 'n' roll, that our songs were too theatrical, that it was "Broadway music." Then we got the right people. Things work out for the best.

OUI: That's easy to say now, but how did you feel about all that rejection a couple of years ago?

MEAT LOAF: I felt basically the same. I just

"Sorry, I don't do card tricks.



thought everybody was crazy. I still do. Because even though I've sold ten million records, they still don't know how good a songwriter Jim Steinman is. They don't know that Steinman is probably the greatest songwriter in the last twenty years. Maybe in the next hundred years—nobody will even come close to him. That's the God's truth.

OUI: Let's not be so modest. It's your singing, your delivery, that makes them special.

MEAT LOAF: Fine. That's great. But a singer is only as good as his band, an actor only as good as his script and the actors around him. You can't do anything by yourself. Why is my name up there as top male singer in the *Playboy* poll, when Steinman isn't even listed with the writers? Where is that at? There isn't a writer on the list that can even come close to that man. What do you think we're dealing with here, Neil Diamond? This is Steinman—probably one of the greatest writers in this century. I'm not fooling. That goes for Dave Marsh, and whoever else thinks they're God in the rock-'n'-roll world—they're not. They're not; they're damn children. They're children. Excuse me, I'm *mad*.

OUI: Did Steinman get you into classical music?

MEAT LOAF: No, I've always been influenced by it. My mother listened to it. My mother was a singer.

OUI: I thought she was into gospel music.

MEAT LOAF: No. That's hype. Somebody put that on a bio somewhere.

OUI: What's the truth?

MEAT LOAF: I don't know what the truth is. I told you, I don't even know how I got my name.

OUI: Did you sing or act when you were in Texas?

MEAT LOAF: No. I played football. High-energy, hard- rock-'n-'roll football.

OUI: How old were you when you left Texas?

MEAT LOAF: Sixteen. I just took off for California. I didn't know anybody or anything. I just got on an airplane.

OUI: Did you know you were going to pursue a musical or an acting career?

MEAT LOAF: No. I had no idea. I didn't know what I was gonna do. I could've been a car salesman, for all I knew. When you're sixteen, do you think about things like that?

OUI: So how did you wind up singing in a rock-'n-'roll band?

MEAT LOAF: I was a bouncer at a psychedelic shop called the Third Eye in Encino, California. All the people that hung out there were musicians. So I wound up getting in a rock-'n-'roll band with this guy Rick Fasso, who is now with Jefferson Starship. It just happened. I didn't plot it. Somebody else may have. I didn't take it seriously, until 1973, anyway. There are about seven or eight years in there where it wasn't really serious.

OUI: What took you to Detroit?

MEAT LOAF: The band I was playing with in California moved there, because the drummer was from Detroit and he had a band called the Bossmen—a big band out of Michigan. He knew everybody, and so we thought we could get a lot of work there. And we did. We worked for two and a half years, starting around 1966. The original name of the band was Meat Loaf Soul. Then it changed to Popcorn Blizzard, because we needed a gimmick. We couldn't afford smoke and everything else, so we decided to throw popcorn.

OUI: Is that where you connected with Ted Nugent?

MEAT LOAF: Yeah. We opened for him a couple of times. He asked me to join his band, and I said no. We played with him some more, and then I didn't see him for a while. He wrote me letters with notes addressed to the postman on them: "Beware at feeding time." Stuff like that. He wrote me once to tell me his parents needed their house moved and to ask me if I could come on the weekend. That's Ted.

OUI: Were you playing in the clubs at this time?

MEAT LOAF: No, concerts. One-nighters, all of them. I hate clubs. I wouldn't play in a club. Nugent had those Amboy Dukes, and we were playing with Bob Seger and Nugent and MC-5. We played the Grand Ballroom all the time. There was a whole Detroit scene at the Grand Ballroom. Everybody came in—Hendrix, the Who—and we were always opening there. They always ripped us off. They didn't pay us anything. They'd pay us thirty-seven dollars to open for the Who.

OUI: A number of years later, you did the vocals on Ted's *Free for All* album.

MEAT LOAF: Ted had problems completing the record, so he called me. I didn't know if I could do it. I'd never heard the songs before in my life. But I went in and, in four days, I cut six tunes. Actually, Ted doesn't write tunes; he writes guitar parts. I threw out their producers and did it myself, with Ted's drummer. *Free for All* sold more than any of his albums.

OUI: You had a starring role in *Hair*. How did that happen?

MEAT LOAF: I'd left Detroit and gone back to California. I was checking up and down Hollywood Boulevard, looking for a job, and I landed one parking cars at the Aquarius Theater. My first night on the job, a guy comes up to me and says, "Hey, you sing, don't you?" I say, "Yeah." He says, "Why don't you try out for a part in *Hair*?" I say "Nah." He says, "Yeah, come on." I went and auditioned, and I was hired that night.

OUI: And that took you to New York?

MEAT LOAF: Eventually. First, it took me back to Detroit. I did *Hair* there. And then

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it took me all over everywhere, and eventually to Broadway. Then, in 1971, I had a Motown hit called *What You See Is What You Get* by Stoney and Meatloaf. It got to thirty-one, which is a hit. It was number three on the soul charts, number one in Spain. After that, I did some stuff with Norman Whitfield that never got released, and I said, "That's it," and I left. I went to New York and did theater for the next . . . I don't know how long.

OUI: Is that when you started taking acting seriously?

MEAT LOAF: No. What made me start taking acting seriously was when I did Shakespeare. That's when I decided that maybe I should take this seriously for a couple of minutes. Joe Papp called me on the phone and asked, "Do you want to do Shakespeare?" I said, "I've never even read Shakespeare." But I did it. That's my life story. I never plan anything. The only thing I've ever calculated in my entire life, if you really want to know, is what I did after the release of *Bat out of Hell*. I knew that I could headline and sell records on the road. I knew I had charisma and a tremendous ability to control audiences, to hold them at a point of hysteria. Still do. But that's the only move I ever calculated in my whole life. And it was fuckin' right.

OUI: What Shakespeare did you perform?

MEAT LOAF: I did *Othello* and *As You Like It*, but the thing I liked most was the printed program: "Joe Papp presents William Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, starring Raul Julia, Kathleen Widdows, Doug Watson and Meat Loaf." I knew Bill would have loved it. I mean, if I had been around in Bill Shakespeare's time, my name would have been perfect; it would have been all through Shakespeare. Meat Loaf, you know? The names in his plays are really far-out.

OUI: Later, when you did *Rocky Horror*, were you surprised by the strong cult following the show inspired?

MEAT LOAF: Nothing surprises me. Absolutely nothing. *The Rocky Horror Show* was a cult before it was a movie. When it was a stage play, it was a cult. In Los Angeles, it was a cult to people like Diana Ross, Carole King, the Rolling Stones and Keith Moon—Keith must have seen that damn show fifty times. And every time he came, if there were nine people in that cast, he'd put nine bottles of champagne on the stage at curtain call, just to let everybody know he was there.

If I had been around in Bill Shakespeare's time, my name would have been absolutely perfect.

OUI: Would you ever consider doing a nude scene in a movie?

MEAT LOAF: No way. I wouldn't do the nude scene in *Hair*. Even though my wife thinks I'm an exhibitionist, I wouldn't do it. But then, I can't really say never. If it was right for the part, I might do it. But if you're asking me to pose nude for the center of OUI, no.

OUI: We don't usually run male nudes.

MEAT LOAF: Well, you never know when you might. Just don't ask me.

OUI: Does your weight fluctuate a lot?

MEAT LOAF: The press has had me weighing anywhere from two hundred to four hundred and fifty pounds. Right now, I weigh two sixty-three.

OUI: Do you diet much?

MEAT LOAF: Yeah, I'm trying again. I really want to get down to two-thirty-five.

OUI: What type of food are you most addicted to?

MEAT LOAF: Cheeseburgers—but with no bread. I put the tomato on the cheeseburger and make a sandwich with the lettuce. I take two pieces of lettuce and put the cheeseburger in between, with lots of mustard. I eat that almost every day.

OUI: How many do you usually eat?

MEAT LOAF: Two, sometimes three.

OUI: Psychologists say that growing up "fat" invariably leaves a person with emotional scars. Did you ever feel rejected because of your weight?

MEAT LOAF: No. I played football, and you get away with that when you play football.

OUI: How have you been spending your money?

MEAT LOAF: I spent a lot of money on my house. I also put a lot of money into the U.S. Government. I paid more taxes last year than the average man makes in forty years. I saved a hundred and seventy thousand dollars just by building my home in Connecticut and avoiding New York taxes.

OUI: Who have been your greatest showbiz influences?

MEAT LOAF: Sinatra and Presley. Those are the two major ones. A lot of other vocalists have influenced me a little—Joplin, Cocker, Dobie Gray.

OUI: Sinatra?

MEAT LOAF: Yeah. As far as the overall major influence in my life—how I look at my show-business career as a singer and an actor—yeah, Sinatra is the main one. Technically, I think Pavarotti is probably the greatest singer that ever walked the earth. Greater than Caruso. But as far as non-operatic singers, Sinatra's the best. What makes a great singer is knowing how to sell the song—not just making it sound good, but making people know and feel what you're singing.

OUI: You spent almost two years working on what was supposed to be Meat Loaf's second album, *Bad for Good*. Then you decided not to sing on that record, but to have Jim Steinman release it as a solo project, as well as write a whole new set of songs for your next album, *Down in the Deep End*. Why did you decide to bail out of *Bad for Good*?

MEAT LOAF: I fought with that record too long. I did the vocals a few times, and I didn't like them, so I erased them. I went back to the studio and fought with it, fought with it, fought with it. I just didn't feel like going back in the studio with that particular record anymore. It didn't have anything to do with the fact that I couldn't sing the songs or that the songs weren't good enough. It was just the time and the place and the pressure we were under, and everything else that was happening in my life. My decision not to do that album was totally emotional. That's how I run my life. I have to be at an emotional peak to deal with anything, and if I'm not there, it's not going to happen. It was a matter of finally saying, "Ya know, this doesn't feel right; let's do something else." People freaked. But I think everybody in my organization understood, because they're all the most emotional people you could ever meet in your life. We argue or threaten to throw out files or quit or beat each other up. Actually, we don't really argue; we only threaten. But we've survived together for the past seven years. When I made the decision not to do *Bad for Good*, it did a good thing for the entire family. The family was tired of deal-

"Ms. Frost, I'd like to see you in my pants in five minutes. . . ."

ing with that record, and we had to go on to something else. Once the decision was made, the pressure was off, and everybody in the organization was really up again. We wound up getting together two albums, instead of just one.

OUI: It's common for a group that has a smash success with their first album to develop a great deal of fear and anxiety about doing their second. Is that what happened to you?

MEAT LOAF: I'm scared to death. But I'm not scared of you, and I'm not scared of the people who buy my records. I'm not worried whether or not Tim Matheson is going to like my record as much as he did the last one. My only fear is whether Meat Loaf is going to like the record as much as he did the last one.

OUI: When do you plan to tour again?

MEAT LOAF: This fall. Steinman will have his own album out. I'll have my own album out. Karla DeVito, who sang with us on the first album, will have her own album out. And we're all going to tour together in one big show. Nobody's gonna open for nobody. It'll just be a whole lotta different artists doing a show together. It'll be called the "Neverland Spectacular." And we'll probably do a live album from that tour.

OUI: What's your next movie?

MEAT LOAF: I don't have a title yet, but they're working on the script now. I'll be the leading man, and it'll also be a love story, like *Roadie*.

OUI: What about the movie version of Jim Steinman's play *NeverLands*, which is sort of a rock-'n-'roll version of *Peter Pan*—about adolescent boys who never grow up. Are you going to be in that?

MEAT LOAF: Yeah. I'm gonna play Tinkerbell. And Tink's gonna be the lead character. It used to be split, but since I got the lead in *Roadie*, they changed it.

OUI: Adolescence seems to be a common theme in your music. Steinman's songs are often labeled as teenage anthems.

MEAT LOAF: Yeah, but they're not for or about teenagers. *Bat out of Hell* was for teenagers, the same way *King Lear* is a play for old kings. It deals with the hard-core emotions that come into being when people come of age. For different people, this happens at different ages. But the majority of people reach that emotional peak between fifteen and seventeen. They have their first love, and they feel what it's like when it breaks up. They have their first fight, and then they know how that feels. They have their first conquest, denial, sexual adventure, real adventure. They crash a car into a tree and come out laughin'. When you get older, you stymie yourself, and you don't do those things. When you're younger, you can do 'em cuz you don't know.

OUI: Do you feel, in certain ways, that you're still a kid?

MEAT LOAF: Of course. Would I have long hair and have a name like Meat Loaf, if I didn't feel like I was a kid? ■

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DICE FEVER

(Continued from page 112)

with players who have horsemeat and onions on their breath, but they also know how to enjoy a crap table. Men like Benny the Bite, the legendary downtown-Vegas player who, in zealous moments, would tear off chunks of the table with his teeth. Of course, the volatility works both ways. Rip Taylor, host of *The $1.98 Beauty Show*, once threw his portly self on the table, sending chips, dice and players scrambling. "Take me!" he shrieked. "You've taken everything else!"

Enjoy yourself, but avoid such tasteless excesses.

Don't expect to find your hot table in five minutes, either. You'll probably have to bide your time in lukewarm play. But walk away from a cold table. There are always other tables, other times.

When you play, bet the pass line and take the odds behind the line. When the numbers roll, place the six and eight for more action. Remember, when a table is truly hot, players aren't hypnotized just by the straight passes or naturals; they're screeching and yodeling for numbers. Lots of numbers. When they hit, when the table steams, bet a little crazy.

But when the shooter finally sevens out, don't try to recreate a lost moment. Come down. Take a walk. Buy a drink. Make rules for yourself and stick to them. If you don't quit while you're ahead, you won't quit ahead.

Once, on my way to the Vegas airport in the early morning, I spotted a man with a burgundy tie and socks and no shoes. He was rubbing the sleep off his face as he picked his way across a trashy field of stones and smashed bottles. "Did you see that?" I shouted. But my lady and the cabdriver turned toward the phantom a split second too late. He had disappeared behind a junk car. Whatever its origin, that broken wraith taught me a monumental lesson, and now I'll pass it on to you. Don't ever bet your shoes. ■

SPEAK EASY

(Continued from page 38)

the first pub I saw. It was a small English pub, blaring *Satisfaction* from the jukebox. This English chap turned me on to a bit of acid, which promptly went down the hatch. Within 30 minutes, the walls started closing in, so I went for a walk.

I finally wound up in an underground disco. By then, I was in never-never land but, after a few strong drinks, I was able to get my feet back under me and begin checking out the scene. After a while, I noticed that a tall, beautiful lady was giving me the eye, but I was much too fucked up to approach anyone. Soon, she disappeared into the crowd, and I decided to navigate my way to the head. But I couldn't tell which head was for women and which was for men, and I felt like everyone in the place knew I was tripping. I was really paranoid. Suddenly, the beautiful lady appeared. Taking my hand, she pointed to one of the bathrooms and said in heavily accented and broken English, "This is you." When I came out, she took my hand again, but this time, she led me to the main room.

We settled into a booth, ordered drinks and started talking. She spoke very little English and, because I didn't know a word of Spanish and was stoned out of my mind, we sat there in silence. Finally, they played a slow song, and she led me out onto the dance floor. The music was very slow, very sensuous.

As we danced, our bodies rubbed against each other, and I wound up with a terrific hard-on. To my surprise, she giggled and reached down and squeezed my joint. I thought I was going to climax right then and there. Every cell in my body felt equally aroused. Acid has a way of intensifying everything you do.

After the dance, we finished our drinks and left. We didn't exchange a single word; she simply grabbed my belt buckle and led me away. All I could think was that this was just too good to be true.

We arrived at her hotel, a small three-story place, and we made love well into the next day.

When I woke up, she was gone, as were all of her belongings. As I was leaving, I noticed a note in the ashtray. On it she had written her name, a London address and a brief message: "I really do speak English. I was only playing games with you. If you ever get to London, call me." Then I noticed she had left me a parting gift; a hit of the very same acid that I had had the night before.

Looking out the window, I could see that it was already dark, so I dropped the hit of acid and started walking back to the dock.

JACK L.
Louisville, Kentucky

So many things make me feel sexy. Maybe it's because my husband and I recently split up and I'm not getting laid as regularly anymore. Maybe it's because I'm a secretary and bored to death half the time. Maybe it's because I'm lonely. Who knows? But for whatever reason, I'm horny most of the time.

The main thing that turns me on is a gentle, yet strong, honest and foxy man who maintains a positive attitude. That's a hard thing to find nowadays. Know of any? If so, send them right over to my place.

MARCIA F.
Wichita, Kansas

What I like is a woman who is frank and who takes the initiative in telling me exactly how she wants to make love. I also find that sex is a million times more enjoyable with an intelligent woman who knows that a man/woman relationship has to involve true equality, even in bed.

I also believe that a man must satisfy his woman. A man can easily learn a technique for self-control that allows him to give his woman several orgasms before he loses his erection. I am also a firm believer in foreplay and afterplay, as the former gives a woman—and me—multiple orgasms, while the latter gives us both tremendous mental satisfaction.

D.N.
London, England

There's nothing like a good-looking, loving, sexy man to turn a girl on. I ought to know. I've had more than my share, and I'm only 24. However, no matter how good-looking, considerate or fun loving the man is, I can't get turned on unless I'm feeling sexy—and no one can make me feel sexy if I don't feel sexy about myself. One of the things that makes me feel sexy is being nude. I love nothing better than going around with no clothes on, especially outdoors. I have a nice body, and I know it. When a man shows me that he feels the

(Continued on page 126)

Is it art, or isn't it?

EYE ON SCULPTOONING

The curly haired *objet* flanked here by bad imitations is Larry Shapiro—sculptor, inventor, humorist and all-around charming law-school dropout.

For the past few years, Shapiro has been hard at work on something he dubbed "sculptooning" which, as near as we can figure, is a sculpture of a cartoon image that you try to interest some liberal philanthropist in buying. So, anyhow, he came up with this craziness called sculptooning, and below are three of his more complex creations. And, lest you think this is the same as throwing some wet clay on a spinning wheel while you're wearing a smock, you should know that *Trigger's Revenge*, for instance, took Shapiro several months to construct, and almost as long to unload. But unload it he did, to a tune on the falsetto side of $30,000.

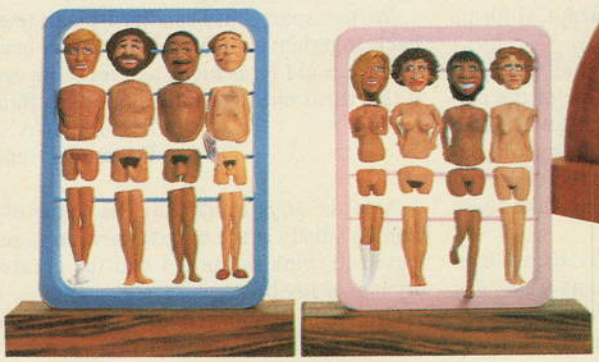
See, Larry Shapiro isn't just another bozo-topped *artiste* who met a OUI editor in the park and conned his way into our pages. Not at all.

Larry's really a big-time hand-jiver, and his next major show—*5i've Cards*, which includes four of his stranger colleagues and himself—opens in Los Angeles in September for the serious art collector. Shapiro, by the way, counts among his serious collectors Johnny Carson, Elton John, Bernie Taupin, Diana Ross, David L. Lander and Cher Bono. Or is it Sonny?

And, if Shapiro has his way, by the end of the year he'll have his grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to produce a weekly PBS series, *Sculptooning with Shapiro*. A media event you won't want to miss. ■

DRINKING FOUNTAIN 500 FEET

TRIGGER'S REVENGE



MALE & FEMALE COUNTERPARTS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH

(Continued from page 124)
same way about my body, I turn on like crazy. At heart, I guess I'm an exhibitionist.

J.W.
Turner, Georgia

I'm real easy to please. I'm so horny most of the time that just about anyone or anything turns me on. But there have been times that I have found myself turned on by the strangest things. For example, a woman who ignores me and acts like a real bitch—for the first few dates only, of course—will always excite me. I also dig shoes that reveal a woman's toes, especially when her toenails are polished red.

JOHN S.
Columbus, Georgia

Before I found my true pleasure, I led a rather mundane sex life. The missionary position and masturbation were how I got my kicks. Getting a job as a shoe salesman changed all that. Now I'm the luckiest guy in the world, because I get paid for doing what turns me on.

I'm much more fortunate than the tit men or ass men; they can't partake of their pleasure in public. Guys with those fetishes can't get a job fitting bras or panties, but I get to fondle feet all the time.

It's easy enough to disguise your excitement when you're kneeling down in front of a customer, caressing a beautiful pair of feet. And while it's difficult to get a strange woman to go to bed with you, the same stranger will let you play with her feet without batting an eye.

B.T.
Lukeville, Arizona

THE ULTIMATE ORGASM

I'm a pretty normal guy—or so I thought until my wife's 18-year-old sister visited us from Hawaii last summer. I've been married about four years, and my wife is terrific in bed—downright wanton, to tell the truth. I thought I already knew everything there was to know about orgasm. Then Debbie arrived.

When Debbie was a very little girl, I felt like a big brother to her. I still did when she first came to visit, and I fell into the habit of tucking her into bed every night. My wife approved, thinking it would give her sister a sense of family.

Debbie is an exceptionally beautiful girl: long, light-brown hair, very dark-brown eyes, a lovely face and an exquisitely proportioned body.

At first, I sat on the edge of her bed, but soon I was lying on top of the blankets, and holding her underneath the bedding as we talked. After about a week, Debbie got out from under the blankets and was suddenly lying on top of me.

I told her that I didn't feel too much like her older brother at that moment, and she giggled. I kissed her luscious mouth, and I felt wonderful. She must have, too, because

SPEAK EASY

I held her tightly and kissed her, promising myself, and her, that I'd take it slow and easy.

she kissed me back. I pulled up her nightgown and cupped one of her breasts in my hand, while stroking her bottom with my other. I began kissing her breasts and nipples, and she began to moan that she'd always wanted me to be her first man. I carefully rolled over so that she lay beside me, and I kissed and caressed every inch of her sweet, young body.

When I started to ease my hand down over her little mound of hair, I found her legs pressed tightly together. For a moment, I had almost forgotten that she was a virgin. I moved my hand back over her bottom and caressed it gently for a few moments. She lay perfectly still and quiet, and then I slowly began running my hand up and down each thigh. She began shaking all over. I held her tightly and kissed her, promising myself, and her, that I'd take it slow and easy.

I took my time tasting her, petting her, kissing every part of her. Finally, I entered her, and she began moving with me, meeting me as I met her. After one prolonged thrust, I just stayed in her, feeling her insides pulsing around me. She pulled back and held breathlessly still for a moment. Then she pushed hard at me, and we both came together.

We lay there for a long time afterward, holding each other, gently touching and kissing a little. When I finally got the strength to leave her, I could see she was smiling. And, as for me, well, if I didn't smile in my sleep for several nights after that, no one ever did.

My wife had been sound asleep for hours when I finally crept into our bed. She never suspected, and that may be the truly incredible part about it.

ORVAL H.
Santa Barbara, California

I'm a single male in my mid-twenties, and I teach blind children. One of the discoveries I've made while working with these children is the importance of using and developing each of the senses to its fullest potential. I've also learned not to take these gifts for granted.

In applying this philosophy to my own life, I've been rewarded in many ways. For instance, my neighbor's wife is an extremely attractive woman and, until recently, I hadn't thought of her in any terms other than someone from whom I might borrow sugar. But when the opportunity to include sex in our relationship presented itself, I made the most of it.

One afternoon, we were engaged in some very passionate intercourse when her husband appeared unexpectedly in the bedroom. At first, I panicked, thinking of all the cuckolded husbands who have murdered their wives' lovers. But, once again, I was surprised, for he calmly and deliberately began undressing himself and then joined in the fun. The feeling of surprise, danger and excitement all combined to give me the most inspired orgasm of my life.

T.D.R.
Austin, Texas

Because of the death of my fiancé, I had denied myself sexual pleasure with men for five years. But last winter, I took a three-week skiing holiday in Colorado. I was sitting in Trader Vic's in Denver, and I noticed three guys at the bar. They started talking to me, and one of them was very nice looking and really sweet. He moved over beside me and, after listening to his sexy Southern accent for a while, I felt his leg pressing against mine. I was shocked to find my leg pressing back. I was filled with the warm desire I thought I would never feel again.

We began touching and kissing, his tongue circling my lips, his hand stroking the back of my head. I never wanted anyone so much in my life. After several hours of drinking and playful affection at the bar, we left together. He took me to his apartment and turned on some soft music. Then he asked me to dance. As his arms held me and roamed over my body, he pressed against me. The bulge in his pants seemed to grow and grow. As we continued dancing, he undressed me with unself-conscious ease, and I began undoing his pants.

He gently laid me on the floor and ran his lips and tongue over my entire body. I was so excited I felt like I was on fire. It was quite beyond anything I had ever imagined. Then he moved up onto me, and we made love with great intensity. When he came, both of us were yelling, but it didn't stop there. Again and again, he entered my body—his stamina was unbelievable. Night after night, we fulfilled our desire for each other, exploring our bodies and coming again and again at each meeting.

We live apart, but I can hardly wait to get back together with him. I just wish every woman could be as lucky as I feel now, even if this turns out to be only a holiday affair.

STEPHANIE A.
Portland, Oregon

A lot of guys think that the shape of a woman's body is the biggest turn-on in sex. I used to think so, until I had the greatest orgasm of my life.

One night at a local club, I met a woman in her 30s. She was quite attractive, but she no longer had the body of a young girl. We were both ready for some fun, however, so I took her home with me. In the early stages

"If inflation keeps up, you won't have any ass left!"

SPEAK EASY

It's not the size of a woman's breasts that counts. The secret is how much she enjoys sex.

of foreplay, she squirmed and moaned with unbelievable pleasure. By the time I was ready to enter her, she was on fire. She was so hot, you could almost see steam rising—but who was looking? It wasn't too long before I couldn't hold back any longer.

That's when I realized that it's not the size of a woman's breasts or the length of her legs that counts. The secret is how much she enjoys sex.

T.M.
Marietta, Ohio

As a female interior designer, I have the opportunity to meet men of all persuasions in the course of my working day. Whenever I'm given a decorating assignment, my approach is very direct; no frills. I like to design environments that have an immediate effect on the people who live or work in them. I prefer bold color combinations with an earthy base. Lately, I've discovered that I like my men the same way: direct, no fooling around, no game playing.

So, now I'll tell you about Fred. We met at an industry cocktail party, and I was immediately interested in him. His directness, the way he moved so purposefully, excited me immensely.

Although we had only just been introduced, he glanced down at my cocktail glass and, taking my elbow, said, "Come on, I'll fill that empty glass for you." I can't say that I minded his taking charge of me in that way. We spent the rest of the evening very close to each other and, when the party was over, he invited me to dinner.

As we sipped our after-dinner liqueurs, Fred asked me if I practiced any sexual variations. I was a little surprised and pretended not to understand what he meant. But he looked me directly in the eye and explained, "I am into all forms of sex. I swing both ways on occasion, and I enjoy experimenting." My admission that I enjoyed oral sex with the right person brought a call for the check and another direct query: "My place or yours?"

We ended up at my place. In my previous sexual encounters, I had had some difficulty in achieving climax. But with Fred, it was different. Perhaps it was the way he stood in the middle of the living room and slowly undressed while I watched. Or maybe it was the way he gently undressed me. Quite possibly, his sheer animalism was the cause of it all. Whatever it was, he completely controlled the situation with his gentleness and directness, and he brought me to a fantastic climax in what seemed to be minutes. It was a fighting, crying climax, but a total one.

From that moment on, whatever he suggested I complied with. We tried oral sex, the traditional missionary style and anal intercourse. He even got off rubbing himself into my breasts. I lost track of how many times I climaxed but, when he finally left, it was almost noon the next day.

I've been with many men before and since, but that night was without a doubt a night to remember. It was the best orgasm I'd ever had.

JEANNE-MARIE M.
San Francisco, California

In my business life, I might seem like a pretty average, mundane kind of guy. I'm a dry cleaner, and I would be the last to claim that this is an exciting or adventurous way of life. But I've always been able to compensate for the routine nature of my work by allowing myself the freedom to be bold and imaginative in my sexual life. Sometimes I think that the regularity of my days might actually be the cause of my nocturnal adventures.

One time, I took two women friends to the Playboy Club in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, for Sunday brunch. The women had never been there before, and we ended up spending the entire day there. After several meals and even more drinks, I asked them if they had ever participated in group sex. Jennifer said she had, and the other, JoAnn, said she never had. After a few more drinks, Jennifer and I convinced JoAnn to give it a try.

We drove back to Chicago and, just for the fun of it, we rented a motel room that had closed-circuit stag movies. We had a few more drinks, and then Jennifer and I undressed and began making love. During our lovemaking, JoAnn asked what she could do to join in. I gently told her to undress and that Jennifer would show her what to do next.

After JoAnn was naked, Jennifer went down on her and, before the night was over, the three of us could have made our own stag movie.

Now, six months later, the three of us still go out together, although two more women and one of my male friends have joined our party. It certainly gives me something to think about while counting hangers.

J.D.A.
Chicago, Illinois

"OK—who had the ants?"

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write: OUI *Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

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VERNON SMITH

RICHARD BELZER

"Steve Martin says I'm his favorite comic. And Robin Williams says I'm his favorite comic. In fact, the only person who doesn't say it is the Pope." Apparently, Johnny Carson didn't, either, since his people sent Belzer—a typical New York–Jewish comic—a nice, handwritten note explaining that Richard "wasn't quite right for *Tonight*." Somehow, those late-night TV geniuses just can't seem to appreciate Belzer's roaringly funny material, which includes Bob Dylan *bar mitzvah* tapes. Belzer, however, will be featured as himself ("typecasting") in the upcoming movie *Fame* and has a first album on the way . . . proving that the Pope can be fallible and that there is room with a view for the manic sensibility of one of America's funniest "unknown" comics. —JON DENNY

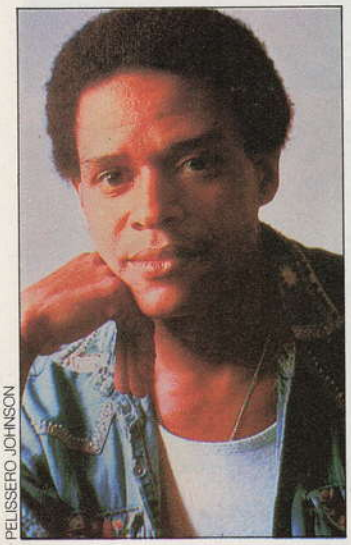
LAURA ENGEL

"In baseball, when you hit the ball, you *have* to run to first base. In Frisbee, there are no set rules. You can do what you want. Get radical." Twenty-year-old Laura, holder of as many Frisbee world-championship trophies as the judges could toss out, is a self-described "big lady." "I'm five feet, eight inches tall. But I'm not going to tell you my weight. You guys can guess from my picture." She also claims, "If I'm going to do something, I have to be the best." And in her case, big certainly proves to be better. That's why discs embossed with her signature sell millions and her sponsors include folks like the Jefferson Starship. But practice, Laura's heard, makes perfect—so, to stay on top, she's out throwing her Frisbee 40 hours a week. "It's fun," she smiles. "See, I've found that you can do more things with a Frisbee than with *any* other object in the world." —ROBERT MCGARVEY

LIZ SOWERS

AL JARREAU

If you re into jazz, you're into Jarreau. You just have to be. His bizarre and imaginative scat singing has made him a cult hero ever since the first of his four solo albums. But Jarreau fans take note: Al has told us that with his new album, *This Time*, he is going "commercial." Not disco, we groaned. Anything but *that*! "Well," Jarreau replied, "you could call it that, but I don't choose to describe it that way." But, why disco? "Because I think my music can



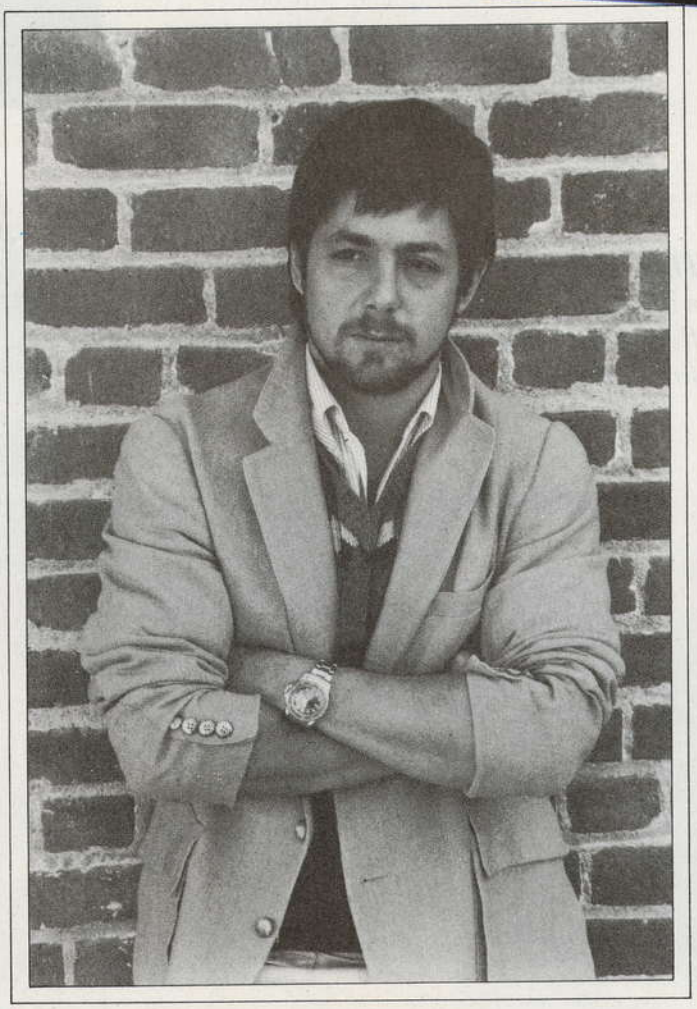
PELISSERO JOHNSON

appeal to a larger audience and be more attractive to radio." Guess we can't blame him. The man just wants to be successful. But Jarreau is enthusiastic about his new image. "Hey, it's going to kick!" Kick. Just like his fans, who may not take Jarreau's defection lightly. . . . On the other hand, he could have gone country. —LEONARD PITTS

STEVEN LISBERGER

He doesn't like being known as the next possible Disney, due to the success of his cartoon feature *Animalympics*. But with a $4-million project, *Tron*, in the works for next year, 28-year-old Lisberger had better get used to notoriety. His second biggest problem, he says, is that "the caricature of a woman is a pretty face, tits and ass. Boring. It's difficult to do anything viable with tits and ass anymore." Really, Steve? —SAL MANNA

STEVEN ARNOLD



MUMFUKLE

Mini Mum, Maxi Mum, Pandemoni Mum, Chrysanthe Mum and Platni Mum. . . . Put them all together and you have Mumfukle. Although not actually related, these performers all claim to have the theater in their blood. Says Mini Mum: "My fifty-second cousin was David O. Selznick." And Pandemoni Mum: "My brother was arrested by Eddie Haskell." Despite their rather tenuous showbiz connections, the Mums do have quite an unusual act. To punk music, they dance, juggle, sing, pantomime, perform magic and walk on their portable tightrope (which they call Eleanor Rigg). The result is a New Wave act that is "modern and modular"—whatever that means. Somebody out there understands them, though. Not only will their show run all summer at a Los Angeles theater but, as an addendmum, they'll be traveling to Amsterdam to perform at the Festival of Fools and in a movie, *Magidas*. Remember, though, Mum's the word.

—PHILIP MILLER

What

FEET FIRST

TWO FOR THE ROAD

Top: Air conditioning without the bills. Slip on a pair of canvas-mesh, rope-trimmed Hush Puppies, $20. *Middle*: For the preppie pedestrian, tan nubuck tasseled lace-ups with English-crepe sole. By Cole • Haan, $75. *Bottom*: Port or starboard, swab the decks in funnel-red glove-leather gunboats with white trim and rubber soles. By Cole • Haan, about $65.

DOING THE LEGWORK

Top: Cool your heels in some tan gabardine lace-ups with rope-trimmed wedge soles. By Giorgio Brutini for Harbor Imports, $28. *Middle*: Two-tone canvas and suede high-steppers keep you pounding a rock-steady beat. By Cole • Haan, $135. *Bottom*: Do the mesh around, with flow-thru ventilation and mudguard trim. By Jean Pier Clementé for Italia, $70.

These canvas jazz oxfords with raised leather trim will floor 'em. By Knight Errant for Rayley, $30.

Fourteen Ways to Put Your Foot Down with Style

Photography by Raul Vega
Coordination by David Platt

LACE UP, LIGHT OUT

Top: Shuffle off in these two-eyelet lace-up calfskins. By French Shriner, $100. *Middle*: For a night of toe-to-toe, tap these beige suede lace-ups with soles of crepe. By Bostonian, $40. *Bottom*: Sporty whites with a Twenties touch—perforated lace-up calfskins with leather sole and heel. By Gil Truedsson, about $110.

VENTING YOUR MOTIONS

Top: Bone-colored leather and linen cap-toe oxfords, laces featured. By Peeples, about $82. *Middle*: The sandals took the vandals: venerable summer footgear; ask the apostles. *Bottom*: Sneakin' down the alley with Sally. Sneakers: the all-purpose shoe with a lot of sole.

Get an eyeful of those eyelets: slate-gray, bumper-tipped, perforated oxfords with leather sole and heel. By Peeples, $94.

TELLURIDE: *On the Edge in Colorado*

There is only one great Colorado Rocky Mountain town, and its name is Telluride. Forget the rest. Aspen is the Studio 54 of ski towns—overpriced, overcrowded and overrated. Vail has Interstate 70, too many Texans and the worst architecture this side of Bedford-Stuyvesant. Copper Mountain looks like it was designed by Howard Johnson's. Telluride is the place.

First of all, it is hard to get there. You have to fly into Grand Junction or Montrose and then trust a local shuttle-bus system, which often seems to be more myth than reality. But when you *do* get there, you're really away from it all.

Telluride is one of the best-kept secrets of the nomad set. The ski mountain is one of the biggest in the world: 3105 vertical feet, six chair lifts, 23 miles of runs; yet lift lines are as rare as snow snakes. There is also an almost-unknown annual film festival that draws such international luminaries as Julie Christie, Werner Herzog and Jack Nicholson. There is a jazz festival and a world-class hang-gliding meet. There is a healthy turnover of newcomers: ski bums and Ph.D. dropouts, mountaineers and artists, film makers, skateboard nuts and solar-power politicos. The town is a National Historic Landmark, an almost perfectly preserved Victorian mining town. Victoriana. And nobody goes there. Fantastic.

At 8750 feet above sea level, Telluride's longest season is winter. Old-timers here joke about the man who went to Denver for the Fourth of July and missed the whole summer: It was winter when he left, and winter again when he got back. In an average year, the ski mountain gets 22 feet of snow. Why, after a big powder storm, you practically have to ski with a snorkel. And here's a tip for those readers already planning their winter getaways: The skiing is fabulous. And not only the downhill skiing. Among the locals, ski touring is just about as popular as downhill. There are Nordic trails in Town Park and at the ski area (the arduous, ten-kilometer Butch Cassidy Trail). There's also wilderness skiing on Lizard Head Pass (Himalayan views) and on Wilson and Sunshine Mesas. My favorite ski tour is Bear Creek, just southeast of town. The road winds through snow-draped forests and frozen peaks and has a great downhill run on the way back to town—but watch out for avalanches.

Ski down the mountain at the end of the day in Aspen and you are met by a half-dozen unemployed actresses with straws in their noses, who will carry you to a Jacuzzi, tear off your clothes, throw you in and then jump in after you. Not bad, but *après-ski* is a shade more laid-back in Telluride.

It's a small town, but there are 14 bars. The Sheridan is a *serious* bar, with lots of dark wood, a huge mirror, stiff drinks and Willie 'n' Waylon playing perpetually on the jukebox. The best restaurant in town (there are 12 of them, serving everything from tofu and sprouts to cattlemen's steak) is the Senate. It features genuine Victorian decor and French cuisine, including the richest desserts this side of Paris. Then there's the Boiler Room, the coed sauna in the basement of the Sheridan Hotel. Stop by for a nice soothing sweat at the end of the day and discover why *après-ski*

Can you identify the flatlanders in this crowd waiting outside Telluride's "serious" bar? They'd rather be drinking.

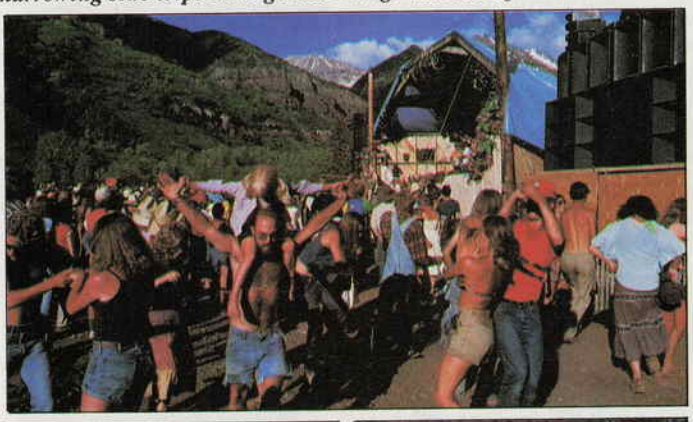
in Telluride can be downright delectable.

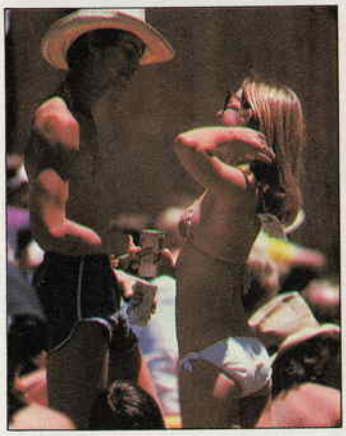
Summers are a treat, too, once the June rainy season is over. Days are hot and clear; nights are cool. It's perfect weather for tennis (two courts in the Town Park) and horseback riding (stables behind the Telluride Lodge). There is a funky outdoor jazz festival and chamber music in August and, in early June, the Mountainfilm Festival shows several days' worth of films on hiking, climbing, kayaking and wilderness mountains.

Fact is, autumn is my own favorite season in the Rockies. Fall in the San Juan Mountains is almost insanely beautiful. The hills and mountainsides blaze with aspen colors: radium, cadmium, platinum. The highest peaks are bright with early snow. It is a landscape carved out of phosphorous. You can fish for rainbow trout in high lakes like Navajo, Woods and Trout, or climb peaks like Mount Wilson (14,246 feet) or Mount Sneffels (14,150). If you are real hard-core, you might try running in the god-awful 18-and-a-half-mile Ouray-to-Telluride footrace, held each September. The course crosses the 13,000-foot Imogene Pass, offering spectacular views of mountains and abandoned mining camps along the way. For overachievers only.

Autumn in Telluride officially kicks off on Labor Day weekend with the Telluride Film Festival. (Write Box 247, Telluride, CO 81435 or phone 303-728-4401 for ticket information.) But hurry, because tickets go on sale in mid-June and often go fast. The Telluride Film Festival is a celluloid-freak's dream. On a typical festival day, you can see a mildly erotic Italian film in the morning, follow it up with a Russian sci-fi epic, go to a panel discussion on political satire in Eastern European cinema after lunch, take in a series of rare old silent Westerns, ogle a gorgeous Bavarian starlet at the bar, argue furiously about the comparative merits of Rainer Fassbinder and Sam Peckinpah at dinner and then stay up way past midnight sipping Wild Turkey and watching a mad Czech director's attempt to capture the history of the modern world in 16mm black-and-white.

Downhill racers test their mettle against what's called the Front, with harrowing side trips through the Plunge and the Spiral Staircase.





The annual outdoor jazz festival in Town Park gives natives a chance to loosen up in the sun after a long winter of indoor partying.

Hang gliding from the ski mountain into town for a Wild Turkey is quickly becoming an off-season Telluride tradition.

Frankly, I suspect that anyone who spends a vacation in the Rocky Mountains going to the movies is a little crazy, but the festival is a nice way to begin a fall vacation in the mountains. Follow it up with some backpacking or fishing, or perhaps a camping trip in the wild, wild backcountry between Dunton Hot Springs and El Diente Peak, and you have the best of all possible worlds.

When the Ute Indians left Telluride in the 1870s, they cursed the place. White people, they said, would never really get it together there. Perhaps that is the secret of Telluride. There are lots of towns in the mountains, but there aren't many mountain towns—towns where you really feel you are *in* the mountains, where the wilderness experience is only a stroll away. Telluride is just plain backward. There is a huge swamp at the southeastern edge of town, full of beavers, ducks and trout. Bald eagles have been sighted over the Butch Cassidy Trail, and bears and mountain lions occasionally cross the highway west of town. The surrounding mesas are full of deer, elk and coyotes. Only the main street in town is paved: The rest of the streets are dirt, ankle-deep mud in the spring, parching dust in the summer. Still, somehow, all of this backwardness ends up seeming very beautiful.

Vladimir Nabokov visited Telluride in 1951, while he was writing *Lolita*. He described "an old-fashioned, absolutely touristless mining town . . . tin roofs and self-conscious poplars lying toylike at the flat bottom of a cul-de-sac valley running into giant granite mountains, all you hear are the voices of children playing in the streets—delightful!" Well, there are ski trails on the mountains now and a few tourists and, occasionally, the sounds of children playing are drowned out by music or the rattle of horse-drawn sleighs (Telluride's new municipal rapid-transit system). But basically, nothing much has changed since Nabokov chased rare butterflies on the mountainsides, or Butch Cassidy robbed the bank in 1889. Until they build a ski resort in Tibet, Telluride is the best thing going for an otherworldly high-altitude vacation. —ROB SCHULTHEIS

NEXT

ON THE SET WITH THE BLUES BROTHERS

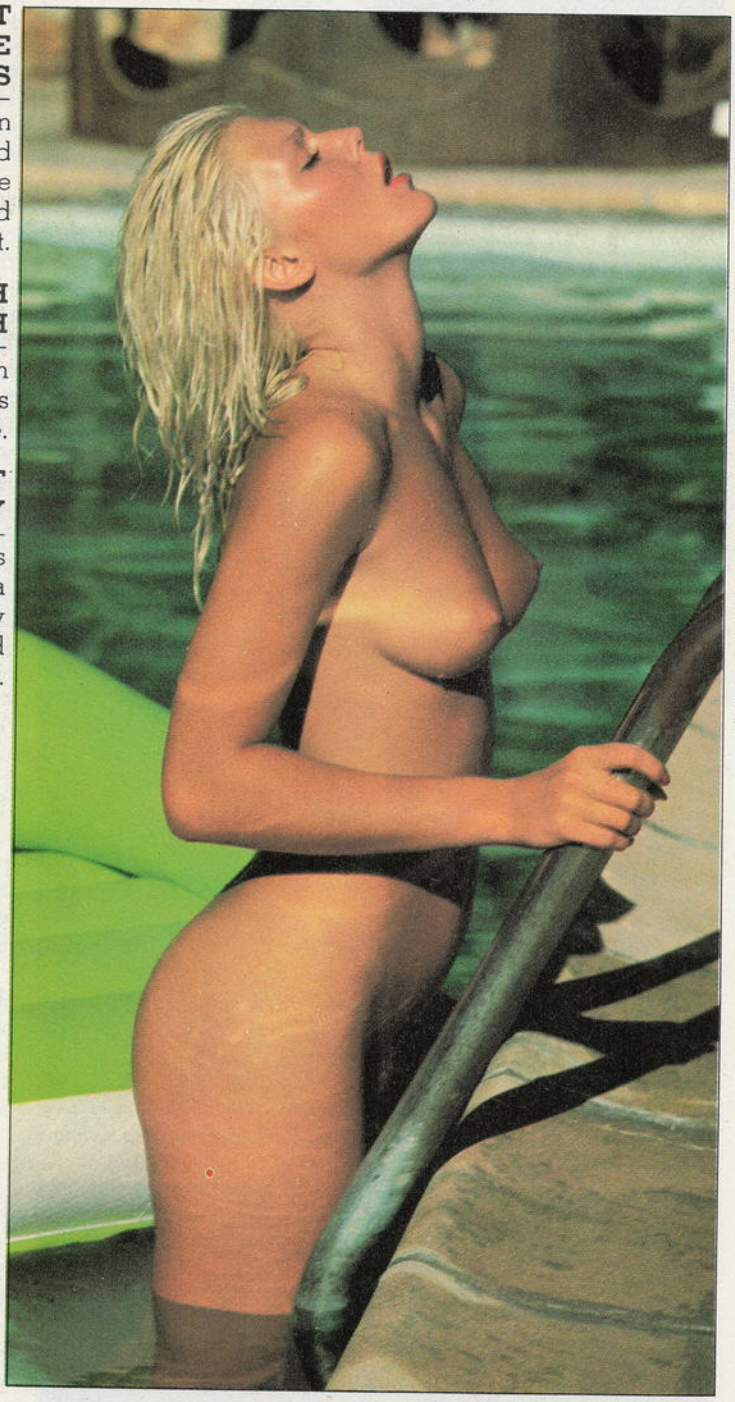
For all the secrecy John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd demanded during the making of this movie, it had better be brilliant.

SMALL TALK WITH SHELLEY SMITH

The blonde lawyer on ABC's *The Associates* wants the world to get off her case.

THE ART OF FLATTERY

A few well-chosen words are more effective than a dozen roses. Especially when they are accompanied by a dozen roses.



THE SICK TRUTH ABOUT THE *NATIONAL LAMPOON*

If you thought America's favorite humor magazine was weird, wait'll you meet its editor.

RETURN OF THE CONVERTIBLE

Six ways to turn your hard-top buggy into a rag-top beauty.

CONFESSIONS OF A LEG MAN

Recent research shows that he is more sensitive and intelligent than other American men, not to mention a better lover. Includes a guess-these-great-gams mystery quiz.

PLUS

Why *not* to move to a small town; a grateful look at Dead Heads; a mouth-watering menu for seduction; a Grace Slick update; and *Speak Easy* advice on how to tell your lady what you really want.

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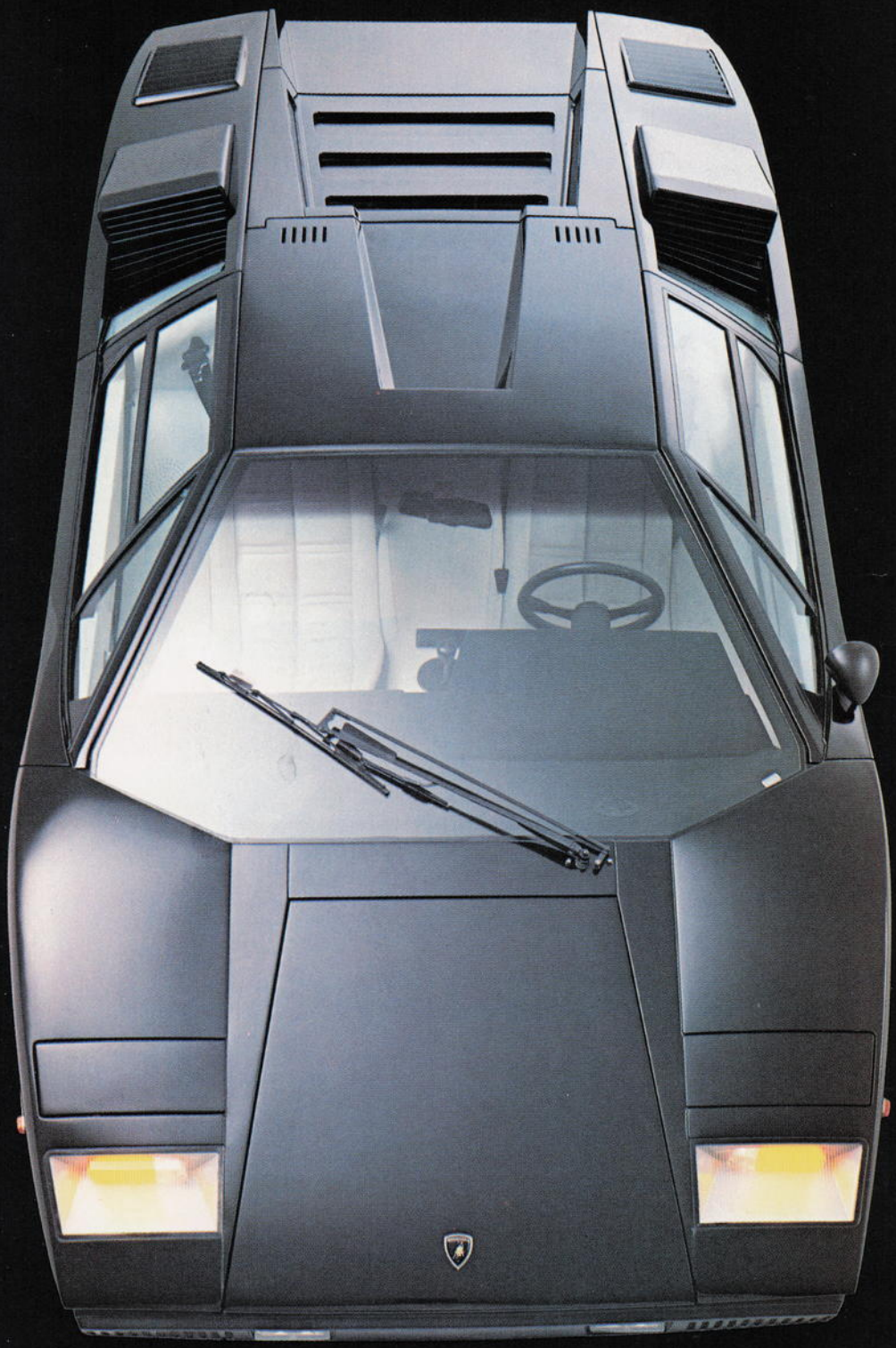
August Issue at Your Newsstand July 3

It would be a pity to put an ordinary car stereo in a $125,000 Lamborghini.



Instead, you'll find an Alpine Car Audio System as standard equipment, factory installed in each of their magnificent machines. Chosen by Lamborghini for its superior features and sound performance, Alpine offers a number of pure bred, high technology car audio systems to make whatever you love to drive sound as good as it looks. For an audition, visit your Alpine dealer. He'll show you the extraordinary in car audio sound. Alpine Electronics of America, Inc., 3102 Kashiwa Street, Torrance, California 90505.

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